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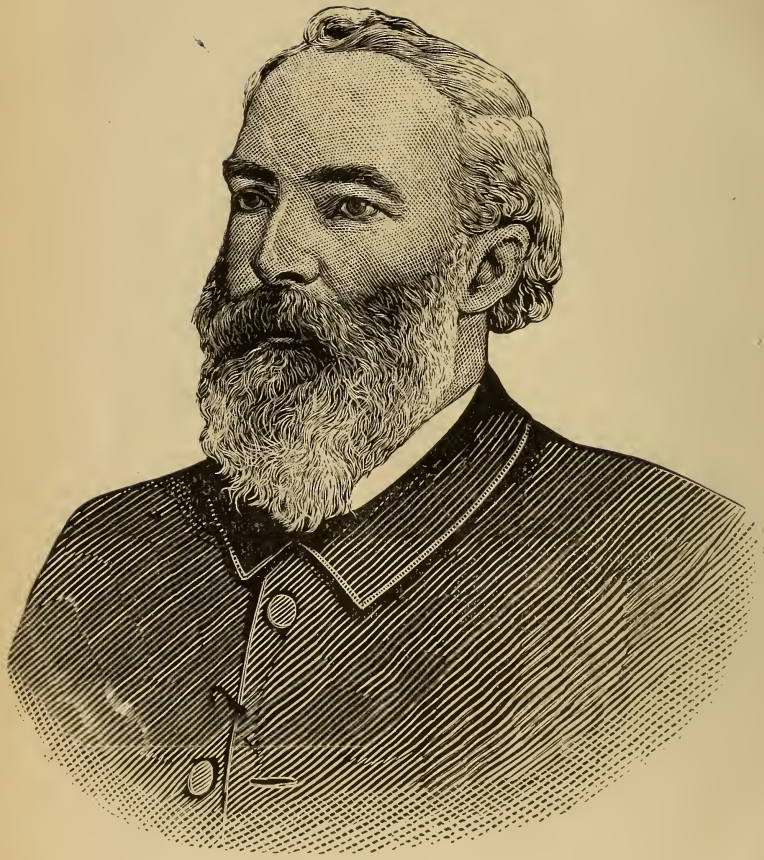

REV. H. A. DIETTERICH.

A WONDER OF GRACE,

OR

THIRTY-THREE YEARS IN THE MINISTRY,

BEING A

SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND LABORS OF REV. H. A. DIETTERICH.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

JUN 5 1893

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"Come and hear all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." Psalm lxvi. 16.

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INTRODUCTION.

To the readers :

I have often thought it might be the means of accomplishing at least *some* good, to publish a short sketch of my Experience-Life and labors, in the ministry. Not in a boasting spirit—for I have nothing "whereof to boast"—but as a "wonder of grace." I have frequently been greatly encouraged, while reading the history of others, and I hope this little volume may be the means of inspiring new courage and infusing new zeal into the heart of the tempted and tried Christian and even influence sinners, to "seek the God of all grace." I only regret, that I neglected to keep a diary, and therefore am unable, to give dates, number of conversions, and many incidents, of interest.

But, as it is, I have done the best I could, under the circumstances, and praying God's blessing upon this little book, and its readers, I send it forth in his name.

Truly yours,

H. A. Dietterich,

Pastor Salona Charge Ev. Lutheran Church,
Salona, Clinton Co., Pa.

November 1st, 1891.

CHAPTER I.

A WONDER OF GRACE.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND THE GREAT MISTAKE OF MY LIFE.

"Then will I tell, to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found."

I feel, that the salvation of God has been so great, in my case—and has done so much for me—that I should make it known to others, and record it, where it may be read by them. "When this poor lisping stammering tongue lies silent in the grave," and therefore this feeble effort to do so, in this little book, which shall contain a short sketch, of my history, and of God's *wonderful* dealings with me. I was born in Columbia County, Pennsylvania, April 21st, 1838. My father's name was Henry Dietterich and mother's name Mary Catharine. Her maiden name was Freas. I received the name of Henry Alonzo. My father was a farmer, a man of great industry and in comfortable circumstances. I had five brothers and six sisters. A family of twelve of whom I was the youngest. We all lived to arrive to years of maturity, and were all married and settled down in life, but myself and youngest sister, before the family circle was broken by death. Father, mother and all my brothers and sisters save one brother, are now (1891) gone to

their long homes, And I have this confidence, that most of them, but I *fear* not all, are in "Our Father's house, in which there are many mansions." Mother died in 1866, aged seventy-one years. Her last words spoken to my sister shortly before she breathed her last were, "I have finished the work given me to do." Words similar to those of our blessed Savior, and of the great Apostle Paul in their last moments. Father died in 1868, aged seventy-four years. I was with him during all the time of his sickness and he frequently spoke to me very encouragingly of his hope for the future, even to the last. One sister, said to me when I saw her last on her death bed, "We will meet again, in Heaven." The last words of another to her weeping husband were, "O don't weep, for it is a comfort for me to die." Thus they are but gone before. My brother Hiram A. Dietterich studied for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church. He graduated at the Easton College and spent a year at the Princeton Theological Seminary, but his health became so poor, that he was obliged to relinquish his studies lingered a few years and died, July 25th, 1855 aged 32 years, 11 months and 3 days. He was the first one to die in the family. Brother John F., graduated at Selin's Grove in 1866 and is in the ministry of the Lutheran Church. My parents being Lutherans, I was baptised in infancy by Rev. Isaiah Ball, their pastor at that time. I was raised on

the farm until fifteen years of age when father apprenticed me to the trade of plastering, brick laying and stone masoning to Mr. Adam Kester at eight dollars per month. At the expiration of the first year Mr. Kester went West, and I returned to father on the farm. This spring 1854 a snow, two feet deep, fell on the 14th day of April, killing all the spring birds, which had already come from the South, March having been so spring like that the farmers had their oats sowed. I remained on the farm with father until after harvest, when he again hired me to the trade with Mr. James Wright, of Light street, Columbia Co., at $16.00 per month. I worked with him until I took sick with bilious fever which was followed by fever and ague and finished my work for the season. I again returned to father and remained with him, working on the farm, and at the trade alternately, until eighteen years of age. Here, at eighteen I made the great mistake of my life. Father said to me, "Now you are eighteen, if you wish to remain at home with me until you are twenty-one, I will do thus and so for you." "Or if you wish to go for yourself, you are at liberty to do so. Or, if you desire to go to school and take a collegiate course, I will advance you the money, as I did to Hiram." O! how many times I have regretted that I did not accept the last offer. But I was thoughtless and wild, and my brother having offered me a clerkship in his store at Evansville,

Columbia Co., Pa., I thought that would be the place for me, and I hired myself to him for one year for one hundred dollars, and I was with him the full year. O! if I had but gone to college, instead, and fitted myself for the duties of life to which I was afterwards called by God, how much better it had been.

CHAPTER II.

MARRIAGE, CONVERSIONS AND ENTERING UPON THE GREAT WORK OF THE MINISTRY.

I went to my brother in the store in March 1856, and while in the store I formed the acquaintance of Miss Tamar M. Evans, daughter of Mr. George and Rebecca Evans, of Evansville, Columbia Co., Pa., to whom I was married on the fourth day of April 1857, and she has shared most faithfully the sorrows, afflictions and disappointments, as well as the blessings, comforts and pleasures of life with me, up to the present time. Nobly have we stood together. Up to this time, I had been a respectable, though a wild boy. I was exceedingly fond of sport and frequented the dance, the play and other places of amusement. I was the leader among my associates in what we thought innocent sport. But after my marriage I left off all these things, settled down, spent my evenings at home, followed my trade and desired to become a man. It was this, that saved me, and while I would not advise marriage so *early* in life, yet to me it was a blessing. I had become rather wicked, was getting worse, becoming addicted to evil habits, and was on the broad road to ruin. I had no educational advantages, but the winter

school of which we had but three months annually. And these I could not attend regularly as we had a long distance to go, so I could not go while small and when older I was frequently obliged to stay at home to assist in threshing grain, hauling lime &c. I attended as regularly as I could, until eighteen years of age when my school days were ended. When about thirteen years of age I came forward as a seeker of religion one night, in company with four of my sisters, at a meeting, conducted by the Baptists, in the Fowlersville School House. But father being opposed to it, he prevented me from going forward again. I think this was a great mistake on the part of father. Had he permitted me to continue until converted, and then at the age of eighteen made me the offer of going to school, I no doubt would have felt differently, would have accepted the offer and qualiffed myself for the great work of the ministry. But the result was, I became more impenitent, than ever, ceased to give the subject of religion a serious thought, discarded the Bible and all religious books and papers, never read them, and even doubted the Divine authority of the Bible and the reality of religion. I would warn parents do *not* stand in the way of your children in coming to Christ, lest you should become chargeable with their blood and their final destruction. When I was about seventeen years of age father and mother both became converted at a meeting in the Baptist Church, conduc-

ted by Rev. E. A. Sharrets, of the Lutheran Church. Up to this time my parents had been members of the old church, but it was a mere name and profession. They attended the sacraments, but that was all. Of the new birth or regeneration they knew nothing experimentally, and but little of prayer. Up to the spring I was fourteen years of age father never had worship with his family. This spring my eldest brother who resided in Bloomsburg and was a member of the Lutheran Church there moved on the farm to farm for father and occupied part of the same house with father. My brother held worship with his family. So father thought he must try it too. But pray he could not. So he purchased a family prayer book with scripture lessons and prayer, for every morning and evening and now he would have worship with his family also. But it did not go very well. He was getting up in years, his eyes were getting dim and at night he could scarcely see to read. That was before coal oil lamps were in use, so we had only the tallow candle. And while on our knees praying he would be obliged to lay down his book, and quit praying until he would top the candle, then take up the book and finish reading his prayer. This would some times be necessary two or three times while reading one prayer, and made it very inconvenient. Finally he arranged to have one of my sisters to sit near by and top the light for him while he

prayed. But it did not go very well. This he continued up to the above meeting when one night the pastor called on him at the meeting, to lead in prayer. He attempted it, but it would not go, as he did not have his prayer book with him and was not accustomed to praying without it. So his prayer was very short. He then arose came to the altar of prayer and knelt there as a penitent with others of his neighbors, and mother was soon kneeling by his side. He was out several evenings when he found peace by believing in Jesus and arose a new man. Mother was also happily converted to God. Father *never* afterwards used his prayer book at worship and could pray around the family altar, or at the meeting whenever asked to do so without it. And then there was some spirit in his prayers whether the candle was toped or not, and he remained a praying man to the time of his death. I often saw him read the prayer book, but never at worship afterwards. I would not condemn the reading of such books, and they may be useful. But to depend on them is a mistake. I believe with the poet, that

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpressed
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

Again.

"The Christian's *heart* his *prayer* indites,
He speaks as *prompted* from *within*,
The Spirit, his petition *writes*,
And *Christ* receives, and gives it in."

God says, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," Paul lxxxi. 10.

Father now frequently plead with me, with weeping eyes, to give my heart to Jesus, but I was then entirely unconcerned. He earnestly entreated me not to do as he had done, put off this most important work, to old age, which should be attended to in the days of our youth. He said, "O it is so hard for me now, in my old days, to do the work I should have done years ago." He never could rest satisfied, until I became converted. Perhaps what added to his anxiety, was the thought, that he had once stood in my way. Parents, take warning, or fearful may be the consequence.

After we were married, I made my home with my father-in-law, until October when we took up house keeping. My wife's parents enjoyed religion and were members of the Evangelical Association. Their house was "a house of prayer," and a home for the preachers. Here I was brought more immediately, under religious influences, and became acquainted with their ministers on the circuit, Father John Young, long since gone to rest, and Rev. J. Clair. In the winter after we took up house keeping, we attended a protracted meeting at the Ebenezer Church of the Evangelical Association, conducted by the above named ministers.

At this meeting on Saturday evening myself and wife presented ourselves at the altar of prayer

as penitents with several others. My wife was sincere, but I was not. Sabbath morning we went to the prayer meeting as they had no preaching. At this prayer meeting I became very much offended at the manner in which the meeting was conducted. They shouted, claped their hands, leaped and ran back and forth through the church, and had what *they* called a *good* meeting. I was always opposed to such boisterous meetings. So much excitement! I was so much offened that I would not go forward again. The news spread rapidly that we were at the altar and many were greatly rejoiced over it. When we returned to our home after the prayer meeting we found my father-in-law there. He had heard of it and came out to help us along. In the evening my father passed our house on his way to church with a two horse sled load of people, something I never knew him to do before. All going to lend us a helping hand by their prayers, but only to be disappointed. We went to meeting and as we stood on the door step before entering church, my wife said to me, "Are you going forward to-night." I said, *no.* She then said, "Then I won't if you don't." I replied, then see that you *don't* and we entered the church. Preaching over, the pastor came to me and said, "Haint you coming forward to-night." I replied, no Sir, and he left. In a few moments my wife arose and went forward. I was so offended that I took my overcoat and hat, and went

home. Soon as services were over my wife inquired for me, but I was gone. Father then told her he saw me go out, and he supposed I had gone home. She at once thought of the remark at the door, and knew there was something wrong. When she came home she found me in bed, and in a bad humor. I refused to let her come to bed, until she promised me with an oath *never* to go forward again, unless I did so. She promised me and all was right, so far as I was concerned. On Tuesday evening I again asked her to go to church, but she said she did not wish to go, unless she dare come forward. But I desired to see whether she would keep her promise made to me or not, so I *insisted* on going. But she said, "The preacher will come to me and what shall I say to him." Tell him I won't let you come. She then consented, and we went to church. After the sermon, Rev. Clair came to me and asked whether I was coming forward, and I said, no Sir. He then went to my wife, and she told him I would not let her come out. He then came to me again, and we had it pretty lively for a time. I then told him, as he was a single man he might coax her out, and then him and her for it, I would have nothing more to do with her. But if he left us alone we would get along very pleasantly together. He then wanted to come out to our house next day and have a talk with me. But I forbade him the house, and so he said he would not come, and

he did not. O surely, I was under the lead of "the roaring lion," or I could not have been so cruel. What a mercy that God did not cut me down as a "cumberer of the ground," yet I was spared. As I said, I was not sincere, nor was I under conviction. A few days after the above events the Lutherans commenced a meeting in the church of which my parents were members. Their pastor, at that time, though he invited penitents to the altar, was opposed to all manner of excitement or noise. This I thought would be the place for me. At this meeting without any serious impressions, I came forward to the altar of prayer in company with my wife and a number of my old associates. I at once began to pray most earnestly, and soon became deeply convicted. The great deep of my heart was broken up, and I felt as did the Psalmist when he said, "The pains of death and hell got hold upon me." Yes I felt of all men most miserable and "mourned like a dove and chattered like a swallow." Sinners should not wait, for feeling in coming to Christ, but from a sense of *duty* "seek the Lord," and if they do so, God will give the feeling heart, the sin-sick soul and the contrite spirit. So I found it. I prayed earnestly on my way home, and continued to do so until two o'clock in the morning, earnestly crying to God for mercy and salvrtion, for "there was neither sleep to mine eyes, nor slumber to mine eyelids."

That evening already on my way home from

church I felt, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," and I told my wife I *must* preach. But she said, "You *cannot* preach." I said, I believe I can, if they will let me, but I fear they will not—because I am not educated for the ministry. I never got rid of that feeling, "go preach," until I entered upon the active work of the ministry, and I yet believe the call to the ministry, should come from above, and that it is Divine. In the morning, when I awoke, all conviction had left me. I had no feeling, *all* was dark to me, and my heart was hard as stone. I was forward six evenings at the Lutheran meeting, when I felt that the meeting was not conducted to suit me, and I must go to the place where I had before opposed. A meeting now began in the Evansville Evangelical Church, of which my wife's parents were members. It was conducted by Revs. Young and Clair. So on Sabbath morning we attended preaching in the Lutheran Church at 10 o'clock, after which we proceeded to the home of her parents. Here we both went to church in the evening and both came forward again, in company with several others. Now the meeting could not be too noisy for me. I felt that I must cry mightily to God to save me, or I must be lost. Here on the third night my wife was happily converted, and the fourth evening conviction again returned to me. The great deep of my heart was again broken up, and on the fifth night I found peace by believing in Jesus. My

darkness was turned into day, and my mourning into joy. "O happy day when Jesus washed my sins away," and I was enabled to "arise and shine, my light having come and the glory of the Lord being risen upon me." I shall never forget the hour or place where I first *felt* my sins forgiven. I had a hard struggle, being at the altar eleven evenings, and doing but little during the day, but read and pray. The fault was my own. Had I trusted in Jesus, he would have saved me sooner, for he is a present, willing and all sufficient Savior. But perhaps I needed a severe struggle, because I had been so wicked. I think some times ministers make a mistake in conducting their meetings. While we should carefully avoid all *extreme* excitement and every thing like wild fire and fanaticism, we should *not* be *too* fearful of a little excitement, and noise, or loud praying, and earnest crying unto God, on the part of penitents. No wonder the sinner should become alarmed and excited when he sees and feels his lost and ruined condition out of Christ, and should he like blind Bartimeous cry loudly, "Thou son of David have mercy on me." I will not, like the Pharisees, tell him to "hold his peace," because Christ did not, but granted him his prayer, though offered in a loud, excited boisterous manner. And if saints should rejoice and shout aloud at the sinner's conversion no marvel, for "There is joy in the presence of the

Angels in Heaven over the conversion of one sinner," Luke xv. 10.

This was the trouble at the above mentioned Lutheran meeting, or I had never been anything but a Lutheran. But here, when we would become a little *interested* and *earnest* in our prayers, and cries to God for salvation, then he would stop us and make us sit up on the seat, while he would read us a great long psalm, or talk to us until all would quit praying, and then tell us now to kneel down again. No, penitents do not want to be interrupted in that way, two or three times in an evening as we were at that meeting. Hence we were obliged, if earnest, to go elsewhere or give up seeking. And I doubt if there was one *true* conversion at his meeting, though there were twelve of us at the altar at one time. Even at that late date, father would have helped me to means to prepare for the Lutheran ministry, which he would not do in any other church, and the consequence is I have been crippled all my days, for want of preparation for the work. We both united with the Evangelical Association in Evansville March, 1858. I then supposed all churches were alike, and having found peace there we united there. I at once began to read the long neglected Bible daily, erected the family altar and shaped my matters as much as possible for the ministry, though I said nothing about it to any one. I superintended the Sabbath school in the

Knob school house where I had gone to school when a boy, and where I received *all* my schooling. We had a large and interesting school. But now I had a new difficulty to contend with, as my father was so much dissatisfied at my not uniting with the Lutheran Church, of which he was a member, that he would not speak to me, and said he would disinherit me. But I continued to visit him as before and soon after entering the ministry he became fully reconciled, and his threat to *disinherit* me, he never carried out, but was a father to me as before, and would do as much for me, and thought as much of me as any of his children up to the time of his death. And he frequently visited me on my different charges. This, the first summer after uniting with the church, I worked at my trade until after harvest, when I was again employed in my brother's store, in Evansville. I continued to superintend the Sabbath School, and to study, much as possible, to the last week in September, when on Tuesday morning I stated my case to Rev. E. B. Wilson, pastor in charge of the Columbia Circuit and residing in Evansville, in the parsonage I, as a mechanic had helped to build. I told him I felt called to the ministry, and intended to try it in the spring, and desired him to tell me what books to get, as I wanted to study all I could, and desired him to give me such instructions as he thought best. All the books I had were a small Bible, and Bible

Dictionary. He said I should study well the books I had, as I could get no better, but I must enter upon the work at once, and assist him on the circuit, as the junior preacher, a young man, had become discouraged, left the field, went home, and he must have assistance. He had written to the Elder for help, but he would countermand his letter at once. I told him I *could not* preach, but must first study and prepare myself for the work as best I could. He *urged* and insisted I must now begin. I promised to report to him, in the evening, what I would do, and we parted. About sundown I started for his house again to report, but met him and Sister Wilson coming up street. He said, "good evening—and, well what have you concluded to do?" I replied, "I will go along." He was greatly rejoiced, and praised God that I had concluded to do so. I informed my brother that evening of the arrangements I had made, and he said, "I think it will not go very well." But I went home, informed my wife, and gave myself up to the work. But O, how *little* prepared for it, and how little did I know of its great importance and responsibility. On Thursday evening myself and wife went to Evansville to hear Brother Wilson preach. I took my seat, as usual, among the members, but when Brother Wilson came in he took me by the arm, and said I must go with him into the pulpit. I declined, but he insisted, and finally I consented to accompany him, and did

so. After the sermon I announced a hymn, and made the closing prayer. This was my first time in the pulpit, and I did not feel at home there. When I entered the pulpit it occasioned considerable surprise in the congregation, as none knew that I had the least idea of preaching, but the minister, my wife, my brother, and my wife's parents. But now it was out, "Sure enough, Alonzo is going to preach,"—and this formed the subject of conversation for some time in the neighborhood.

On Friday I accompanied Brother Wilson to his appointments. We went to the Whitmire school-house, where he preached in the evening. I again closed the meeting with hymn and prayer. On Saturday we proceeded to White Hall, and stopped with Brother David Cox over night. Brother Wilson preached in the church Sunday morning at 10 o'clock; he insisted on me preaching, but I positively refused to do so. I closed the meeting as usual, but could not take up courage to exhort as he desired me to do.

After dinner we proceeded to the house of Brother Mench, about three miles from Jersey Town. For years a regular appointment for preaching was kept in this house, and here, at half-past two in the afternoon, the last Sabbath of the month, September 26, 1858, I made my first attempt at preaching, from Acts, ninth chapter and the latter part of the fourth verse, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" As to the merits or

demerits of the sermon, I cannot say; but I remember I was very much scared. And there were a a few young people present who were in the habit of talking and laughing during the service, which annoyed me very much, as I supposed they were talking about and laughing at me. I afterwards learned that a "Son of Belial" (one of the boys) present, had cut the ears off of poor puss, as she lay asleep, while I preached, which occasioned the sport. It is evident that neither the boy nor cat were interested in my sermon. But the boy was the worst of the two, as the cat did no harm, and occasioned no disturbance, while the boy did both. After preaching, Brother Wilson informed the congregation that they had listened to my first sermon and followed by exhortation. There was also a minister of the Reformed church present. I do not know his name, nor do I know that I ever met him since, who came to me after the congregation was dismissed and spoke very kindly and encouragingly to me, for which I was very thankful. In the evening Wilson preached in the church in Jersey Town. On Monday we proceeded to Mordensville, where we stopped with William Hutchison, who was married to my oldest sister, both long since dead. Their only son is now a minister in the Presbyterian church in the west. Wilson preached here in the school house in the evening. Again he insisted on me preaching, but I positively refused, but

closed the meeting with exhortation, hymn and prayer. After meeting I told Brother Wilson, I would *never* refuse to preach again, as I felt condemned for having done so that evening, and I never did refuse again. On Tuesday we returned home. Thus ended my first trip as a preacher. When we came home the friends inquired of Brother Wilson as to how the new preacher got along, and his reply was, "O, very well; he preached once for me." "And what success did he have in preaching?" "Very good; only he was very much scared," was the reply. During the following week I purchased a colt of my father-in-law for eighty-five dollars, borrowed a saddle, bridle and saddle pockets of Brother Wilson, and a few books, which constituted my outfit. On Saturday afternoon I started on horseback, and alone, for my appointments in the northern part of the circuit, some twenty miles distant, to me a strange country and strange roads. I was to stop over night with Brother William Karschner. Wilson said I must preach three times on Sabbath, but as the appointments are distant, one sermon will do for all of them, consequently I prepared but one sermon, as best I could, for the trip. It was near sundown when I arrived at Brother Karschner's, tired and half home-sick. My colt gave out, and I was obliged to walk part of the way and lead it. While sitting on the porch in the evening, I noticed a few persons enter the

house and overheard them speak something about meeting. I supposed from what they said, that there was to be preaching somewhere in the neighborhood, and thought I would attend it. I inquired of Mother Karschner in reference to the meeting, when she said, "Why there is to be preaching here in our house, and you are to preach; didn't Wilson tell you?" I replied, "he did not; but it is all right." The congregation gathered, and I preached the second time, and my only sermon. Sunday morning came, and with it my next appointment, only three miles distant. All who were present in the evening would be in the church this morning again, and what shall I preach. I was a sick boy when I saw the people passing on their way to church, and I must soon start in company with the whole Karschner family, and no sermon. What shall I do? If Wilson had but told me. But I knew it was only one of his tricks to put me on my guard in the future, so as to be "Instant in season—and out of season," so I must make the best of it. We soon started, and when we arrived at the Salem Church, now quite a town called Unityville, we found a large congregation assembled awaiting the arrival of the new preacher. When I passed down the aisle I felt as if I would sink through the floor. But I must do something, and the words of the Samaritan woman seemed impressed upon my mind, which served as a text, "Lord, help me." Matt.

xv. 25, and the Lord did help me on that occasion in preaching, as he answered her prayer when she thus cried unto him.

After service I took dinner with brother Robbins, near the church, and then proceeded to the Union Church, four miles distant over as hilly a road as there is in the state. I was obliged to walk again most of the way, and lead my colt, and consequently arrived a little late. From here, after preaching, I went to Brother James Kile's, and preached in the school house on the banks of the Fishing Creek in the evening, to a crowded house, and then staid with this brother over night. On Monday morning I started for home, some twenty miles distant, with two mountains to cross. When I arrived at home, I was exceedingly tired, and considerably discouraged. But Wilson could soon set that all right, for he was a good man. He could laugh discouragement away, and so present the promises of God, as to infuse new courage into the faint heart, to go forward in the work of the Master. Thus ended my first trip as a minister alone, and it was not a bright one. Yet God blessed me in my feeble attempts to preach, and good was accomplised, for which his name be praised. *Amen.*

CHAPTER III.

SECOND TRIP AS MINISTER ALONE.

FIRST SERMON AT HOME. END OF THE CONFERENCE YEAR. O, THE WONDERS OF DIVINE GRACE.

On the following Saturday I went to Brother Henry Seiberts, in Salem township, staid with him over night, and preached in the Moores school-house, at ten o'clock, Sabbath morning. Here I also was a stranger. During the previous week, I had been in the neighborhood, to purchase a buggy. I bought a second hand buggy, and hitched my colt to it. The colt, had never been in harness before, and immediately after leaving the place where I had made the purchase, I had a long and very steep hill to ascend. When about half way up the hill, my colt became discouraged, and stopped. It was so completely discouraged, that I could neither coax, or drive it out of the spot, without using violence,which I would not do. When I had been here an hour or more, trying to get the colt to go, a man and a boy who were cutting corn near by, came to my assistance. But all in vain. The colt would not go. The man, a stranger to me, then began to catechise me by asking the following questions: "Don't it make you *mad* at the colt for not going." I replied no, as it does not

know what we want it to do, and it has become entirely discouraged. "But don't you think it would go, if you would get right mad at it, and scold it." I said, "I think not." "But why don't you swear at and whip it, and make it go." I again replied, "I do not think, that would make it any better." So I unhitched the colt, and left the buggy. And it was to my advantage in the end, as I afterward purchased another buggy to a better advantage. On Sabbath morning this man came to preaching, and when the minister entered the house he recognized in him at once, the man with the stubborn colt. He was a member of the M. E. church and a good christian man. After service he came to me and in a most pleasant manner made appology for it, and said he had remarked to his boy, "That must be a good man, or he would not take it so patiently." At half past two o'clock I preached in the Summer-hill church. Here I was partially acquainted. From here I proceeded to Evansville, and stopped with my Father-in-law, a class leader for many years in this church. I preached in this church in the evening. When I arrived here it was near sun down, and the people were already wending their way to church, to hear the new preacher, who but a few months ago had opposed the church, and would have *blotted* it out of existence, if it had been in his power to do so. Here the first person I met was my wife, at the gate. She had said, she did

not wish to be present the first time I attempted to preach at Evansville. But when the time came she could not stay away. The next, was my Brother-in-law, Silas McMichael, married to my wife's eldest sister, both long since dead. He had come some four miles on foot, to attend church, and now felt most deeply for me. He sat on a chair, just inside the door, with his elbow on his knee, and his head resting in his hand, almost in tears. When I came in, he said without looking up—"O, brother Dietterich, they will scare you out, tonight. They are coming up from the river. Persons, who have never been in that church before. The church is full now, and it is not dark yet." I replied, let them come, they can't scare me now, as I have gotten over that. At the proper time we proceeded to the church, and found it filled to its utmost capacity, and many outside, unable to gain admittance. Here I had clerked in the store. Here I had been a leader among my associates in vice. Here I got my wife. Here I had been converted and received into church, but about seven months previous. Here, I had my school mates and acquaintances, brothers and sisters to preach to. In short, here I was at home, and it was a great undertaking for me to attempt to preach to them. I made my way to the pulpit, through the crowded aisle, as best I could. The members were all present, but all felt most deeply anxious for me and could not look up, fearing lest I should

fail, and they go home mortified, on my account. I felt calm, trusting in God, to help me. I read the 135th Psalm for the evening lesson, gave out a hymn, helped to sing it, and we then knelt in prayer. When about half through with the prayer, I felt the mighty power of God fall upon me; the Baptism of the Holy-Ghost, and I was ready for work. I took for my text, John 9:35 "Dost thou believe on the Son of God." And if the Lord ever "spake through lips of humble clay" he did it that night. It was the Lord that preached and not I. It was a success. I never preached before or since, that it appeared to go as it did that night. The friends soon began to look up—God's power was manifested in the whole congregation—His name glorified and his people built up in their most holy faith. Aged sinners trembled—old formalists could not understand it—and many of my associates in sin were deeply affected, and a goodly number of them became converted during the protracted meeting that winter. O the wonders of Divine Grace. It was a great mystery to all, how a wild and comparatively uneducated young man could become converted—and in a few months, preach with such power. And to none was it a greater mystery than to myself. But it was the "Lord's doings—and it was marvelous in our eyes." Wonderful, indeed; so it appeared to me; so it appeared to all.

I continued to preach regularly on the circuit

until conference, which met in Baltimore, Md., the first Thursday in March, but on account of a severe cold, I was sick, and unable to attend. We had two Quarterly meetings on the circuit after I commenced preaching, one in Jerseytown, and the other in Evansville. At the last named Quarterly conference, in February 1859, I received my first license as a preacher, signed by Rev. James Dunlap, P. E. and Rev. E. B. Wilson, preacher in charge of Columbia Circuit. Rev. Samuel E. Davis, of Luzerne Co., received license at the same time. Columbia Circuit was quite a large field at that time. We preached at Evansville church, Summerhill church, Moores school house, Ebenzer church, Witmire's school house, Heimbach's school house, near Danville, White Hall church, Menche's private house, Church in Jerseytown, Mordensville school house, Karschner's private house, Salem church, Union church, Robinson school house, Wagoner's school house, Richart's school house, and Fishing Creek school house; seventeen appointments in all, with preaching at each every two weeks requiring an immense amount of traveling. The Circuit was divided at the following conference and Columbia and Montour Circuits were constituted. At the Union Church, and Fishing Creek, we met with considerable opposition, from a sect, calling themselves—"The Christian Church." They deny the Divinity of Christ, and teach Immersion to be the only

Scriptural mode of Baptism, and some of them, at least, believe Immersion to be a saving ordinance. They unchristianize all, who are not immersed. Some of them are very bold and insulting. They would even dare to rise up in the congregation, and contradict other ministers, while preaching. The first time I preached through there, some of the friends apprised of me of this fact, and said I should not be surprised, if they did so for me. I simply told them, that they had better not attempt it, for I would have the first one who did attempt it, arrested, for disturbing the meeting, and they would be obliged to pay their fine. When they come to hear me preach they must listen to what I have to say, and if I go to hear them, I will do the same. And I never had any trouble with them, as they knew better than to try it. At Fishing Creek, we always had a full house, and most excellent singing. The second Sabbath evening I preached here, while reading the first hymn, two young men came in; one stepped up and sat down behind me in the stand. The other passed around in front, came up and sat down on the other side of me. Both stood up and sang out of the same book with me. I felt considerably alarmed at this boldness on their part, and supposed them to be ministers of the above denomination, and I felt, that I was unprepared to meet them. After prayer I turned to one of them and shook hands with him, while the congregation

sung a hymn, and asked him to preach for me, stating that I had already preached twice that day, had traveled quite a distance, and I was tired. But he refused. I insisted, but in vain. I then told him he must close the meeting for me. He refused again. I then said you must do one or the other, either preach for me or close the meeting with exhortation, hymn and prayer, if you wish to remain with me in the stand, or you must leave here. He was glad to take his seat in the congregation, and while I was talking to him the other one had quietely slipped down into the congregation also; so I had the stand to myself again, and proceeded with the services. I was afterwards informed, that they were two of the worst rowdies in the neighborhood, and expected to have some sport, sitting behind me, where I could not see them, while preaching. But I had nipped it in the bud for them, and they never attempted anything of the kind again, but behaved themselves like gentlemen, afterwards.

I preached ninety-seven sermons up to the meeting of Conference, and one funeral sermon for an aged lady, Mother Harris, at Summerhill. She was seventy-five years of age. I do not remember the amount of salary received, but the friends at Evansville and Summerhill made me a Chrismas present of a suit of clothes, which I very much need d, and most thankfully received. We held a number of meetings during the winter, all of which

were attended with more or less success, and a goodly number were added to the church, some of whom have crossed over to the better land; others are yet on their way, while others, no doubt returned to the "Flesh Pots of Egypt." One neighbouring young man with whom I was well acquainted, a sister of mine being married to his brother, and with whom I had labored at the altar of prayer; but the meeting closed and he gave up seeking, before be became converted, came to an untimely death, but a few weeks after the meeting closed, by being thrown out of a sled backwards, while under the influence of liquor. And he died without hope. O how terrible, *thus* to die. Terrible, for the young man, and how sad for his parents and friends. We now lived in the house of James Kocher, my brother-in-law. Here our eldest son, James Eugene, now in the Lutheran ministry, was born December 4th, 1858. Thus closed the Conference year. Truly a remarkable, one to me. I had been a member of the church but one year, and had preached six months of that time, and had been instrumental, in leading a goodly number to Christ. Truly "God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform"—and—"chooses the *weak* things of this world,to confound the mighty." O how *great* is his salvation. How great things it had done for me. "It is by the grace of God, I am what I am," and I would exclaim with the Psalmist—"Not unto us—not unto

us—O Lord—but unto thy name, be all the glory." Some would say "Why he is a self-made man." But I say *no* I am *grace* made man. Grace made me, what I am. Thank God for it. *Amen.*

CHAPTER IV.

APPOINTED BY CONFERENCE TO THE LUZERNE CIRCUIT, AND WILKESBARRE MISSION.

Brother Wilson presented my name to conference, in Baltimore, Md., March 1859, as an applicant for work, and I was appointed to the Luzerne Circuit, and Wilkesbarre Mission, with Rev. Jacob Hartzler, preacher in charge. We now moved into the house of Mr. Tobias Shobert, in what was known as "The powder hole," along the Wapwallopen creek, five miles above Berwick. This was a very lonely place to live in, but noted for its immense water power, and extensive powder mills. We did not at that time have parsonages ready to move into, but must rent our own house, as best we could, after being appointed to a field and this being so near the first of April, when houses are generally all taken up, we were obliged to rent, not as we might desire, but as best we could, and be glad to get a house at all. Rev. P. Wagoner was our Presiding Elder on the district. He was an old man, an able preacher in both languages and a regular Father among his brethern. This Circuit as it now was, embracing the mission, required an immense amount of

travel. It extended from the Davis church, in Beaver Valley, to Ransome Ferry, fifteen miles above Wilkesbarre, a distance of about seventy-five miles. I started for my appointment up the river on Saturday morning, after we moved into our home, and got lost on my way, and wandered about in the mountains, until four o'clock when I arrived at Brother Lewisler's in Wilkesbarre, hungry and tired, and my horse was completely fagged out, as neither of us had feed or dinner, and had been on the road since early in the morning. After supper Brother Lewisler kindly took me up to Ransome fifteen miles, where I was to preach in the evening. We started at five o'clock and arrived at seven, driving the fifteen miles in two hours and arrived in time for my appointment. Sunday morning we returned to Wilkesbarre, where I preached in the evening, and on Monday returned home, having traveled about eighty miles, in making the trip. We preached at Ransome private house, Wilkesbarre, Gruver's church, Pike school house, Sagers church, Davis church, Mifflin township and Centreville,and during the winter took up what now constitutes the Wyoming Circuit. Our first Quarterly meeting was held in the Gruver church. Up to August, I had not been well. I had a severe cough, which had reduced me very much. It reduced me from one hundred and sixty-five pounds to one hundred and thirity-five pounds in weight. When we came

over to our home to attend the Columbia Camp-meeting, the friends were surprised to see how I had failed, and supposed I was going into consumption, it being hereditary in my Fathers's family. I was advised by Father and others, to give up the ministry, or my days would be short. I preached once at this camp meeting and it was the first time for me. Here on Sabbath morning, we had a wonderful display of God's power. Father Wagoner preached in the German language, the most powerful sermon I ever heard him preach, and before he closed his sermon, some fifteen or twenty persons were shouting—leaping—and praising God with a loud voice, so that—"The Joy of Jerusalem was heard afar off." Nehemiah xii. 43. His text was Psalm lx. 1-3. From this camp we went to our own camp on the Luzerne Circuit. At this meeting we had very cold weather, and frost every morning, though in August. There was frost every month during all the summer. I preached at this camp on Monday morning at 10 o'clock, with my overcoat on, and buttoned up to my neck, because of the cold. In the afternoon, I took sick, and was obliged to go to the house of Mr. Joseph Hart, a member of the M. E. Church, who resided near the camp ground. I had a severe attack of the fever, and for some time my recovery was considered doubtful. After a few weeks I became convalescent, and was soon able to go home again. I shall never forget the

kindness of this dear family. The day we went home some of our friends from Columbia county came over to see us. They insisted on our accompanying them to Columbia county, and as I was unable to preach, we went with them as far as Father Evan's. But the ride was too much for me. I was very weak yet, and I took a relapse, and was obliged to keep my bed two weeks more, after which I fully recovered. My cough left me and I was healthy as ever. In the neighborhood of of our camp, and where I lay sick, we met with considerable opposition from some of the members of the old German church, and some of them became very much alarmed at my serious illness. Not that they cared for me, but they feared, lest myself and family should become township charges, and were rather anxious that I should die. One of them inquired of a neighbor after me in the following language, "Is der straveler poff noch net ferecked." As if I were but a beast. At this camp meeting one of their old deacons became converted. He was quite wealthy, and had a large family of grown up children, most of whom had been converted previously, and united with our church, and some of them had their tents at this camp meeting. But he resisted long and very strongly. He had said to some of his friends, "When you hear of me going to the mourners bench, then kill me, the next time you meet me." But through the influence of his family, he was

brought to the meeting, became deeply convicted, yielded to his convictions, came to the altar, and was truly converted to God. He was made a "New Creature in Christ Jesus" and united with the church. He became a faithful, useful and most influential member of the same. He had his tent regularly at every camp for several years, when he died and went home to heaven. I remember very distinctly of attending the camp on that circuit some years after his conversion, when there were four or five tents on the ground from his family, including his own. One morning after the trumpet had sounded for prayer meeting, I went and sat in the altar in front of the stand, when he came and sat by my side. His children soon began to come to the prayer meeting, one out of this tent, and another one out of that one, when he turned to me with tears in his eyes and said, "O Brother Deitterich, I am a happy man. I can sit here, and see all my children come to the prayer meeting, from every direction and they are all in 'The good old way.' " One of his sons is a minister and another is a practicing physician. We held our first protracted meeting at the Pike school-house and quite a number were converted, and added to the church. Some of them were members of the old church near by, which was spiritually dead at that time, and also their preacher. They were opposed to anything like a change of heart, or spiritual life, and some

of them, including their minister, were fond of stong drink. The Ev. Association now have a fine church there.

At the Sager Church we also had a very successful meeting at the same time the other one was in progress, and we would change off every w ek. I conducted the meeting at the church for some time with from twelve to fourteen at the altar every evening. One evening, when I came to the church alone, I saw ten or twelve roughs standing a few rods from the church, busily engaged in conv ersation, while their leader stood at the church door with one hand hold of the knob, and his coat and hat stripped off, and it was quite cold. I expected to have some trouble to get into the church, for I saw at once that he and his party were under the influence of liquor and he was stationed there to keep me out of the church, and they were in easy reach, so as to assist him if necessary. But I was quite muscular at that time, and could help myself, fearing no man, as long as I was in the right. So I concluded, if necessary I could chuck him over the bank and escape into the church before the others could reach me. I steped up to him at once and said good evening sir. He replied —"good evening—well—I suppose—this is—the right—time to *jine* meetin." He said this in a drawling manner. I replied, yes, sir, it is, when he said, "Well—I sup--pose—it—is—about the best —thing—a young—man—like me--can do." I

replied if done properly, it is the *very best* thing you can do. He said "Well--and *what*--do--*you* --charge." I replied, O nothing ; salvation is free for all, but it is meeting time, let me in. He then picked up his coat and hat, which were lying on the ground, and walked off to join his comrades. I entered the church and began the services. After I had commenced preaching, he came in, but conducted himself pretty well, until after the sermon, when be became troublesome, while we were laboring with the penitents at the altar. I suppose he had a bottle with him, and while we were on our knees at prayer, he would try to get others to drink with him. I had never seen the man before that evening, but something must be done. So after prayer, I looked him right in the face and pointing my finger at him, said—that young man, there, who has more liquor than brains, had better be careful how he conducts himself, if he wishes to avoid getting into trouble. But I suppose he was born and raised in the back woods, and does not know any better. I now inform him, that the laws of our country are favorable to any place of religious worship, and any one violating these laws is subject to a fine of from five to fifty dollars and costs, and this must be paid cash, or go to jail. You cannot even give bail. Now you have spent your money for liquor, and cannot pay your fine, and there is nothing to keep you from going to jail, unless you behave. I therefore warn you as a friend

to save you from further trouble, for unless you behave, to jail you must go. We then began singing, when he arose and left the church, greatly alarmed, and as he joined his comrades he said, "I just got out of church in time to save going to jail again." I was afterwards informed that he had been out of jail but a few days and you need but say jail to him, and he was off. The following week Brother Hartzler came to this meeting and I left for the other one, where he had been. This young man heard that I was gone, and being under the influence of liquor came to church again. Fortunately that day Hartzler left and I returned, and when this young man stepped up into the church door and saw me in the pulpit he was afraid to venture in, and so remained outside, and it was fortunate that he did so, as he had an attack, of delerium tremens, as a result of strong drink and became desperate before the services in the church had closed. He imagined that the snakes, — devils and every thing else bad was after him and his comrades had a fearful time with him, but finally got him home, where he died a most horrid death. Surely "The way of the transgressor is hard." I often thought what a time we would have had, if he had entered the church, and had the attack there, which he certainly would have done if Hartzler had been there instead of me. One sabbath evening the minister of the old church which stood near by came in, after I was in the

pulpit. He came in and leaving those who came with him, slipped into the back seat, behind the door, like a little boy. After the sermon, seeing some of his own members at the altar of prayer, crying to God for mercy, he came nearer front and sat down, but conducted himself very unbecomingly, and then left, just in time to escape a complete lecturing, as I was but waiting for the congregation to stop singing, when I intended to read him out. Some of the members of his own church came to me and said, I should expose him. They said, "You would not allow any one else to act in that way, and why suffer a preacher to do so?" He afterwards found it out, and for a while did all against us he could, both in the pulpit and out of it, but it recoiled on himself, so he resigned the charge and left the country, and I never heard of him since. One evening an aged brother came to me after I was in the pulpit, just before preaching and said, with tears in his eyes: "We will have trouble this evening; there is a man outside of the church, who has come to take his daughter, one of the penitents, away from the altar, and he will do it, for he told me so, and he came for that purpose." I replied, you go and tell that man for me, that his taking his daughter from the altar will depend upon which is the strongest man he or I, for if he takes her away, he must take me along, as I will defend the penitents, and not allow any of them to be disturbed, while in the church. And if he

creates any disturbance in the church, I will prosecute him for disturbing the meeting. If he is dissatisfied with his daughter coming forward, he must stop her at home, or outside of the church, but must not attempt it *in* the church. The brother went out and told him what I had said. The man came in and sat down, well in front. He listened very attentively to the sermon, and after preaching his daughter came forward with several others, as usual, passing close by him. As she knelt down I took my stand close by her, and remained there all evening. He made no attempt to disturb her, but conducted himself like a gentleman all evening. The next day he took her home from the place where she was employed and kept her there. Yet I think it was much better that I took the stand I did, than to have allowed him to take her from the altar, which he certainly would have done, and occasioned great disturbance in the church. So it caused no disturbance whatever.

There was a well to do farmer residing about three miles up the valley from this church, whom we visited occasionally, they were a very nice family, though not members of any church. They had three or four grown daughters, who appeared to feel their importance and seldom came to church, unless they expected a full house, and then their object appeared to be to show off, and hence they were in the habit of sitting up well in front, and would run out and in during services. I had frequently

referred to it in a mild way, but all to no purpose, so on sabbath evening during this meeting the church was filled to its utmost, and the sisters came in and occupied the front seat to the right of the pulpit. During the preaching they sat still, but there being quite a number of penitents at the altar, I continued the meeting for some time to labor with them. Soon these sisters jumped up and went out. They came in again and sat down. In a few moments this act was repeated, until they had gone out and came in the fourth time, and I said nothing. But when they came in the fourth time and were seated, I stopped singing, and looking out over the congregation I said, judging from the conduct of some of my congregation this evening, there has been a pill pedler in the neighborhood, and it would appear, that he was successful in making sales, and that the pills answer a very good purpose, and raising my right hand in that direction, I said, "There are some who have been necessitated to go out and in four times since I closed my sermon this evening; now I advise you, who have taken the pills, to stay at home until they have done their work, and you who have purchased them, but not taken them, don't take them until our meeting has closed." I then began to sing. That was the last of their going out and in, and strange to say before the meeting closed the eldest sister became converted and afterward united with the church and became a worthy mem-

ber of the same, she married a young man a member of the church, and four years after this I attended their camp meeting and she and her family had their tent on the ground, and I went out and in with them, and we were the best of friends. Some times severe measures are necessary, but such means as these might not do so well in our days.

Our next special effort was at the Gruvers Church. Here quite a number were converted and added to the church. At this meeting a number of young men from the river attended and caused us some trouble by their misconduct, finally the brethern took it in hand and had four of them arrested and brought before a justice, who fined them five dollars each and costs, which taught them a lesson, and we had no trouble with them afterwards.

Our last meeting was held in the Mifflin Church, about three miles back of Mifflinville. This was a hard section of country religiously. We had a church here for some twenty years, but the membership had dwindled down to one good old lady, sister Brown. The old German Church was strong here, but was spiritually dead. Their old minister, who was quite wealthy, resided in the neighborhood, and many of his members were fond of strong drink. I was told that the minister was an habitual drinker, some said he drank more liquor than any man in the township. This was

perhaps exaggerated. But I do know, that he finally lost all his congregation, and perhaps largely through this evil habit. They were desperately opposed to our meeting, and because of the wickedness of the people, it was called Egypt by some, and it was frequently remarked, that it would require a Moses and Aaron, with their rod, to accomplish anything there. Hartzler commenced the meeting and I assisted him. In a few evenings two little boys and two little girls came forward as seekers of religion. They were all about twelve years of age, and nearly of the same size. Many made sport of the little children coming out, but in a few evenings, God was pleased to bless them powerfully. All lay on the floor for some time, unconscious, and stiff. "There appeared to be no more spirit in them." Some of the people mocked, others said, "it is all hypocrisy," and came forward to examine them by taking hold of their hands, and limbs, and it was said, some secretly pricked them with pins, but all to no purpose. And some said, "Why they are dead." After some time, they revived, and came to, shouting and praising God with a loud voice. This proved to be the "Rod of Moses and Aaron." It had a wonderful influence upon the people. They were convinced, that it was real; that it was more than human power; that it was the power of God, and the work broke out all around. Fathers and mothers now came forward to the altar, and were truly con-

verted to God, and a great awakening took place, but we were obliged to close the meeting, before the work was fully accomplished, to attend conference. When the meeting closed we organized a good class, or congregation there. We also attempted to hold a meeting in a private house at "Ransume," also called "Garners Ferry," there being a ferry there to cross the river. At this meeting we had no success, as the people were opposed to it, and would not attend. So we closed it.

In this neighborhood the brethern had preached in a church of one of the old denominations, until they held a protracted meeting in it, and one of their members, a good sister, became truly converted. She became one of those noisy, shouting chris'ians, which was offensive to the church authorities, and they closed the church against the brethren. When we came on to the circuit, we found the appointment in a private house, with this good sister and a few other members, and a very small congregation. The husband of this good sister, though very fond of his wife, was very much opposed to her noisy religion, and persecuted her severely on account of it. To lead her astray, if possible, he left the farm, and kept a hotel, quite close to this preaching place, and she was often severely persecuted by persons stopping there, many of whom were boatmen, as the hotel stood on the bank of the canal. One day as she passed the bar-room door with a bucket on her

arm, on her way for water, a number of roughs came out and surrounded her in the road and blackguarded her about her shouting, etc. Her husband stood in the door and looked on silently, and appeared to enjoy it. Seeing no way of escape, she set her bucket on the ground, and preached them such a sermon as they had never heard before, and she ended in a shout, right in the midst of her persecutors. When done shouting, all her accusers had fled, and she took up her bucket and went on her way rejoicing. After I had preached there a few times, she said to me, "I wish I could invite you to stop with us, but I dare not, as my husband swears, he will kick the first preacher out of his house that comes into it, and I am afraid he would do so." I replied, "If I could but see him when I pass by, I could tell whether he would kick me out or not." "Well," said she, "you try to see him and if you think he will not put you out, then stop and you will be welcome by me, if you are not by him." I managed to see him as I passed on my way home, and I was satisfied from his countenance, that I would be safe to stop with him, and concluded to try it at my next appointment. The next time I went up to preach I took my wife with me and arrived at the hotel on Sabbath afternoon to preach in the evening. I stopped at the hotel and he received us very kindly, and his wife was very much rejoiced to have her preacher stop with her. When I started for preaching I went down

stairs into the bar-room, which was in the basement and invited him to accompany me to church. He took me to a side and told me privately that he could not go, as there were a number of men there and he dare not turn them out, nor could he leave them there alone and go to meeting. The next morning I sent down and invited him up to family worship, and he came up. He also asked me to pray at the table. When we left, I asked him what my bill was. He said not any thing. I said, "I will cheerfully pay you, if you make any charge." He then said, "You may pay me for the oats I fed your horse, if you feel like doing so, but I will not take any thing for your lodging." I then paid him for the oats, but his wife had furnished me with the money to do so, and to pay the whole bill, if he should charge me, as she supposed he would do. From that time I stopped there, when ever it suited me to do so. He always made me welcome and never charged me a cent afterwards.

My colleague soon after ventured to stop there also, and it became a regular stopping place for the preachers, from that time. Four years later I was appointed to serve the Wyoming Mission, of which that appointment formed a part, and I found he had quit keeping hotel, and was regularly at church. Though not a professed christian, yet if you wished to offend him, you need but speak against his wife's christianity, or her shouting. In 1888 I learned from an old neighbor of his, a min-

ister of the gospel, that this man had become a christian, and united with the church, with his wife, served God faithfully for about two years, then died happy and went home to heaven.

Oh, what a wonder of divine grace! What cannot the grace of God do, if we are but willing to submit, and do our part? His wife was then yet living, and shouting on her way thither, as happy as ever. They now (1888) have a fine church, and a good congregation there. Great things may come from small beginnings, as in this case, and how *wonderful* the grace of God to save such men. Truly it transforms, "The lion into a lamb." It is not the righteous, but sinners, Jesus came to call.

There was a fearful explosion this year at the powder mills, quite close where we lived, during our absence from home, and the boss powder maker was terribly burned from head to foot, his clothes being so saturated with powder, that, after twenty-eight days of most extreme suffering, he died. He was a very kind-hearted, but *desperately* wicked man. He was given to drink, and claimed to be an infidel. He sent for me during his affliction, to pray for him, which I did. He then told me, that he had been an infidel, and did not believe in a future state, in heaven or hell, but said he, "I see quite differently now," and he appeared very anxious about his soul's salvation. I visited him and prayed with him at different times,

and so did others for whom he sent, and he appeared to pray for himself with great earnestness, but how he died, is hard to tell, as he gave no sure evidence of his acceptance with God. This man found out, in the last hours, that infidelity might do to live by, but that it would *not* do in the dying hour. Like the man—a professed infidel, who was on the Niagra river in a small foot boat in company with a christian. They were so busily engaged in argument on the subject of christianity, that forgetting themselves they were caught in the rapids, and in danger of going over the falls. Seeing their danger and no way of escape, the christian gave himself to prayer, but what was his astonishment, to see the infidel pray also, and cry most earnestly to God to save him. But fortunately they were rescued, by persons who were standing on the shore. When safe on the shore, the christian asked the infidel as to his conduct, and why he prayed. His reply was, "Infidelity will do on smooth water, but it will not do to go over the Niagra Falls." How true, and how many have learned this to their sorrow, only when too late. God save us from such an end.

My labors for my first conference year now closed, for which I received one hundred and one dollars salary out of which I paid fifteen dollars house rent, and had myself, wife, one child, and horse to maintain. But the charge being large, I was obliged to be from home most

of the time, and took my family with me. Some times we did not see our house for six weeks. The friends at Gruver's Church made me a present of an over coat. At that time, every preacher whether single or married, was required to preach two years on probation, on a single man's salary, which was considered one hundred dollars. At the end of two years, if found worthy, he was ordained deacon, and then allowed salary accord- to his family, regulated by the following rule. "One hundred each for himself and wife, and twenty-five dollars for each child, under fourteen years of age, and one half as much more for table expences, with reasonable traveling expences and house rent, if so much be on hand." I now went to conference for the first time, which met in the Market Street Evangelical Church in Williamsport, Lycoming County, Pa., the first Thursday in March 1860. There I was received as a member of the Central Pa. Conference, in a class of nine, one of whom, Rev. Moses Walter, died in a few years, two were expelled for immoral conduct, and now, 1888, but two, as far as I know, are in the active work of the ministry, in the Evangelical Association. O what changes have taken place in these years. Bishop W. W. Orwig presided at this conference. Bishop Long was present part of the time. Now, 1891, both long since died, and gone to rest.

CHAPTER V.

SECOND YEAR IN THE MINISTRY. APPOINTED TO LUZERNE CIRCUIT—ALONE. A FEW INCIDENTS, ETC.

At this Conference the Luzerne Circuit, and Wilkesbarre Mission were again separated, as before. Wilkesbarre and Ransome, or Garners Ferry, being added to the new territory, we had taken up before Conference, in Wyoming County, and Wyoming Mission and Luzerne Circuits were now constituted. I was now appointed to Luzerne Circuit as preacher in charge, and alone. It was unusual to appoint an unordained minister in charge, yet it was done occasionally. It was done in this case. When I returned home from conference, I had forty dollars left of my one hundred dollars salary—thirty-two of which I now paid on my horse and buggy. The first of April, we moved into the house of Mr. Andrew Keen, on the turnpike, leading from Berwick to Hazleton, five miles from Berwick. Mr. Keen and family, though not members of church, proved to be very kind neighbors to us. Our first quarterly meeting was held in the Mifflin Church, May 11, 1860. Rev. Philip Wagoner, P. E., was present. At this meeting the unfinished work of our former meeting

broke out anew. Wagoner left on Monday, but I continued the meeting for some time with good success, resulting in a number of conversions. This aroused the old persecuting spirit again, and they threatened to rotten-egg us, if we did not close the meeting, and I saw where one egg, that apparently was aimed at the pulpit through the window, no doubt at me, but missed its mark, struck the side of the church, doing no harm, but leaving an ugly mark, which could be seen for a long time. One evening while the brother who had the care of my horse was at church with his family, some ungodly person, or persons turned my horse out of the stable, stole one of my buggy wheels, and concealed it in a large wheat field, and it was not found until harvest, when the grain was cut. But a well to do citizen, who felt disgusted at such conduct, though not a member of any church, furnished me with a wheel until mine was found, and said, if it was not found in due time, he would get me a new one. With all opposition we continued the meeting until we thought the work was done for the time. This spring I made a very narrow escape from drowning, while a brother was taking me across the river in a foot boat from the Centerville to the Mifflin appointment, as the water was very high and swift. Also once during the winter, while crossing at Mifflinsville on the ice in a sleigh at a funeral, the ice broke into cakes behind the hindmost sled in the procession, and could not be

crossed again. We had a camp-meeting in August on the old ground at which Rev. Alex. Longsdorf presided. The number of tents was considerably increased over the previous year, and there were three tents on the ground from the Columbia Circuit, there being no camp on that circuit this year. The prospects for a good camp were very encouraging, but on Friday afternoon and night, it rained most powerfully, and we were almost flooded out. On Saturday it cleared up, but the ground was so full of water, that a large stream flowed through the altar under the preachers stand into the creek in the rear of the camp ground to the close of the meeting. The wet and mud operated quite materially against the success of the meeting, yet a few were converted, and I continued the meeting in the church near by, for some time, during which a number were added to the church, among whom was a practicing physician. I commenced my protracted meetings early in the fall. The first one was held in a private, but vacant house, owned by Brother Santee, near the turnpike. At this meeting good was accomplished. After I closed my meeting a brother of a sister denomination, held a meeting in the same house, with some success. But by some means, he incurred the ill will of the boys, who made up their minds to stop the meeting, which they finally accomplished. One night after meeting, when the people had all returned to their homes, these boys broke every window glass

and sash, in the lower story of the house. The friends nailed the windows shut with boards, and continued the meeting. But a few evenings later the boys carried the stove out of the house, threw it down in the road and broke it to pieces, and they were obliged to close the meeting, as it was too cold to hold meeting without fire. That brother never preached there again, but is now preaching in the west. I had no trouble during my meeting. I preached in the Pike school house near this appointment every two weeks on Sabbath afternoon. One Sabbath I noticed an old man present for the first time, though I was slightly acquainted with him. I preached a very plain, practical sermon from the text in 1st John v. 21, "Little children keep yourselves from idols." This man had grown grey headed in the old church which stood near by, and appeared very much interested in the sermon, and we had a good meeting. After preaching I sang a chorus, then in common use. It was this:

"Say brother, will you meet me,
Say brother, will you meet me,
Say brother, will you meet me,
On Canaan's happy shore?"

By the grace of God, I'll meet you,
By the grace of God, I'll meet you,
By the grace of God, I'll meet you,
On Canaan's happy shore."

and closed the meeting. On Monday this old man walked two miles to my house, to tell me that he

was very much pleased with my sermon, "But, said he, "you lied before you was done with your meeting." How so? "Why when you sang that chorus." No, I did not. "Yes you did, you said, By the grace of God, I'll meet you, and you don't know whether you will meet or not in Heaven." Why if we are christians, we have the promise of meeting there without a doubt. "Yes, but you don't know whether you are a christian, or not." Yes, I do. "No, you can't know that until you die." Yes, we can know it now. Job says: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," John says, "We *know* that we have passed from death unto life." Paul says, "We have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba Father. The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." By this time he was on his feet and at the door to leave, and only said, "yes, yes, you are only a young man yet, I am an old man and know better, good-by," and he left, but never came to hear me preach again. What a pity, that men should grow gray headed in the church, and yet know so little about religion. Paul says, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his," and can a man "have the spirit of Christ," or enjoy the "*witness* of the spirit," and yet not know it. Be unconscious of the fact, I think not. From this meeting I went from appointment to appointment, holding meetings until conference. I had more or less success at all my meetings, but

do not remember the number of conversions, and I have no record of them. In the fall a brother of another denomination held a meeting in a small, but very wicked town on account of which it was called, "Hell-town." The proper name of the place, I think was "Ringtown." The meeting was held in a school-house. After the meeting had been in progress for some time, he came some twenty miles for me to assist him. He said he had a good meeting, with bright prospects, and three at the altar. I went with him, but to me the prospects were *not* so cheering. The congregation was small, manifested no interest, and the three at the altar were but small children. I preached in the evening as best I could, to the few who were present, and after preaching invited any who wished to become christians, to present themselves at the altar of prayer, and thereby make manifest their desire, and we would pray with and for them, and direct them to the "Lamb of God," by imparting to them such instructions as their cases might require. The three came forward as usual, but I saw at once, that there was no seriousness on their part. No interest. When I knelt at the altar, to instruct and encourage the penitents, I discovered that some person or persons, had taken the pains to cover the bench quite thick with pepper and salt. The salt, I suppose was intended for the sheep and the pepper was evidently intended to make them sneeze, and so make things lively,

and perhaps get into their eyes, and make the tears flow more freely. How thoughtful on their part. But I wiped it off carefully with my kerchief, so it made no disturbance, and but few found it out, and the perpetrators, no doubt, were disappointed.

When we got to the house where we lodged, I informed the brother that he might do as he thought best, but as for me. I was going home, as I could see no good in the meeting, there was no sincerity, and he might as well close it. The next day I left. He continued the meetings a few evenings, and then closed, just as I expected, nothing being accomplished. I had been at too many meetings to be deceived in that way. During this year a young man, who had the ministry in view and was away at school, preparing himself for the work, returned to his parents, who lived on my circuit, to spend his vacation. During his vacation he made several attempts at preaching, but failed every time in his efforts. He attempted to preach one Sabbath evening near his home to a large congregation, but failed in his effort as usual, and felt very much mortified. On Monday he came to me, very much discouraged, seeking comfort, and advice. He said, "I feel that I am called of God to preach the Gospel, and I believe, if God calls a man to the ministry he will tell him what to say. He need but open his mouth, and God will fill it, so he can enter the pulpit—pray—open the Bible, and take *any* verse as a text, his eye may

light upon, and preach it, and if he cannot do that he is not called of God to the ministry. I have tried it several times, and failed every time ; yet I cannot doubt my call to the ministry. Now, what do you think about it?" I replied, it is just right; you ought to fail every time. You remind me of two little girls, of whom I read quite recently. They were about the same size and age. They attended the same school, and were quite similarly circumstanced in life. The one was always ready to recite her lessons, and could recite them well. The other could never recite well. So one evening on their way home from school, the one said to the other, "How does it come that you can always recite your lessons so well, and I can *never* recite mine ?" The other replied, "Do you pray?" She said, "No, I never pray." "Well I do, I always ask God to help me say my lessons," was the reply. "Well," replied the other, "Then I will pray too." The next day the little girls went to school as usual. The one recited her lessons well, as she always did, but the other could not recite hers at all. So in the evening, on the way home, she said to her schoolmate again—"Why could I not recite my lessons to-day?" The other inquired, "Did you pray?" "Yes, I prayed this time, yet I could not recite." "But did you study?" "O no, I prayed this time, so I did not study." "Well you must study and pray both, then you can recite your lessons," was the reply. Now said, I, "God helps them, that

help themselves," you must study, and pray both, and then you can preach. And unless you do that, you will, and should fail, every time. He took my advice, and became quite an able minister of the Gospel.

A most shocking occurance took place at the hotel this winter, two miles out the pike from where we lived. The young people from the neighborhood, had a large dance, or ball at the hotel, and during the evening while dancing, one of the dancers, a young lady, with whom I had a slight acquaintence, fell forward against her partner to the floor, apparently dead. She was taken up in an unconscious state, and carried into an adjoining room, where she remained in that condition for twenty-four hours, when she recovered consciousness, but was sick for some time, and finally recovered fully. But strange to say, it made no interruption in the dance, but it was continued all night, with that lady lying in the house in that condition, hardly knowing whether she was dead or alive. O the *terrible* effects of sin. How it hardens the heart—destroys man's finer feelings, and prepares him for every evil work.

Here on Good Friday night, I saw a large barn burned to the ground, with its contents. The work of an incendiary. Ungodly wretch, to commit such a crime.

We had a pleasant, and successful year. I closed my labors on the Circuit, about the first of

March, having preached twenty funeral sermons, and three hundred and ninety seven sermons in all, on the charge, and married one couple. Among the members at the Davis Church, was the David Davis family, which was our principal stopping place. I baptized the nineteenth child in this family. It was the third child by his second wife. This was a very fine christian family, and three of his sons are ministers of the Gospel. One of whom received his license to preach the same time I did mine. For this year's labors I received one hundred and eleven dollars salary. I paid twenty dollars house rent, got my buggy repaired, and had nothing left. Conference met this spring in Glen Rock, York Co., March, 1861. Bishop Joseph Long presided. Thus ended my second year on the Circuit, and my second year in the ministry. Two years being the limit. I went to conference knowing that I would be obliged to move. But O, where? None could tell.

CHAPTER VI.

CONFERENCE IN GLEN ROCK, YORK CO. ORDAINED DEACON. APPOINTED TO MONTOUR CIRCUIT. SEVERELY TRIED. HARD TIMES. LACK OF MEANS, ETC

At this conference in Glen Rock, I was ordained as Deacon, March 11th, 1861. My license was signed by Joseph Long, President, Jacob Young, Secretary.

When the committee on "fates" reported, my name was read off in connection with Montour Circuit, to which I was assigned. Montour Circuit had formerly formed a part of the Columbia Circuit which had heen divided the previous year. It lay partly in Montour county; hence the name. I rented a house in Millville, into which we moved by wagons. At that time, we did not generally find a parsonage, or even a house rented for us, but must, in many cases, look out for a house for ourselves after conference, which always met the first Thursday in March, making it so near the first of April, that some times we had difficulty in getting one at all, and had no choice. So I had to do in this case. Take what I could get. Nor did we find a house full of friends to welcome

us on our arrival, with dinner ready, and every thing prepared to make us welcome. No, but we must prepare things for ourselves, and would find but few if any there, except those who went with us. Things have changed in this respect, in later years, and it is a delightful change. I was severly tried at this time. The last words of my wife to me, as I bade her good by to go to conference, were, "Any place but Montour." And now here we must go. I had now preached two years, on single salary, had received, but two hundred and twelve dollars, for the two years, and was in debt when I started, and had a wife, and one child to maintain. We had been looking anxiously forward to the time when I would be allowed, and receive full salary, so as to be able, if possible, to meet some of my debts, enlarge my library, which was very meager, and purchase some furniture, which was so much needed. Up to this time we never had a single yard of carpet in the house, and had kept house over three years. The time had now come when I was entitled to full salary, but I knew all my hopes must be blasted, as Montour would be unable to raise more than a single man's salary at best. The membership was small and most of them quite poor, financially. I should not have been sent there. But such is the itineracy. Yet I could not wholly blame the conference, or the stationing committee, for it, as the P. E., Rev. S. W. Seibert, had been but newly elected to that

office, and was a stranger to the circuit, and to my circumstances. And the circuit had been misrepresentated to the Conference by my predecessor, a local preacher, who served the charge under the Presiding Elder, in consequence of the regularly appointed preacher refusing to accept the appointment. This man had been to conference one year ago and applied for a circuit, but was rejected, and now by an exaggerated report of his work on the circuit, he expected to sail into conference, but fortunately failed again, but has since been admitted into the ministry of a sister church. But I had to suffer on account of his misrepresentations, for if things had been represented in their true light, I would not have been appointed there by the committee. I knew all this, and though my faith was severely tried, yet I accepted the appointment, and moved to Millville. Our first quarterly meeting was held in the Salem Church. S. W. Seibert was present and preached to the general satisfaction of all, and we had a good meeting. Seibert saw the mistake at once, but said, I should not blame him for it, as he was a stranger and had been governed entirely by the report presented to the conference. He said I should be faithful in serving the charge until spring, and he would promise me a good field for the next year, which promise he fully kept, as will be seen, in the proper place in this book.

Millville is a Quaker town, and Quakers are unfriendly to other churches, and especially to a

hired ministry, so I could expect but few favors from them, my neighbors, and must depend entirely upon the membership on the circuit, and they all lived quite distant. Yet we did find some very kind neighbors in Millville. The membership on the charge at that time depended largely on lumbering, and there was comparatively little grain raised on the circuit. And what made it still worse for them, and for us, was the war between the states which broke out this spring, 1861, causing a stagnation in business, and especially in the lumber trade. There was no sale for lumber, and the friends had no means of making money; scarcely enough to maintain their own families, much less to support their minister and his family. Produce and grain they did not have, and for lumber there was no sale. Here we were some times hard pressed for the necessaries of life. Money, I received but very little, so little that I was some times obliged to borrow even three cents to pay the postage on letters I was obliged to send.

One morning I went to the stable to feed my horse. Hay I had none, and I was obliged to give him the last bit of grain I had, for his morning meal. At the breakfast table my wife said, "The flour is all, and I must bake to-morrow, and we have no sugar, no coffee, no butter and no molasses. Every thing is just all, and no money. What shall we do." The only reply I could make was, and my horse feed is all, I just gave him the last

bit I had, and I was obliged to borrow three cents the other day to pay the postage on a letter. But after breakfast I will start out over the circuit, and if I cannot get money, or provisions, I must quit preaching, and go to work. I started out, and succeeded in getting five hundred pounds of hay, and six bushels of oats of one brother, and an order for fifty pounds of flour, from another one. I also succeeded in getting a new subscriber for the church paper and he gave me the money for it, one dollar. I ordered the paper, but took the dollar and bought groceries with it, so we had a start again. After a while I received a little money, and then sent the dollar to pay for the paper.

June 28th, 1861 our second son was born and received the name of Elmer Ellsworth, being named after Col. Ellsworth, who was killed about this time at Alexandria, in the defence of his country.

In July my wife again informed me that our flour was all baked up, and we must have more by the beginning of the next week. I said, and how shall I get it? The friends have not got it, and I have no money to purchase it elsewhere. What *shall* I do! But fortunately on this very Saturday, I had a wedding. The only one I had during the entire year. For this wedding I received three dollars and fifty cents, just in time. Thus the Lord will provide. With this I purchased three bushels of wheat and had fifty cents left for groc-

eries. From this to the end of the year we had a comfortable living. This year we purchased our first coal oil lamp, and the first yard of carpet we ever had in the house. Considering the excitement occasioned in the country by the civil war, which prevailed, I had a successful year on the circuit. We had several very successful meetings during the fall and winter. One at the Richart school-house, which resulted in a goodly number of conversions. One evening when I came to the school-house it was filled, as usual, and a number were standing outside, and not far from the door lay a medium sized dog howling all kinds of murder. After meeting the school teacher, who, though not a member of the church, was a very fine young man, and kindly acted as sexton, warming and lighting up the house, assisted in preserving order, and took quite an interest in the meeting, informed me that there were two young ladies present, who had come quite a distance, and who made it a business of running to all the night gatherings and night meetings, for miles around, and were always accompanied by this dog; that he would come into the house with them and keep up a constant confusion, and the girls appeared to delight in it. That night he came in with them, and then slipped under the desks, one would give him a kick here, and another there, and the dog would give a yelp every time which made it very annoying. He finally attempted to put him out,

but the girls would try to hide and protect him. He said, "I finally reached under the desk, and seized him by the cuff of the neck, and drew him from under it, but then he bit me in the arm and I was obliged to let loose. I then picked up the round leg of a slab bench, which was lying on the floor, struck him over the head with it, knocked him down, picked him up and threw him out of the door, and I think he will not bother us very soon again." And he never did, for I was informed that he died before the meeting closed that evening. Served him right. These two girls had been very annoying to all the preachers in that country for the past few years, as they would attend all the protracted meetings in the country, and when penitents were invited to the altar, they would be the first to come forward, so that the meeting would be continued, lest it should close, if none came forward, and the outside world called them our "stool pigeons." And their character was such, that no respectable persons would present themselves at the altar as long as they were there. They tried this game on me at my first meeting, but it did not go so well with them. Shortly after the meeting began they came forward as usual, and had been out several evenings, and as long as they were there no one else would come forward, because they all knew them. So one evening, as the two knelt side by side at the altar, before I dismissed the congregation, I addressed them pub-

licly, as follows. "Well, here you are again, as usual, you have been forward at every meeting in all this country for the past three years, and the people call you our "stool pigeons," but you make very poor ones, as your influence tends to keep other people away, and your object in coming forward is, only to keep up the meeting, but you can not come that game over me. Now, if for once you are earnest and sincere, then go to work, pray earnestly, come out again, and we will do all for you we can. But if not *earnest* and *sincere*, but as you have always been before, do not dare come out here again, lest God should strike you dead on your knees, and cast you into hell, for making a mock of religion in this way, and becoming a stumbling block, in the way of others. You are just as near hell while kneeling at the altar in the spirit in which you kneel there, as you are at any other place. Dare not do it again lest it be the last." They never tried it with me again, and what became of them I do not know. It was a severe measure to adopt, but it was needed, and it answered the purpose, and their staying away showed their insincerity, for I told them if for *once* they were *sincere* they should continue, and we would do all for them we could.

We also had a good meeting in the Salem Church, now Unityville, which commenced with a woods meeting. Here at one time we had considerable trouble with dogs following their masters

into church and remaining there, which sometimes became very annoying. So one Sabbath, when annoyed by these dogs running up and down the aisles during preaching, I simply remarked that under the old dispensation the price of a dog was not allowed to be put into the Lord's treasury, but here, said I, we have the animal himself in the Lord's house. Is it right? After that the dogs were left at home, which was better.

At the Kiles school-house, on the Fishing Creek, we had the most extensive revival ever known, in that secton of the country, which continued over the holidays. People came for miles over the hills and through the woods on foot to the meeting, until immense crowds would gather at the school house, many of whom could not gain admittance into the house. These would then build a large log fire a short distance from the school house, to keep themselves warm, as it was very cold and in a wooded country. I was told, that there would be as high as thirty, or forty around this fire, waiting until the meeting would close, so they could accompany their friends in the house, to their homes. And the house would be densely packed with people. The altar was crowded nightly with penitents, and others were laboring in every part of the house, being unable to get to the altar, because of its crowded condition. I never could ascertain how many were converted at this meeting. The order was most excellent, considering the crowded

condition of the house, and the many outside who could not get in. Those who had formerly been the disturbers of the meetings, though they did not all become converted, yet instead of disturbing us, assisted in keeping order, and as a further evidence of their good will, they purchased the goods, and had two suits of clothes made for our eldest son, ready to put on. One night there was a man present, who had been attending the meeting in company with his wife, but who had been a desperately wicked man all his days, and was now considerably past middle life. He had been in prison, and in the penitentiary, in his time, and yet his morals had not been greatly improved. This evening he stood near the door, and while I was on the other side of the house pleading with a man to give his heart to Jesus, an old Methodist sister, who had been powerfully blessed, spoke to this man's wife, and invited her to come to the Savior. He, fearing lest she would come, and being opposed to it, rushed for her through the altar, where the penitents were kneeling, and in doing so, he forcibly threw two of the sisters to the floor, who were standing near the penitents, singing, and had resisted him for some time. I saw it all, and wished I could get hold of him, but I could not get to him. Just then one of the brethren near by, and whose mother and wife this man had thrown to the floor, sprang forward, caught hold of him, and said, "What do you want in there?" "I want to get my

wife out," was the reply. The brother replied "You must not go in that way, if you want to get her out." The man then exclaimed, "If you don't let me go you will get into trouble," and at the same time seized the brother by the throat, but being long in the arms, he broke the man loose, taking his collar and necktie along. He seized him again, until the third time, and kicked him once, when the brother broke him loose again, laid hold of him, drew him to the door and threw him head long from the door over the porch, and some half dozen steps into the road. At this time his wife sprang to her feet in the rear of the house and called for out. I saw her and as the congregation were singing very lively, I called at the top of my voice, "What do you want?" She said, "I want out." I then said, "If you want out, the brethren will assist you, if not, then sit down and be still." But she called again, "I want out." The friends then assisted her through the crowd to the door. I now called out, "Let us pray," we knelt in prayer and I expected the stones to come in through the windows, but they did not. And strange to say, though all took place at the altar, none of the penitents found it out until after the meeting was dismissed, and some one told them of it. They had been so earnestly engaged in prayer and the congregation were singing a lively piece of music at the time. The man left for his home, and never returned to disturb us again, but swore, he would

place a keg of powder under the school-house and blow it up with all of us in it, if we did not close the meeting. The consequence was, that the next evening the congregation was very small, as the people feared to come. But I knew such a man's word was not very reliable, and so continued the meeting. I told the congregation, that he could not buy powder enough to blow up the school-house, if he wished to do so. They need not fear, there is no danger, and they should attend the meeting as before. The next evening the house was full again as usual, and the meeting continued as before. This was the same school-house, referred to once before in this book, where the two rowdies took their seat behind me in the desk, while I was reading the opening hymn, but of whom I so soon got rid of, when I insisted on their taking part in the services.

On the last Sabbath before conference I preached a funeral sermon for a middle aged man, who died very suddenly near the Richart school-house, he had chopped timber in the woods all day in company with his brother. He came home in the evening, and after supper retired with his family as usual. In the night he awoke his wife, and said he did not feel well, she then arose and stepped to the door and called his brother, who lived just across the way, and then made fire in the stove, as it was very cold, being in February. While making the fire the clock struck three. He asked his wife,

"What time is it?" She said, "Three o'clock." He never spoke again. When she had completed her fire making she went to his bed and to her utter surprise she found him dead, even before his brother had arrived. "Thus, in the midst of life, we are in death."

During the winter our youngest son Elmer E. had a very severe spell of sickness. He had a severe attack of cholera-infantum and for two weeks his life was despaired of by all; but in the mercy of God he was spared to us, restored to health and is now in the ministry of the Lutheran Church. I finished my labors on the circuit in February, and received eighty seven dollars and fifty two cents salary on the circuit, and at conference forty two dollars and forty eight cents out of the treasury, making one hundred and thirty dollars for the year. Out of this I paid eighteen dollars house rent. My youngest brother and his family lived with us in the same house part of the year.

I had now preached three years, and received three hundred and forty-two dollars salary for the three years. Surely it was poor pay. Perhaps it was poor preaching also, yet the people all appeared fully satisfied with my services. I preached one hundred and ninety one sermons during the year. I now left for conference in my own conveyance accompanied by my father-in-law, Mr. Geo. Evans of Evansville, Columbia Co., Pa.

CHAPTER VII.

CONFERENCE IN MILLHEIM. AN EXCITING TIME. MY FIRST SERMON PREACHED BEFORE THE CONFERENCE. APPOINTED TO BUFFALO CIRCUIT, UNION COUNTY PA.

Conference met in Millheim, Centre Co., Pa., the first Thursday in March, 1862, with a full attendance. Here I preached my first sermon before the conference, from Isaiah lv. 6, and we had a good meeting, though at first I felt a little nervous. At this conference we had an exciting time, occasioned by a brother offering a resolution expressing our "Sympathy with, and hearty support of the government, in crushing the wicked rebellion, then raging in our once united and happy country." The resolution met with most bitter opposition from a few of the members, who refused to entertain it by the conference. But when it was left to a vote, whether the conference would entertain the resolution or not, it was decided by a large majority to entertain it. The resolution was written and offered by a democrat, and it was seconded by a democrat. But there were a few rebel sympathizers present, one from Baltimore,

and flaming speeches were made on both sides. It finally carried by a standing or rising vote, and a large majority. Each brother's name being recorded as he voted. But six, if memory serves me right, refused to vote at all, but not being excused from voting by the conference, their names were recorded as against it. The secular papers made a considerable handle of their names, and speeches. It occosioned considerable stir in the town, as Millheim was at that time considerably tainted with what were considered rebel sympathizers, and bore the name of Charleston, by many. Indeed on my way there to conference, I saw a board stuck up by the side of the pike with a hand pointing in that direction, saying so many miles to Charleston.

They had pledged themselves the year before, that if conference would meet there, they would convey the members of conference from the different railroad stations, to Millheim, and back again, which was quite a distance, being thirty miles from Lewisburg, the nearest railroad station, for many of them. I was informed (whether correctly or not I cannot tell) that in consequence of the above resolution, some of the brethren were obliged to get back to the railroad as best they could. I fortunately had my own horse and buggy, and so was independent on that score. At this conference I was appointed as junior preacher on the Buffalo Circuit, in the Buffalo Valley, Union Co., Rev. S. T. Buck, preacher in charge.

I returned from conference and we moved by wagons, to New Columbia, Union Co., Pa., where we had a very pleasant, and comfortable home for two years. Here for once the parsonage was ready for us to move into. Brother Buck having just married that spring, and not yet gone to house keeping, or he would have claimed the parsonage, being preacher in charge. But now my old horse, harness, and stove were worn out, and I was obliged to get all new, and I had no money. The harness were presented to me, for the old horse I got fifteen dollars and purchased another for seventy dollars. I also bought a new stove, and by the time I was fully started on the new field I found myself nearly four hundred dollars in debt. But this was the good circuit the Elder S. W. Seibert had promised me, and so I found it. The war continued, times were good ,and money was plenty.

Brother Buck, and myself labored on this circuit together very pleasantly, and with good success. Shortly after we had moved on the charge I was sent for to preach a funeral sermon for a small child some four or five miles out of the valley. When I came to the house of mourning, I found it full of friends and neighbors. After the usual services at the house, they informed me that the sermon was to be preached in the old "White Deer Church," that it was a union church of the Lutheran (General Council) and Reformed denom-

inations, and as some of them were opposed to others preaching in it, I should not go into the pulpit, but should stand on the floor in front of the pulpit, if it made no difference to me. I said, of course, I will stand on the floor, and not desecrate the pulpit by going into it. So when we entered the church, I very sanctimoniously placed my hat on the pulpit steps, and stood on the floor to preach. But they might have saved themselves the trouble of telling me as I would not have entered the pulpit anyhow, as it was an old fashioned church with a gallery and high pulpit like a goblet in shape, and the congregation being small no one went into the gallary, and hence, I preferred standing on the floor. Some time afterwards I attended another funeral in the same church, and was again requested not to enter the pulpit, but stand on the floor. In the fall one of the officials of that church attended one of my meetings, and took quite a fancy to me. His little daughter took sick and he told his family, if she died I must preach the funeral sermon. The child died, but his friends told him, and rightly too, that it would not do to send for me, he being an official in another church, but he must first send for his own pastor, to preach the sermon. That was right, members of church, whether official members or not, should first try to secure the services of their own pastor at funerals and weddings, and when they cannot be had, *then* only send for another minister. But it so happened

in this case, that the pastor was at synod, and so could not be had, and they sent for me. The funeral was on Sabbath morning, and when I came to the house, he took me into a separate room and said, "I have been informed that you preached two funeral sermons in our church, and they told you not to go into the pulpit, but stand on the floor, is that so." I replied, yes sir, but I preferred it. He then said, "To-day I want you to go into the pulpit, and after this when you preach in that church, you stand where you please. I have some say in that church." That day the house was full above and below, and for once I ventured into the pulpit to preach. But things have greatly changed there now, and two new churches have taken the place of the old one, and any orthodox minister would be cheerfully allowed to enter the pulpit, to preach a funeral sermon in either of them.

We had a camp-meeting in August, but it was not a success, and I think it was the last one ever held on that circuit. During the camp-meeting I was sent for to preach a funeral sermon for an elderly man who died near the Furnace. He had been a drinking man. The sermon was preached in the house, which was quite large. While I was preaching in one part of it, dinner was being prepared in the other. The services over, we were invited to dinner. I ate at the first table, and while the second table were eating I baptized two children in that part of the house in which I had

preached. When ready to start for the place of burial, a gentleman came to me, and said, "There is a young lady present who desires to go along to the grave yard, and then to the camp-meeting, and wishes to know whether she can ride with you, as she is unprovided for, and you are alone in your buggy." I replied, if she is a respectable lady she is welcome to go with me. He assured me she was very respectable and brought her to the buggy and introduced her to me. She was a sister of the first child buried by me at the White Deer Church, above referred to. She soon told me she was so glad to have a talk with me. She then said she had been catechised and confirmed as a member of the Reformed Church, already referred to, but since the funeral sermon I had preached for her little sister she was not happy. That she had never been "born again" and felt that she was not a christian. "Now" said she, "I would like to become a christian, but they tell me it is so wrong for me to leave the church, and thus fall away from the faith. Now, what do you think about it." I replied, it was a mistake in your joining the church without religion. And it is wrong for you to be a member of the church without religion, as the church cannot save you without religion, and thus to belong to church is but hypocricy. You should yield at once to your convictions and become a christian. But you need not leave the church to do that, and it will but fit you for membership.

Stay where you are for the present, but become converted and then only are you prepared to choose your church home, and if you find you cannot get along in the church to which you now belong, there certainly is no wrong in joining where you can enjoy yourself best. But by all means get religion. She took my advice, came to the camp that evening, came forward, was converted, and remained where she was for a while, but found very little spiritual food there, and could not enjoy herself, left and united with our church and became a most excellent christian lady. To put catechisation in the place of regeneration, is a mistake, made by many.

At this funeral I became acquainted with the boss of the furnace, who requested me to preach in their school-house in the future. I did so, and it became an established appointment. In a few years the boss became a converted man and united with the church, and he became a very useful member of the same, as he was a man of means and very liberal. He was one of the men who started the work in Milton, where they now have a good church and congregation. So much for one funeral. The Lord be praised.

At the Salem Church, about three miles from Lewisburg, we had an excellent meeting. We had labored there together nearly two weeks without any success.

On Thursday Buck left for his home on

another part of the circuit, and where his appointments would be on the following Sabbath. He said I should close the meeting on Friday evening, fill my appointments on Sabbath, and begin a meeting in Hartleton on Sabbath evening and he would come to my help on Monday. But on Friday evening five penitents came to the altar. I left for my appointments, but promised to return to Salem on Sabbath evening. I filled my appointments on Sabbath, assumed the responsibility of postponing the Hartleton meeting, and returned to Salem on Sabbath evening, preached to a crowded house, and on invitation twenty persons presented themselves at the altar of prayer. Buck came to the meeting on Monday, approved my course, and the meeting finally closed with thirty-five conversions. We also had an extensive revival at Orwig's Mill, with some conversions at the different appointments. At Orwig's Mill, I preached a memorial sermon for a young Mr. Snyder. He was a soldier, and was shot at the second battle of Fredericksburg, by a sharpshooter. He and his brother stood side by side all day in the fight. In the evening they were relieved, fell back and stacked their guns, to take supper. At his request the younger brother started in search of water to drink, and when he returned with the water he found his brother dead. He was standing in camp, supposed out of danger,

engaged in a conversation, when the ball of some sharp shooter penetrated his chest just back of his right elbow as his arms were hanging by his side, and passed through his chest and dropped into his left boot, where the ball was found. He threw up his arms and exclaimed, "I am shot," fell to the ground and died. His father was a local preacher. The young man's body was not recovered. I also preached a funeral sermon at New Columbia for a Mr. Linn, also a soldier, who died at Washington, but was sent home by his comrades for burial. Thus closed the conference year for which I received two hundred and seventy-five dollars and fifty-five cents salary and parsonage free, besides many valuable presents, which began to place me on better footing financially. Buffalo Valley is a most beautiful, and fertile valley, and the people are very social, and all treated us very kindly. But the year is up, and I must go to conference, and what the committee on "Fates," will decide in my case, I do not know. They may return me another year, or they may send me elsewhere. But I would like very much to return for one year more.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONFERENCE AT YORK, YORK CO., PA. AGAIN APPOINTED TO PREACH BEFORE THAT BODY. A VISIT TO THE ARMY HOSPITALS. REAPPOINTED TO BUFFALO CIRCUIT.

This spring 1863 conference met in York, York Co., Pa. Bishop W. W. Orwig presiding. At this conference I was ordained Elder, with all my class, but one, whose ordination was postponed for one year. During this session, the conference on special invitation visited the Soldiers Hospitals, in a body. Here I saw about five hundred sick and wounded soldiers. Some of them appeared to be quite old men, and one poor fellow was near his last. I was again appointed to preach before the conference, and preached a national sermon. How could I do otherwise, seeing so many brave men who had laid their lives on their country's altar, in her time of need. At this conference I was reappointed to Buffalo Circuit, as preacher in charge, with Rev. F. Kurtz, as junior preacher. Brother Kurtz was a young man, and it was his first year in the active ministry. He was a German, and a very fine young man, and is now one of the most able german preachers in that church. We got along most pleasantly together,

and met with good success on the charge. I at first feared we would not be able to render satisfaction on this old and good charge, as I was but young in the work, and Kurtz was a European, and had been but ten years in this country. It was his first year in the ministry, and he must preach almost exclusively English. He moved on to the circuit, as he had a wife and one child. We went to work, did our duty, and God gave success. Shortly after brother Kurtz moved on the circuit his fine young horse took distemper and died. The friends, however, kindly came to his help, raised the money and purchased a horse of the same age and color of the one he lost, and presented it to him. Truly a noble deed.

In August, the first three years draft came off. On the day of the draft, the Lycoming camp-meeting began, to which we were both ordered by the Elder. I started for the camp in the morning, but Brother Kurtz remained at home until the next day, so as to know whether he was drafted or not. I said, I will find it out soon enough, if I am drafted. However, the evening before I left home for the camp, I was waited on by our physician, a fine man though not a member of any church. He said he had been sent to me to ascertain whether I wished to go to the army, or not. He said—"I was informed that you desire to go, if so, it is all right. But if you do not desire to go, you need but say so, and we will pay your commuta-

tion, three hundred dollars." I replied, I do not desire to go, but if drafted, I cannot help myself, and will be obliged to go, unless help comes from elsewhere. He then said "That is all we wished to know. Give yourself no uneasiness about it. If you are drafted we will pay your commutation. I was sent here by the citizens of our town to tell you so." The next day Kurtz came to the camp, and sure enough, he was drafted, but I had drawn a blank and so need not go. Lycoming county had been the home of Brother Kurtz for ten years, and he had just moved away from there that spring, so during the camp, the friends raised sixty dollars for him, and the friends on Buffalo raised the balance and paid his commutation, so he could remain on the circuit, which certainly was a most generous act on their part. We had no camp-meeting on our circuit, for various reasons. After harvest I was called on to preach a funeral sermon in the New Columbia Church for a small child, which had died some distance from there, but was brought to this place to be buried. There was a very large relationship, and all most desperately wicked people. The grandfather of the child kept a hotel here in town. I preached as usual on such occasions. Shortly after the funeral, the undertaker, who was a Methodist, said to me—"You preachers don't do right when you preach funerals for such people." I said, why not. "Why you ought to come out and tell them plainly just what

they are. You don't preach sharp enough to them," was his reply. In the fall a daughter of the tavern keeper took sick. She was a married woman, had a couple of children, and lived here in town. She was also desperately wicked, and cursed and swore on what proved to be her death bed. She told her husband, if she died he could be sure he had one wife in hell. She said she saw the sulphuric flames as she breathed her last. O how fearful thus to die. I was again sent for, to preach the funeral sermon. I thought of the undertaker's words—of her profanity and her death bed, and her dying language to her husband. I also thought of the hotel-keeping father and the wicked relationship. They were, "A generation of vipers"—and what shall I preach? The congregation would be large—and I felt most deeply concerned for them, and desired to do my duty, and do them good. I finally selected a text in Job xxxiii. 14. "God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not," and prepared a sermon especially for them. After a suitable introduction I noticed

I. What is said of God, in the text? He speaketh once—yea—twice." That is he speaketh repeatedly. But *how*—does he speak to us.

1. In his written word.
2. By his preached word
3. By his Spirit.
4. By his providences, prosperity, adversity, afflictions, sickness, brereavements, death, etc. But

II. What does God say to us? When God speaks, he always says something. Now, what does he say to us? He tells us

1. That we are mortal. "Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return."

2. That we are accountable. "Must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." 2 Cor. iii. 10.

3. That we are sinners, and that "The wages of sin is death."

4. That preperation for death is necessary, "Prepare to meet thy God." "Be ye also ready etc."

5. He tells us how to prepare.

(1.) By repentance.

(2.) Faith.

(3) Regeneration, "Must be *born* again."

(4.) By a holy life, and so maintain a constant readiness or preparedness for the coming of the Son of man.

6. He tells us that by being prepared, we shall have everlasting life, pleasures without end, etc.

7. To neglect it, is to be eternally lost. "He places life and death, and good and evil before us," and tells us, now to choose which we will have, and whom we will serve. Thus "God speaks to us," that we may be saved. But we notice now,

III. The solemn charge brought against man, "He perceiveth it not."

He heeds it not, as he should, but stands in his own light, closes his eyes and stops his ears, to the counsels of God, to his own hurt. He is no wiser, no better, by the counsels of God, and the dictates of his own conscience. Now said I, is not this a fact? God spake to you, a few weeks ago, in the death of a little child. A grand-child. You attended the funeral, I preached and we buried it. You wept over it, and at its grave side, but did you heed the call, no, soon as the grave was filled up and your tears dried, you returned to your same old evil ways, as before. To-day, he speaks to you again. "He speaketh once, yea twice." This time he comes closer. It is a wife, a mother, a sister, a daughter, and I am told the *favorite* daughter. Of the dead I have nothing to say, I leave her in the hands of God, knowing that he will do what is right. But if you as her parents, have done your duty to her, tried to teach her the way of life, and bring her up in the way she should go, if you as her parents, have prayed fervently with and for her, and set her a christian example, then whether she is saved or lost, your *skirts* are clear. But, if you, as her parents, have failed, or neglected to do this, and she is lost, her blood will be required at your hands, and thus closed my remarks, when we left the church and proceeded to the place of burial. Brother Kurtz, who accompanied me in my buggy, turned to me and said, "Brother Dieterich, that was the plainest funeral sermon I ever

heard preached in my life." I waked up as one out of sleep, and exclaimed in astonishment, why? "Because it was," was his only reply. Well, said I, did I go too far, or say too much? I wanted to say all I dare say, yet not go too far, for I know them, they are a generation of vipers, and I wanted to reach them, if possible. He said "No, you did not say too much, or go too far." In the fall we held a protracted meeting here and had an extensive revival. Some of the most wicked people in town were happily converted to God, including a number of parents and heads of families, and among them the husband of this woman and many of her relatives. Many of whom proved faithful, and have since gone home to our Father's house above. I saw in the church paper a few years after I left the charge the obituary of this very husband, and it stated that he had lived a Christian and died happy. I also saw in the church paper, years later, that the old tavern keeper had quit keeping tavern for a number of years, became converted, lived and died a Christian, also, all largely due to that funeral sermon so plainly preached. Truth is mighty and will prevail, but sometimes we enwrap it so closely in smooth language so that the sharp edge of it is covered up, or in such a round about way, for fear of hurting the feelings of the people, and lest we should give offence, that it loses its power to save. In this way "the trumpet often gives an uncertain sound." One evening during the meeting, while I

was preaching to a full house, a stranger entered the church, came down the aisle and up the pulpit-steps to my side. I stopped preaching and turned to him, when he handed me a telegram informing me of the death of my sister, Mrs. M. A. Bower, of Columbia county, and said, "you must take the eleven o'clock train to-night to reach the funeral in time." When he left the pulpit, I read the telegram to the congregation and stated the interview I had with her a few weeks previous, when I visited her for the last time during her sickness. When I bade her good-bye, I knew it would be the last time, and so did she. But she said—"If we never see each other in this world again, we will meet again in Heaven." These were her last words to me. It made quite an impression on the congregation, and when I invited penitents to the altar, a goodly number came forward. I then left the meeting in the care of the brethren, went home, informed my family of her death, and one of the brethren kindly conveyed me two miles to Milton, our nearest railroad station. There I was obliged to wait until one o'clock, the train being two hours late on account of frosty and broken rails, the night being extremely cold and frosty.

I then went to Rupert station, and there being no train on the L. and B. railroad, I walked to Bloomsburg, three miles, and at four o'clock in the morning I stood knocking at the front door of Rev. George Rishel's house for admittance. He kindly

took me in, gave me breakfast and then conveyed me in his carriage seven miles to the funeral. Rev. Truckenmiller preached the sermon. I remained over night and preached for him in the evening, in the Centre Church, my old home and the church of my parents, where he had a protracted meeting in progress at the time.

After preaching eight penitents presented themselves at the altar of prayer, where some years before, I had knelt as a seeker of religion. The next day I returned home and continued my meeting a few more evenings, and closed it on Sabbath evening with communion. I had undertaken too much for the evening. I preached here on Saturday evening. Sunday morning, I drove twelve miles to Elinsport and preached at ten o'clock. I then preached a funeral sermon for a child, about two miles above town, at one o'clock, drove six miles to Weistown, preached there at three o'clock, then back home to this meeting in the evening. I had thus driven twenty-eight miles, and this was my fourth service for the day. Here I first baptized several infants and adults, which required the use of both ceremonies. I then admitted a goodly number of new members, after which I preached the communion sermon. The house was densely packed with people, aisles and all, and the communicants were many, filling table full after table full, and as I served one table after another, all alone, and dismissed them, I unfortunately dismissed one

table without giving them the wine, giving them bread only. I felt very sorry for the mistake, when informed of it, but it was too late to remedy it. I have never administered the communion alone since, but I think of it, and sometimes tremble for fear it should occur again. But it never has up to this time. My meeting closed with some thirty conversions and accessions.

This was the most successful meeting we had on the charge that winter. We held a meeting at the Salem Church just before conference, but without much success. At this church we had a good membership. One family with whom we frequently stopped, near the church, was a family by the name of Dunkel. Brother Dunkel was a good Christian man, well to do in the world and had a fine home, but was not a member of our church. His wife was a member, and was perhaps over anxious that he should unite with us, and so were all the membership. For years the wife, preachers and members had been trying to persuade him to unite. He was with us, and of us, the same as a member, yet was not a member. They had been at him so much to unite with us, that he had become tired of it and almost disgusted with them. His wife spoke to him about it once in my presence and I saw at once that it rather displeased him. I shook my head at her and simply remarked, It will all be right yet, and the subject was dropped for the time. I then told her privately to say no more to him about

it, but leave it in my hands, and she did so. I had never said anything to him on the subject until our meeting was about to close. Next to the last night of the meeting I staid there over night. In the morning before breakfast I was sitting in the parlor alone, when he came in and sat down. When he had been in but a few minutes, I laid my hand on his knee, as I sat by his side, looked him right in the face and said, Brother Dunkel, we have been trying to do something for the church here by way of conversions, but we have met with but little success, so I thought I would see what I could do this morning by way of proselyting—and paused, still looking him in the face, and smiled. He made no reply. I then said, now dear brother, the door is open for you, you would greatly rejoice the heart of your wife, my heart, and the hearts of all our membership, by stepping in, and I believe you would feel more at home with us by doing so. What do you say? will you unite with us or not? I know you have been very much annoyed by your wife and others on this subject, so much so that you have gotten tired of it, but you know this is the first time I have spoken to you on the subject, and I have been here almost two years. I should be glad to have you unite with us this evening, when there are a few others to be taken in. But it is for you to say. What will you do? He replied, "All right, I will do so." I then asked him, whether he would come out and unite publicly or

privately. He said, "I will unite publicly," which pleased me very much, and when he came out with a few others in the evening and was publicly taken in, the congregation was greatly surprised, and greatly rejoiced. When the congregation was dismissed, all crowded around us, and shook hands with him, as if he had been a stranger, and many said to me, "Why how does this come ? You have done what the preachers and all have been trying to do for years, but could not." That was the trouble. They had been at him *all* the time, and he became tired of it. I had not, and hence my success. We closed our work at conference time, having had a most pleasant and successful year. We had a number of very valuable accessions, and the circuit was in better condition than it had been for many years, pronounced so by the older members. We had greatly increased all our benevolent contributions, received full salary, table and traveling expenses, and valuable donations, besides assisting Kurtz in paying his commutation, and getting him a horse in place of the one that had died. Surely the friends did well for us. I preached in the two years four hundred and seventeen sermons, in all, on the circuit. Married nine couples and preached a number of funeral sermons. This circuit I liked the best of any I ever travelled, while in the itinerancy. We liked the home in New Columbia, the neighbors, the country and the people over the entire charge. They all treated us very

kindly, made us a liberal donation on New Year's day, and by their liberality I was enabled to free myself entirely from debt, and when we left the circuit I could say, I "owe no man anything," but love, and had one hundred dollars left to move on. Surely we did well. "We thanked God and took courage." Our eldest daughter was born here, September 10th, 1863, and received the name of Laura Bernetta. Thus ended my two years labor on the Buffallo Circuit, March, 1864, and now for conference, and as my time is expired on this circuit, I will be obliged to move this spring. But, O where? Echo answers, where?

CHAPTER IX.

CONFERENCE IN LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY. APPOINTED TO WYOMING MISSION. FIRST MOVE ON THE CARS. EXCITED STATE OF THE COUNTRY, ETC.

Conference met in Lewisburg, Union county, March, 1864. Arrived at conference, and while in conversation with Rev. S. W. Seibert, our presiding elder, he said to me, "well where do you want to go to now." I replied, any place, but Wyoming Mission.

During conference I was called home to preach a funeral sermon for a child of Brother Bastian, which died from vaccination. The vaccination ran into erysipelas and caused its death. During my absence from conference Brother Seibert resigned his office as Presiding Elder, and Rev. Simon Wolf was elected as his successor. When the Bishop read the appointments, I was surprised to hear, "Wyoming Mission," H. A. Dietterich. Yet so it was. It was a bitter pill for me at first. Like Montour Circuit in 1861, just the place where I did not want to go. I told Seibert so, but he only laughed and said "it will all be right in the end," and so it was. But some time afterward I

had the chance of rubbing this in on Seibert, and did so. Some years after this he got up in conference and said, he desired a circuit, but not farther north than Perry county. He was living in Perry county at the time. When the appointments were read off, he was sitting in front of the pulpit by the writing table, and what was his surprise to hear "Lock Haven, S. W. Seibert." His head dropped and I think tears filled his eyes. I now stepped up to him, and patting him on the shoulder, said, "Brother Seibert, it will be all right. Remember Wyoming." And I think it was all right in the end, at least I found it so on Wyoming Mission, and I think he did in Lock Haven. Wyoming Mission embraced the upper or northern part of Luzerne and the southern or lower end of Wyoming county. We moved to Newton Center, Luzerne county.

This was our first move on the cars, and they played havoc with our goods. They broke our table, and among other things the applebutter crocks, which were all filled, and we found a sorry mess, when we unpacked our goods. On our way to Wyoming we stopped in Columbia county to visit our parents, who were all living at that time. Here our babe took quite sick and we were detained two weeks on account of it. Then, too, at this time every thing was excitement up at Wyoming, Pittston, Kingston, Wilkesbarre and Scranton, on account of the spotted fever, which prevailed

to an alarming extent in that country at that time, closing all the schools, and stopping, to a great extent, all manner of business and traffic. Many people fled from the country on account of it. Father and others advised me not to go up, but order my goods back again until the fever subsided for if I went, I did so at the risk of my life. But when my appointments fell due I felt like meeting them. So I mounted my sulky and drove up and preached on the new field. I found the fever had abated to some extent, though many had died from it. One family consisting of the two parents and seven children, nine in all, had all died in one week, except the father. On Monday I returned for my family and we arrived on the circuit on Friday evening, and stayed with a family of members over night. On Saturday morning they took us to the parsonage, but instead ot finding the house full of friendly faces, as is now generally the case, to greet, and welcome "The new preacher," we were taken to the house, set down there, and no one came near to inquire whether we needed any assistance, or had anything to eat or not, but we were left alone, as strangers in a strange land, to help ourselves as best we could. Surely a cool reception. We found our goods in the house, but, as already said, in a sorry condition. On my return with my family, I learned that during that week two had died in that immediate neighborhood, and that there were several new cases of the

fever. It was terribly severe, but few who took it recovered, and in most cases the patient did not live more than from six to eight hours, and all were buried without funerals, similar to smallpox cases. Wyoming Mission was the field Rev. J. Hartzler and myself had taken up during the first year of my ministry. But we found a wonderful state of affairs in that country now, on account of the war which continued to rage at that time. The people, as a general thing, were not in sympathy with the administration in putting down the rebellion, consequently the country was full of deserters and none reporting drafted men. These generally kept concealed in the woods during the day, and at night were harbored by the citizens. At one time the government was obliged to send troops there to enforce the enrollment, as the citizens refused to be enrolled, and made most terrible threats, as to what they would do. But when the soldiers came, though but a part of the Invalid Corps, they quietly submitted to be enrolled, but when drafted, they did not report. Consequently the martial from Scranton, eleven miles distant, or his deputy, was out constantly at night, hunting these men, as well as the deserters harbored by them. The deputy martial and one of his assistants were shot and killed, about one mile from our house, by deserters, while attempting to arrest them. To show the feeling existing in that country at that time, I might say that a reward of

three thousand dollars, was offered for the arrest of the deserter who shot the deputy, and yet he was never arrested. He could not be found by the authorities, and many of the citizens thought he had done a noble deed, and gloried in his pluck. And I do not think he ever left the neighborhood, as I saw him at different times. But his friends kept him effectually concealed from the authorities. Thieving prevailed to an alarming extent by these men, and others I presume stole on the credit of these men. A man was not safe to be out after night, unless he was well known, as he was in danger of being shot by these men, as an officer, or by the officers, as a deserter. A solder in company with an officer did shoot an innocent man in this way, and killed him, not far from our place, shortly after the deputy had been shot, and while in search of the deserter, who shot him. I, however, fared very well, as I took no part whatever in political matters, and did not even attend any of the elections. With the democrats I could not vote at that time, and to vote with the other party, according to my views, would have impaired my influence for good among that people. Sometimes I would catch it from one party and then from the other, each accused me of belonging to the opposite party, as I said nothing on either side. But upon the whole I was respected for it by the majority of the people and received the support of all. Dr. Hand, our family physician and myself

rented a field of eight acres, for thirty-five dollars, and planted it with corn, from which we realized a good profit. Corn was two dollars per bushel, hay forty-five dollars per ton, flour fifteen dollars per barrel, dressed pork eighteen to twenty dollars per hundred pounds. I paid fifty-four dollars for a fat hog at eighteen dollars per hundred, dressed. Lard was twenty-eight cents per pound, and every thing in proportion. I paid twenty-two dollars for a web of muslin, at fifty-five cents per yard. But money was plenty, and the friends were very kind and liberal toward us. They made us a donation each year, amounting to over two hundred dollars each, besides many presents. The donations were conducted on this wise: It was publicly announced, that on such a day and evening a donation would be made for the benefit of Rev. H. A. Dietterich and family, in the public house in Newton Centre, and all were most cordially invited to attend. The hotel was then rented for the afternoon and evening at a certain price, the bar to be closed, and no drinks to be sold, or given away. In the afternoon the friends would come laden with provisions ready for the table. About sundown the table was set, and supper served. In the evening the people, old and young, would flock in by the sled load, and table full after table full would be served, until midnight. Some perhaps would eat three or four times during the evening. While at the table they were waited on by a com-

mittee, each having a book, when every one at the table would write in the book and pay any sum they felt like giving for their supper, or for the preacher. Some gave as much as five dollars. One young man, with whom I was well acquainted, though not a member of any church, ate three times in one evening, having a young lady with him each time, and gave seven dollars for the evening. One elderly man, an Englishman who ran the grist mill at a small town, two or three miles distant, with whom I had no acquaintance, came up to the donation with his wife. They both took supper, and he gave them five dollars. He then desired to see the preacher for whom the donation was made, he was shown up stairs into the room where I was sitting. He came in, reached me his hand and said, "Mr. Dietterich, I respect you as a preacher of the gospel, and not as a politician; our minister is a politician, and I did not give him a cent, but I came up here this evening, and brought my wife with me, we both took supper, and I gave them five dollars, and here are three dollars more for you. I respect you as a minister of the gospel, good night." I thanked him kindly for it and he left. I received the largest donations of any minister in that country, not withstanding it was only a mission and our membership was small and poor financially but it was because I left politics to politicians, and so was respected and supported by all parties. The even-

ing was spent in social chat and innocent sport by old and young, and a general good time was had. In this way the provisions would be nearly all consumed, and the money was given to me amounting to over two hundred dollars each year. There I sold my horse at an advance of forty-eight dollars and bought another one for one hundred and forty dollars, drove it six months and sold it for two hundred dollars, an advance of sixty dollars, and bought another for one hundred and fifty dollars, which I drove several years and sold for one hundred and sixty-four dollars. Here our second daughter, Carrie S., was born, April 16th, 1865. Notwithstanding the excited condition of the country, I had good success on the mission. So much so, that it was constituted a circuit and became self-supporting the spring I left, and continued so. During the last year of our stay here the war closed, and many of the people attributed the closing of the war to the assasination of president A. Lincoln, by J. Wilkes Booth. They said, "Booth stopped the war by shooting Lincoln," and gave him the praise, thus manifesting the same spirit they did during the war. Yet upon the whole I liked the mission and people very well. We had interesting camp-meetings both years, near the Square-top school house. At this school house I had an interesting meeting the second winter, with a number of conversions. This place, and a small village near by was noted for its skepticism,

but the mighty power of God shook their sandy foundation, and some of their leaders were powerfully converted to God by saving grace.

The evening I commenced my meeting, it snowed, blowed, and was fearfully cold. I preached as best I could to the few (less than two dozen) present, but all appeared cold and dead, and when I pronounced the benediction, I thought to myself, it is an entire failure to begin with. But I had hardly said Amen, when an elderly woman present sprang to her feet in the rear of the school house and in a very excited manner cried out, "Oh pray for me, I am so wicked, O what a mother I have been to my children, I have seven sons, most all of them grown up to manhood, and I never prayed for them. O pray for me, lest we all be lost." She continued in this strain for some time, when after prayer and a few words of instruction and comfort, all went home. The next evening she came forward as a seeker of religion, and her sons soon followed. But the husband would not come to the meeting at all, yet in spite of himself he became most deeply convicted at his home and and was driven almost to distraction; but rather than yield to his convictions and give up his skepticism, he resolved to commit suicide, and attempted it twice, but was fortunately rescued both times, while in the act, by his sons. He finally became so wretched that he sent for me at midnight to come and pray for him, which I did. The next

evening he came to our meeting, and gave himself to the Lord in earnest prayer until he obtained peace by believing in Jesus. Thus the whole family were powerfully converted to God. O what a change in the family, where before had been cursing and swearing, now was prayer and praise. Amazing grace! On Sabbath afternoon I preached to a full house from Psalm cxlv. 20—"The Lord preserveth all them that love him, but all the wicked will he destroy." I tried to show, that if man perished forever, it was his own fault, and not the Lord's. It was not because God had decreed his destruction, but because he refused to love God. In other words, hated God, and hence his destruction. Love the Lord, and he will preserve you. Love him not, and he will destroy you, hence you hold your salvation, your life, or death, in your own hands, and if you are *destroyed*, the fault is entirely your own. "The Lord preserveth all them that love him, but all the wicked will he destroy." After the sermon a man came to me and asked permission to make a few remarks before I dismissed the congregation. He was a married man and the village blacksmith, but a stranger to me. I asked him as to the nature of his remarks, and when he informed me I granted him his request. He then stepped in front of the desk and facing the whole congregation said, "I have always been a skeptic and made light of religion, and religious people. I have spent my Sundays fishing or hunt-

ing, and did not go to church, but I heard so much about this meeting, that I concluded to go to church to-day and see and hear for myself, hence I am here, and the sermon has fully convinced me of my error, and I want to renounce it thus publicly. I intend now to become a christian man, and I want you all to pray for me." All this was spoken with deepest feeling. That evening he came to church again, presented himself at the altar as a pentinent and was truly converted to God, and united with the church. I inquired after him some years later and was informed that he was at that time, an official member of the church. How great the salvation of our God in saving sinners! On this mission I preached exclusively in school houses, except at Garner's Ferry, where I preached in a private house, but now they have a church and parsonage there, and churches have been built in different places throughout that country. I finished up my two year's labor on the mission, having preached three hundred and ninety-one sermons, and married eight couples. Two years being the limit, I knew I would be obliged to move, and to move down the river, there being no other field of labor in all that section of country at that time, though now there are quite a number of them, all the outgrowth of that mission. So I drove to Columbia County with horse and sulky on my way to Conference.

CHAPTER X.

CONFERENCE IN BALTIMORE. APPOINTED TO GETTYSBURG CIRCUIT. A LONG AND TEDIOUS MOVE. MOTHER'S DEATH. IMPORTANT CONVERSIONS, ETC.

Leaving my horse with father-in-law, I took the train for Baltimore, Md., where conference met in March, 1866. At this conference I was appointed to Bendersville, Adams County. The circuit was called Gettysburg Circuit, but why, I do not know, as we did not preach within ten miles of Gettysburg. It is now very appropriately called Bendersville Circuit.

Rev. J. M. Young was Presiding Elder on the district. He was a very fine christian gentleman. This made us a move of one hundred and seventy-five miles. I returned from conference to Wyoming, and we shipped our goods to Carlisle, Cumberland County, by rail and from there to Bendersville, eighteen miles, they were hauled on wagons. My family then accompanied me by rail to father-in-law's in Evansville, Columbia County, where they remained, while I mounted the sulky again, and drove down to the new field of labor. On my way I took sick with dysentary, and it was with

difficulty that I proceeded on my journey. The first day I drove to Port Treverton, Perry County. The second to Newport, in the same county, and the third day to near Mount Holley, Cumberland County. The fourth day, about noon I arrived on the field and stopped at the house of an old class leader, to whom I had been directed by my predecessor. It was rainy, muddy, and I was sick, tired and very much discouraged, the country and all being entirely new and strange to me

Then too, unfortunately for me, this man was one of those growling fault-finders, who always look on the dark side of things, and never see any thing good or cheering, and by the time he had told me his tale of woe, I was completely discouraged. He could not see why conference had sent me on that circuit to starve. He said, my predecessor had no family, but himself and wife, and they could hardly live there. That everything had gone down on the circuit during his stay among them, and I had a family of wife and four children, and we certainly could not live on that circuit. In short, everything was wrong, according to his story. I shall never forget that wretched old class-leader. It is a pity that such men should be elected to any office in any church, and he never was elected to any office again, while I was there, though he tried hard for it. The next morning, being Saturday morning, I proceeded to within one mile of Bendersville, and stopped with Brother

Daniel Peters, where I remained over night. Brother Peters was from home and did not return until evening, and as I sat in his parlor alone part of the time, thinking of the new field as represented to me by one of the officials, and the rain continued to pour down, I made up my mind fully, that I would fill my appointments on Sabbath, and on Monday, I would order my goods back to Columbia county, return to my family, and engage in some other business. If conference would send me on a circuit to starve, as that old class leader said I would, they had sent the wrong man, and would be disappointed in the end, as I could maintain myself and family, at something else. But in the after part of the day, Brother Peters returned home, and by the time I had spent the evening with him, I had concluded differently. This was truly a good brother, and looked at things quite differently to what the old class leader did. He told me things were not so bad, after all. That no one had ever starved there yet, and he knew I would not. That conference had done right in sending me there, and that they had rented a fine home for us, in Bendersville. The next morning he would hitch up, and take me to my appointments, and I should return and stay with him over night again, and Monday morning he would take me to town and show me the new home, and he was satisfied it would be all right. And so it was. On Sabbath morning he hitched two horses to his buggy and

took me seventeen miles to the "Bower's church," where I preached to a large congregation, at 10 A. M. The Lord was with us, and blessed us, and I felt as did St. Paul, when he "thanked God and took courage." We returned to the home of Brother Peters in the evening, as I had but one appointment, that day. The next morning we went to Bendersville, saw the new home, made arrangements to have our household goods hauled from Carlisle, eighteen miles, and Tuesday morning I took the train, and returned for my family in Columbia county. We spent a few days together in visiting friends and relatives, and then left for the new home in Bendersville, Adams county. The morning of the day before we left, I went alone from Father-in-laws, to spend a short time with my aged parents, and to take my final leave of them. As I was on foot and alone, I took time for reflection on the way. I followed up the little brook which led to my father's house. I sat down on a log by the way in the woods, and thought of my childhood days. I thought of the time, when as a boy I used to catch trout and minnows, in that little stream. But oh, what changes had taken place. I thought I was now perhaps treading these banks for the last time. I then knelt down there by that log, in the woods alone, and in earnest prayer to God, I thanked him for kind parents and friends, for child-hood and youth, and for all his goodness, in leading me

safely into the way of life and salvation, and especially that he had accounted me worthy of the office, and work of the christian ministry. I also earnestly prayed him for his guidance in the future, and that he would give me success in winning souls for Jesus. After spending some time in weeping and praying in the woods by the side of that log, and reconsecrating myself, and mine, to the Lord, I arose and proceeded up the stream to father's house, the home of my childhood. I spent some time with my parents, took dinner with them, and then stated that I must now proceed on my journey. Father then said to me, "get the Bible and read a chapter, and have prayer with us before you go, for we may never meet again in this world." I read and prayed with them, and we had a solemn parting, so much so, that when we bade each other farewell, neither could speak. It was simply a warm shake of the hand, and—"The eyes spake a gentle good-bye." And it was the last time I held mother's hand in mine, or that my hand was pressed by her's. I left and took across the fields, to my sister's, Mrs. James Kocher, and when about a half mile from the house, as I climbed the last fence on the old homestead, being on an elevated spot, I looked back once more to take a last view of the old home, the home of my childhood. The door was wide open, and I saw mother standing in it, still looking after me. We looked at each other for a few

moments, when I waved her a final adieu with my hand. It was the last look. We never saw each other again. In July I received a letter from my Brother Samuel, stating that mother had taken suddenly ill, and died in a few days, and was now buried. Mother—*Dear* Mother !

She had been a good mother to me. She had given me much good counsel aud advice. She always admonished me to "be a good boy." But now she is gone to return no more, forever. But I hope to meet her again, where parting will be no more. Among her last words spoken to my sister, who watched by her side to the end, were these : "I have finished the work he gave me to do." Words so like the words of our blessed Savior, when he cried on the cross, "It is finished," and like those of the apostle Paul, when he said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." Thus she died in peace, aged seventy-one years.

After staying with my brother Samuel, at Centerville over night, we took the train for Carlisle. We had a long and tedious journey to Bendersville. The eighteen miles from Carlisle, where we left the cars, were made on a farmer's spring wagon, loaded with plow shares and furniture, and nearly the whole distance after night, and part of the road was terrible, indeed. My wife and the children were entirely worn out by the time we arrived at Brother Peters, where we stayed over

night. But in a few days we were rested up and nicely fixed in our new home. Miss Sallie Evans, my wife's sister, made her home with us. In the fall I started a milliner shop which she carried on for me. On this circuit I labored alone, as I did on the mission, and by some means, I cannot tell why, I was so sorely tempted and tried as never before. Satan tried hard to drive me from the field, and get me to abandon the active ministry. He would tell me that my want of education disqualified me entirely for the ministry, and that I had never been called of God to the work. Indeed I was so tempted to doubt my call to the ministry, that I consented to retire from the active work, and farm for father, as he was now alone, mother having died, and he desired me to come home, farm for him and attend to his business. And I thought that would be the end of my ministry. Then, too, under this depression of spirit, I labored until fall, without any visible results of my labors. But in the fall and winter revivals broke out at the different appointments and great and lasting good was accomplished. The work broke out at three of my appointments at one time, and I was obliged to preach night about at two of them for some time and the third being a distant point I left in the care of the membership. At Whitestown and Bendersville, two of them, we had a number of conversions. The third was at the Bower's Church, where a few were converted, one

of whom was a young man, who afterwards attended Dickinson College, in Williamsport, Lycoming Co., for some time, intending to prepare himself for the ministry, but his health failed and he was obliged to give up school, went west for his health and I have lost track of him entirely.

Upon this outbreak of the work I was greatly encouraged, and wrote to father requesting him to excuse me from coming home on the farm, as I now preferred continuing in the active ministry. But he insisted upon my coming, stating that it was hard, when a father had labored hard all his days, and raised a large family and then had no one to take care of him in his declining years. Being the youngest of the twelve children, and the son of his old age, I felt that I should comply with his wishes and again promised him to do so, but it was not what I now desired. I now preferred preaching. In December I held a meeting in a small, old school house, known as the "Cranberry School House," where we had preached for a number of years, but had no organization, and but a few members. It was located between two churches. One a United Brethren Church, a short distance down the road, the other a Lutheran Church, just across the way. I said I would hold a meeting, and if I succeeded in effecting an organization, I would continue the appointment, if not I would abandon it.

We had a good meeting and sixteen young persons made a profession of religion, but their

parents being members of one or the other of the churches near by, they joined the church of their parents, and I advised them to do so, believing it to be best for them, and I abandoned the appointment. Among the converts at this meeting were two young men who united with the Lutheran Church, and now are most worthy and able Lutheran ministers. The one is Rev. E. D. Weigle, at present pastor of the First Lutheran church in Altoona, Blair County, Pa. The other is Rev. D. A. Day, Lutheran Missionary at Monrovia, Liberia, Africa, where he is doing a great work, and has been for years. These are most worthy and able ministers of the New Testament, and I refer to them with a little spiritual pride, as the brightest trophies of my ministry. In my desk among my carefully preserved, and highly prized letters are several from Brother Weigle, in which he refers very feelingly to the meeting in the old school house. He closes a letter to me, bearing the date of November 13th, 1883, in the following language, "How I thank you for pointing me to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world, in the old school house at Cranberry. May God bless you and yours." How cheering such language, from such a brother, in my declining years. Another letter carfully stowed away, and highly prized bears date as follows :

"MUHLENBERG MISSION, *August 7th, 1890.*
Rev. H. A. Dietterich,

My Dear Brother," and in the course of his

letter he says, "Yes, I too, will never forget the meeting in the little country school house. I remember the sermon, even some of its divisions, but have forgotten the text. I went to that meeting, with no thought of going to the altar, but God brought the truth home to my heart, and that night I took my first stand for Christ." In closing his letter he says—"Write to me, when you can find time. There is no one I would rather hear from than you. Yours in Christ. D. A. Day."

O, who would have thought, that the influence of that little meeting would be so powerfully felt even in Africa. Surely, great things may come from small beginnings. When I remember that these able ministers were brought to Christ by my feeble efforts, I feel to thank God and take courage. And when I consider the success of these Brethren, and especially that of Brother Day in a foreign field, I do not wonder that Satan tried so hard to drive me from the field before they were brought to Christ. Especially if he has the power of foreknowledge. For both are doing a great work for Jesus.

During the meeting our third son was born December 26th, 1866, and received the name of George Henry, being named after both of his grand fathers, and Henry being my name also in part.

I preached at Clear Springs during the summer months, under the locust trees in the yard

surrounding the house of Brother Jacob Brandt, hence called the Brandt appointment. I also held a woods meeting in his grove, in August. In the fall they kindly offered me the Strayer school house, near by, for preaching and I continued the appointment during the winter, which resulted in the building of a good church the following summer, which I helped to dedicate. It is known as "The Union Church," and I have been imformed that they now have a good congregation there. At the Bowers church we had a good brother and his family, of whom I was very fond and whom I frequently visited. He was a good, jolly fellow, but lived some three miles from the church and was the village blacksmith. When I went down to that meeting I said to my wife, now I will have a good time with Brother S. But I preached on Saturday evening and he was not there. On Sabbath morning and evening he still was missing. So Sabbath evening I inquired of the class leader, who was a near neighbor to him, Where is Brother S? I have not seen him at our meeting yet. Is he sick? or why is he not here? The reply was "O, he's got into his old evil habit again." Indeed, and what is that? "O, he was drunk again." Why I did not know he was given to drink, is he? "Yes, he was, and he has joined church several times and always fell back again, but this time he stood longer than ever before, but now, I guess he is gone." Well, I said, I must go

and see him to-morrow. I can not give him up yet. His reply was, "I guess it will be of no use, but you can go and see him." The next day I drove to his shop and we greeted each other as usual. After a few words together the following conversation took place. Well, Dear Brother, I was very much disappointed in not seeing you in church. "Yes, I have not been there and I suppose you know the reason. I was away and got into bad company and I got drunk, and now, if I go to church the people will laugh and say, "there he is in church, and he was drunk again. So I don't like to go." Well, that is just the reason I came to see you, not to give you a scolding, but to urge you to come. You have given the people reason to talk and they will talk, whether you go to church or not. But you do not intend to stay away, go back to your old evil habit again and ruin yourself and family, and be lost in the end, do you ? "O, no ; I don't want to do that." Well, then the best thing you can do is to go with me to church this evening and take your seat as usual among the members, and after preaching I will give an opportunity for any to speak who feel like doing so, and you get up, acknowledge your fault and ask forgivness, all will cheerfully do it, and then go ahead and do as you did before. "I know it would be the best, but I don't like to do that." I insisted, it is your *only* safe way, I urged. He finally consented, went with me, got up, made the

acknowledgment with tears and asked forgiveness. Nearly the whole congregation was in tears by the time he sat down. That was the last time. I saw him in Harrisburg in 1887 and he was yet happy and on his way to Zion. But if I had not gone to him, as I did, he might perhaps have filled a drunkard's grave. O, how important the exhortation of the apostle—"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. But bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." Gal. v. 1, 2. How many who are lost, might have been saved, if this were always done to the weak. At the end of the conference year I finished my work on the charge, having preached one hundred and ninety-four sermons, and by God's blessing, accomplished a good and lasting work. I now sold my milliner shop to my sister-in-law, and amid the regrets of the people, left for Conference, which met in New Kingston, Cumberland county. My family had moved in the month of February to father's in Columbia county. This was the circuit where the old class leader said we would starve, but Brother Peters said we would not, as no one had starved there yet, and we did not. We had a very pleasant home, kind friends, and received near five hundred dollars salary. On this charge I learned, as I have often since experienced, that our greatest blessings, brightest days,

most joyous seasons, and successful efforts, are often preceeded by the most trying times, dark seasons and sore temptations. "After clouds, sun shine"

"Behind a frowning providence, He hides a smiling face."

"Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." AMEN.

CHAPTER XI.

CONFERENCE IN NEW KINGSTON, CUMBERLAND COUNTY. RETIRE FROM THE ACTIVE MINISTRY FOR ONE YEAR. TRIP TO COLUMBIA COUNTY. A FARMER. DEATH OF MY ELDEST SISTER. FATHER'S DEATH, ETC.

At the conference in New Kingston, Cumberland County, though now contrary to my own feelings, yet according to previous arrangements, I asked for the privilege of retiring one year from the active work of the ministry, yet to be retained in the Itinerancy, which request was very kindly granted me. I remained at conference until Monday noon, when I left New Kingston for father's in Columbia County with my horse, and carriage, which took me two and a half days to reach. It rained most of the time, and the mud was quite deep in the roads, it being the beginning of March, 1867.

The first night I stopped in Newport, Perry County, with Brother Yohn, a member of our church there. The next day I proceeded by way of Liverpool, Perry County, to Selinsgrove, Snyder County, Pa.

When I was about one mile above Liverpool I saw a man sitting under the overshoot of a large

barn. He had a fine home and was well fixed in the world, also a member of a sister church. I asked him for a little dinner and horse feed, it being about noon. "But he took me not in." He refused, but directed me up the river some distance to a hotel. I then proceeded but a few rods farther to another large farm house and stoped at the hitching post. But before I had time to tie my horse the man came out, took hold of my horse and gave me a most friendly greeting, and said I should go into the house and he would put up my horse and feed him, before I had time to tell him who I was, or what I wanted. The family treated me very kindly, fed my horse, gave me dinner, and he greased my buggy. I found them to be members of the Lutheran church, and good warm-hearted christians. I told him of the manner in which his neighbor had treated me. He said, "just wait until I see him, I shall tell him about it. He always thinks his church so much better than the Lutheran church. I shall tell him, how he turned away a minister of the gospel and directed him to a hotel, which is not a hotel, but simply a canal house and not fit for a decent man to stop at." After dinner we talked for some time of Jesus and his love. I then read a portion of scripture, we sang a hymn and offered prayer, and the Lord blessed us together. I "thanked God and took courage." I then asked them what I owed them for dinner and horse feed. They said

"nothing," that I was entirely welcome to all they had done for me, and if I ever came that way again I knew where to stop. I should not fail to stop with them. This family heeded the exhortation of the apostle, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers,"—while the other did not, but turned me away hungry and cold, and yet claimed to be the best christian man of the two. "O, consistancy, thou art a Jewel." I then proceeded to Selinsgrove, where I stayed over night with another Lutheran family who treated me very kindly also, and free of charge. No wonder I finally became a minister in the Lutheran church, after being treated so kindly by her members. The next day I proceeded by way of Northumberland, Danville, and Bloomsburg, and arrived at father's about eight oclock in the evening, where I met my family once more, having traveled through mud and rain, both of which were plenty at that time, from Bendersville, Adams County, to Briar Creek, Columbia County with my horse and carriage. I found the children just recovering from a severe attack of the measles, which had been aggravated by the exposure from the long move.

I now doffed the "clerical robe," for that of a farmer.

Father made public sale of his personal property, and I bought stock and farming utensils and went to work. Not having done much manual labor for eight years, it went hard with me for

some time, but I soon became accustomed to it again. God blessed us all with good health and I enjoyed farming right well again. God also gave the increase. I had good crops, and did well in farming. Father said, I had the best crops ever raised on the farm. But I no longer doubted my call to the ministry, and felt that farming was not my work. I never felt condemned for the course I had taken, believing that it was my duty to care for my aged father, and I preached some where almost every Sabbath. Yet I did not feel contented. I felt like a child away from home. As the child would long for home, so I longed for the active work of the ministry.

Frequently on Sabbath morning, when in the barn feeding my horses, and hearing my wife in the house singing some of the beautiful songs of Zion, I would be so overcome, that I would kneel down in the feeding room, and weep and pray; I was so homesick for the work. In April, while preparing to plant corn, the Baptist minister, a young man was holding a series of meetings in the Baptist Church, about one and a half miles from where we lived.

My sister, living on the adjoining farm, was for many years a leading member of that church, indeed I might say the leading member of that congregation, which was very small. Her eldest son has been a Baptist minister for a number of years, and was at that time going to school at Lewisburg,

preparing for the ministry. She was naturally very much interested in this meeting. Her husband and I were always very intimate, but I am sorry to say, he was not a member of church or a professor of religion at that time and is not to this day. He very seldom went to church, unless I preached. But would generally go with me to church. One night this minister staid at sister's over night, intending to talk to my brother-in-law, and try to get him to church. In the morning he spoke to him as follows :

"Mr. K., why don't you come to preaching ?" The reply was, "I seldom go to preaching, unless Alonzo preaches. I would go a good ways to hear him." "And who is Alonzo, I have never seen, or heard of him ?" "Why he is my brother-in-law and lives just below here on the adjoining farm." This was enough. After breakfast my sister and the preacher came to visit us. Their object was to get me to preach for him, so my brother-in-law would attend church. I was in the field ploughing until noon. I spent about two hours with them, and then said, they must excuse me, as I had no one to help me and dare not let the team stand idle in the stable, but they should spend the afternoon with father and my family. The minister then informed me of the meeting and insisted on my coming to his help. I told him it was impossible for me to do so, as I had not worked much for years, and did not expect to farm

long, and so must put in full time while at it, and I got so tired by evening that I could hardly walk, and so I must have my rest at night. He insisted on my coming, but said nothing as to the special object. I simply told him I could not, and went to the field.

Toward evening he and my sister went home again. But early Sunday morning, while I was feeding my horses, he came into the feeding room, and said, "I want you to help me out to-day, I have preaching in Berwick this morning and evening, and I dare not disappoint them, and this meeting cannot stop yet, so I want you to preach for me. What do you say?" I will preach at the meeting this morning and evening, but not in Berwick, as that is too far, was my reply. "All right, then I will go to Berwick, and you preach here this morning and evening, and publish preaching for Monday evening. Good morning"— and he left. In due time I started for church, and as I passed my brother-in-law's house he went with me. And so in the evening, when he told me of the conversations he had with the preacher, and said—"That is the reason he came to see you, and got you to preach for him, but you can't do it now, and this is not the proper season to hold meetings anyhow. I won't go again," and he did not. But that evening, before I began preaching, the minister came in, but I must preach, and did so. It was the last time myself, or brother-in-law were at the meet-

ing. In a few evenings the meeting closed, and but little was accomplished. A few Sabbaths after the closing of the meeting, he baptized two or three persons in the Susquehanna river, and two weeks later, he held communion on Sabbath afternoon in the church. Not having any other engagement, I walked down to the church, and as I passed my brother-in-law's, he said he would walk along, and did so. We arrived at the church, just as the Sabbath school was about closing, and so stopped outside of the gate, in front of the church, a few moments, when we saw the pastor approaching, and my brother-in-law remarked—"Now he will want you to preach for him." I said, not to-day, this is communion day and they are close communionists. He replied, "Yes he will, now see if he don't." Well said I, if he does, we will have a little fun with him. By this time he came up, shook hands with both of us, and then turning to me said—"I want you to preach for me, won't you?" I said, not to-day, I came expressly to hear you this time. He insisted, but I said, not to-day, you heard me preach a few weeks ago, and now I came to hear you, and I positively will not preach. "Well then, you will go with me into the pulpit and take part in the services, won't you?" I said, I will on certain conditions. "And what are they?" Well you are close communionists here, we can come and sing and pray with you, and preach for you, and are right good fellows, until it comes to com-

muning; then we must all sit back, like heathens. Now, if I am to sit back like a heathen, when you commune, I don't want to sit in the pulpit, or take any part in the services. "No," said he—"we are not close communionists." I said, you always have been here, and I venture to say, that there never have a half dozen communed in that church, outside of your own membership since it was built. "No we are not close communionists, all are welcome to commune with us who are satisfied with their Baptism, whether members of our church or not. If you are satisfied with your Baptism, you are welcome to commune with us." I replied, my parents had me baptized in infancy and I never felt that I needed any more, and therefore I am satisfied with my Baptism. "Then you are welcome to commune with us." Will you make that statement from the pulpit? "Yes sir." Will you treat the members of other churches, as you treat the members of your own church, when they come to commune. "Yes, sir; I will." Then I will go with you, and we entered the church, and pulpit together, and he preached. But he had no liberty in preaching. It would not go, and I presume the circumstances in which he was placed had something to do with it. To treat me and all others, as he had promised me he would do, would be a violation of the rules of their church, and not to do so, would injure his influence in that congregation, outside of his own membership, at least, and that

was very small, and would certainly ruin his influence entirely with my brother-in-law, whose favor he was trying to court, and rightly, too. So he hardly knew what to do, but got out of it nicely in the end.

When done preaching, he stated that they were now about to commemorate the sufferings and death of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ by partaking of the emblems of his broken body and shed blood, and then said, "It is not for me to invite any body to commune, not even my own members, but all are welcome to commune with us who are satisfied with their Baptism, whether members of our church, or not," and, then he sat down. Thus he did not violate their rules, he had done all he had promised me to do, treated all alike, and yet invited no one, not even his members to commune. I communed with them, but was the only one outside of their own membership to do so. While I have love and charity for all christian churches, I confess my affection for these close communing Baptists, is not very strong. I have seen so much of it, as to make it look unchristian, and disgusting to me. May the good Lord forgive me if I am wrong in this feeling. When brothers and sisters of the same family cannot commune together, yea, children cannot commune with their own parents, simply because they do not belong to the same church, and yet claim to belong to the same divine family, I think, to say the

least, is *unnatural*, if not *unchristian*, and I would pray to be saved from such a spirit as that. They may have a heaven by themselves, or a separate apartment in heaven, in the future world, I do not know, but if they have, I have failed to find any direct reference to it in the Bible. If they have not, they certainly must commingle and commune with God's people, of other churches in Heaven, if they ever get there. Then why not do so here on earth? During the summer, as already stated, I would frequently get very homesick for the active ministry. One Saturday noon, I came in from work in the field, having one of my homesick spells very badly. After dinner, I sat down to rest, and took up the "Evangelical Messenger," our church paper, and looked over the obituary column. It contained a lengthy obituary of a young man, who had died on the Wyoming circuit. It spoke of his illness, and of his happy death. He had died very happy, and gave the brighest possible evidence of his acceptance with God. It then stated, "This young man was converted, and admitted into the church at a meeting held by Rev. H. A. Dietterich, in the Square Top school house." I called to mind this young man, and remembered well how I had kneeled by his side, and pointed him to "The Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," as he knelt at the altar of prayer. How he had looked up to Jesus, through his tears, and his darkness was turned into day,

and his mourning into joy. I also thought of the happiness he experienced, when deliverance came, and how he praised God for it, and now he had died praising God, according to this obituary. I thanked God that at least one was saved through my instrumentality, and, that is worth a life time in the ministry. It proved a great comfort to me at that time. I preached somewhere almost every Sabbath, during the summer. We also had a tent at the Evangelical campmeeting in the grove of Mr. Joseph Conner. At the conference held at this meeting Rev. G. E. Zehner, a cousin to my wife, received preacher's license, and is yet in the active ministry. In the fall, on invitation, I attended and assisted at the dedication of the Union Church, near Clear Springs, York County, at the Brandt appointment, already referred to in this book, where I began the work by preaching under the locust trees in Brandt's yard. I went down on Friday, and on Saturday we held the first service in the new church. The dedication took place on Sabbath. The following ministers were present: my brother-in-law, Rev. Z. Hornberger, who was my successor, as preacher in charge of the circuit, which I had left in the spring, when I moved to Father, Rev. George Hunter, and also Rev. Foal of the United Brethren Church, and myself. The dedication passed off very pleasantly. On Monday Revs. Hunter and Foal left for their homes and Hornberger left for his

home in Bendersville on Wednesday. At the urgent request of the people I remained over the second Sabbath and until Saturday of the following week, and continued the meeting, which was a grand success. The mighty power of God was most signally displayed in the meeting. Sinners, would be so overcome during the preaching of the word, as to fall on their knees, at their seats, and to cry to God for mercy. Some were so broken up as to be unable to arise and come to the altar of prayer, when penitents were invited forward, but remained on their knees at their seats all through the church, earnestly wrestling with God, like Jacob of old for mercy and salvation. During the two weeks I was at the meeting thirty-six persons presented themselves at the altar of prayer as penitents, eighteen of whom professed conversion. The last night I was there eighteen were kneeling side by side at the altar, six of whom were happily converted to God that evening. It was one of the most signally blessed meetings I ever attended and conducted. I should have remained longer, and the congregation plead with me to do so, and continue the meeting, but father was not well when I left home. So I felt obliged to return home, and did so. How the meeting finally terminated I do not know, but as a result of the meeting they were enabled to effect a good organization which remains to this day. For my two weeks services the good people kindly gave me some thirty dollars. May

the Lord reward them abundantly for it. During this meeting I had an experience which I will never forget, and I do not wish to see it repeated. I was staying over night with a family in Franklintown. In the morning before we had breakfast, a gentleman came in stating that he was sent after me to come to Mr. Strayer's tenement house to baptize a sick woman, who was at the point of death. We ate breakfast hurriedly, when I mounted the buggy with him, and we drove to the house. When I entered the house I found quite a number of neighboring women present, kindly doing all they could for the afflicted family. I was conducted into a small room down stairs, and as I entered it, on the left on a bed lay the wife and mother, in the last stages of typhoid fever. To the right in another bed, lay their only child, a daughter, about fourteen years of age, with the same disease, and it was hard to tell which of the two would die first, while the husband and father was in bed upstairs, slowly recovering from the same disease. Thus the entire family were in bed at one time with the fever. I approached the mother's bedside, and in answer to my questions, she informed me that she had neglected the salvation of her soul, as too many do, up to the time of her sickness. But she said, she had now repented of her sins, and she felt that God had forgiven her; that she had peace with God, and was ready to die, only she must yet be baptized; that she must be

baptized and all would be well, but she must be baptized by immersion. I told her, she could not well be immersed in her present condition, and asked her whether she could not be satisfied to be baptized by sprinkling, as the *validity* of Baptism, did not depend upon the quantity of water used, or the mode in which it was performed, but upon her faith in Jesus. But she said, "no, there is *no* Baptism, but by immersion. I can easily ride to the creek, and be immersed." I then told her that the day was cold, and very windy, that it was quite a distance to the creek, and she was too weak, and short of breath, and would strangle in the water, and it would be *impossible* for her to ride that distance and be immersed now. But she became quite excited and said, "It wont hurt me. It is you—*you* are afraid to go into the water, I can easily ride to the creek, and I must be immersed, or I will be lost," and in her excitement she sprang up in bed, and reached out for her clothes, which were hanging against the wall at the foot of her bed. I plead with her, reasoned with her, and tried to show her that her salvation did not depend upon her being immersed now, in her present condition; that God did not require impossibilities of her, in order to her salvation; that she should have attended to this important duty in the days of health, when she might have been immersed, but to immerse her now was impossible, and if God had forgiven her all her other sins, as she claimed

he had, he had also forgiven her the neglect of being baptized, unless she could be satisfied to be baptized in some other way than by immersion. Others tried to reason with her also, but all in vain. When I could do nothing with her, I went up stairs to her husband and spoke to him in reference to it. He said "To immerse her is impossible, and to baptize her in any other way will not satisfy her, so we can do nothing for her, but pray for her, which you have already done." But this was her constant plea all day, "only immerse me, and all will be right." Oh, I wished again and again, that immersion had never been heard, or thought of, as a mode of Baptism, or an ordinance of the church. I believe that the church and her *ordinances*, are like the gospel, yea, like salvation itself, suited to all people, to all times, to all places, and to all *circumstances*. But immersion is not, and I am therefore inclined to *doubt* its being a scriptural mode of Baptism, or an ordinance of the church. This woman might have been baptized in her bed, by sprinkling without inconvenience, or doing her any harm. But because of her prejudice, or early training, that would not satisfy her, consequently she must die without being baptized at all, immersion being impossible, under the circumstances. Oh, what folly. I remained with her until time to go to the church in the evening. Before I left for church, her physician came in. He was a middle aged man. I told him of her

desire to be immersed. He said, "Well if you had a large vessel here in her room, you might immerse her, but she would die in your hands, and you would not like that, but it would make no difference, for she will die anyhow." I said, I should not attempt it, even if we had a suitable vessel for the purpose. If she *must* be immersed now, she must get those who taught her that doctrine and believe in it, to immerse her, for my faith in immersion is not strong enough to attempt such a thing now. She lamented all day to be immersed, and that night died with the same lament on her lips, though delirious part of the time. I preached her funeral sermon in the Chestnut Grove Ev. Lutheran Church, and prayed to God, that I might never witness another such a scene. Yet I did see a similar case a few years later, in Cumberland Co. This man, however, when he found he could not be immersed, consented to be baptized by sprinkling, and was satisfied. Not that I doubted her salvation, simply because she was not baptized, for the dying thief was not baptized, and yet he went from the cross to Paradise, but I could not make her *feel* so, and when I think of these cases I almost wish that all that has ever been said or written in favor of immersion could be blotted out forever. If parents would have their children baptized in their infancy, as they should do, the lament to be baptized would never be heard on the death bed. Her husband and daughter finally recovered and are yet living.

In the fall I informed father that I could farm no longer. I told him that I would not accept the best farm in the county as a present, if I must abandon the ministry and live on it, though I need not work a day in my life. I advised him to make his home with my oldest sister, Mrs. Hutchison, who was a widow, and lived in Light Street, a very pleasant little town, seven miles away from the farm. I thought he would have more company in town, and it would be more pleasant for him there than on the farm, and then he could rent the farm to a stranger, and I could again engage in the active work of the ministry. He concluded to do so, and had partly arranged with a neighbor to take the farm. He then went to see my sister in reference to it. They arranged for him to come and live with her in the Spring, and then rent the farm to the neighbor already referred to. But that night after he left her and came home, she took sick with typhoid fever, and in nine days she died. "Thus man proposes, but God disposes." She died October 12th, 1867, aged fifty-one years, three months and thirteen days. She had been a worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for many years, and died a good christian woman. She left one son and one daughter. Her son, the Rev. Arthur Hutchison, is now a minister in the Presbyterian Church, in the state of Illinois. Arrangements were now made for Daniel Shaffer, who was married to my youngest sister, to move in with

father to take care of him, and do the farming. That I might devote more time to the ministry during the winter, and that my brother-in-law might the better prepare for the Spring work, we, with the mutual consent of all, agreed to exchange homes that fall yet, and did so. He moved in with father, and we moved into the house which he had occupied, about the first of December. But shortly after the change was made, father took sick, and after six weeks of severe suffering he died. He died Jan. 30th, 1868, aged seventy-three years, eleven months and ten days. I was with him during all his sickness, and frequently, after lying down at night to get a little sleep, he would call me up again, and when I would get up and go to him he would tell me, "I feel so bad, I cannot rest and I want you to pray for me." I would then kneel by the side of his chair and offer prayer in his behalf. He would then invariably tell me, "I feel better now and you can lie down and take a little sleep again." For nearly six weeks he sat in his chair, day and night, being unable to lie down, because of difficulty in breathing, caused by heart disease. He gave me repeated assurances of his readiness for the important change so near at hand. At last death came suddenly to his relief, and I saw him laid by the side of mother, in the Lutheran burying ground, near the Lutheran Church, which I, as a mechanic had helped to build in my unconverted state. Father and mother had

both lived and died worthy members of the Lutheran congregation, worshiping in that Church. "Peace to their ashes." During the winter I assisted our minister, Rev. A. H. Ervine, as much as I could, in holding meetings. I conducted a meeting in the Evansville Church, during father's sickness, which resulted in twenty-five conversions. Here I had myself been converted some years previous. I also attended the laying of the corner-stone for a new Lutheran Church at Martsville. The sermon was preached by Rev. A. W. Lentz, of Clintonville, Lycoming Co., Pa. We had a severe winter. An immense body of snow, with good sleighing, lay on the ground from the middle of December until the middle of March. The first week in March I again attended our annual conference and applied for a circuit. Thus ended my experience as a farmer, which satisfied me more fully than ever by my constant longing for the work, of my divine call to the ministry. And I have *never* doubted it for a moment since. It was in some respects an eventful year. God blessed us all with good health, and our crops were all good, but during the year I had seen my eldest sister and my father laid into the silent tomb.

My most *amusing*, and yet most *provoking* experience on the farm, was with a balky mare I had purchased at the public sale. She was just like some people I have met. You could not depend upon her, for she would generally balk just

when, and where, you did not want her to do so, and at times and places where there appeared to be but little or no cause for it. My first experience with her at it, and the first I knew she was given to this evil habit, was while plowing corn in a field near the house. There was a small hill to ascend, and she finally concluded she would not go up it any more, and so stopped for me. I urged, coaxed and petted her, but all in vain. I finally concluded to try "Solomon's birtch" on her, and I met with some success. She changed her mind, and went up the hill again; so we got along pretty well until noon. At dinner father began to tease me about it, by saying, "Ah, I guess I saw the preacher cross once." I said, when? "Why, when he was whipping the horse this forenoon." I said, no father I was not cross, but I whipped her just as I plow corn, because it *must* be done. He teased me considerably about it for he knew she was an old offender at it. He had had some experience with her himself. My wife said, "It is too bad to whip her that way." Well, said I, it *must* be done. After dinner I went out and tried it again, but soon had the same trouble with her. I unhitched her, and then hitched her up again, and did all I could, to get her to go, without using the whip, but all in vain. After some time spent in this way, my wife, who had been looking on from the house, came down to me and said, "Now, whip her right, for she deserves it." I then tried the whip again, and

finally succeeded in getting her to go. In the evening father teased me again, but now he said, "You did not get cross enough. A man strikes harder when he is right cross. She thinks you are only in fun, and not in earnest about it." I had considerable trouble with her until August, when I hired my nephew to plow for me, while myself and family tented at our camp-meeting. I told him he would be likely to have trouble with her. He only remarked, "I'll soon manage that." She did try it with him, and I do not know whether he got crosser and struck harder than I did, or not, but she never tried it again, for him, or for me while I owned her. Perhaps he struck harder than I did as he was at the time only a student for the ministry, and not yet a "*preacher*," though he became one after graduating at college. And so it is some times severe measures are necessary, not only with horses, but also with people, before they will do their duty. In fact we all need to be chastened at times. Hence the apostle says of the Lord, "Whom he loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righeousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Heb. xii. 6, 11. We all have need therefore to pray with the poet.

"Do thou Lord, mid pleasure or woe,
For heaven my spirit prepare,
And shortly I also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there."

CHAPTER XII.

CONFERENCE AT LEWISBURG, UNION CO. APPOINTED TO BIG SPRING CIRCUIT, CUMBERLAND CO. ONE HUNDRED CONVERSIONS THE FIRST YEAR. MADE TWO HANDED. REBUILT THE LEESBURG CHURCH, ETC.

I attended conference the first week in March, 1868, which met in Lewisburg, Union County, Pa. It was yet extremely cold and the sledding good. But during conference it moderated and began to rain and the spring break up followed. Sabbath evening during conference I preached in the Lutheran Church by appointment of the committee on public worship. When the stationing committee reported, I was assigned to the Big Spring Circuit in Cumberland County, in the beautiful Cumberland valley. Rev. A. L. Reaser was Presiding Elder. We now moved by rail to Shippensburg, and from there by wagons four miles to Leesburg along the noted "Walnut Bottom" road. Soon after arriving in our new home our second daughter, Carrie, took very sick, but by the mercy of God she was spared to us and restored to health. I found the circuit in a very low condition. The membership was scattered, divided and very much discouraged. My

predecessor had taken up the practice of medicine to some extent, which interfered quite materially with his pastoral work on the charge, which was neglected. Then, too, while visiting his patients he was thrown from his buggy and had one of his limbs badly broken, which with other other injuries confined him to the house, and to his bed for several months. After recovering from this, he was again taken seriously ill. Consequently the circuit was neglected, had no preaching for a long time, and things were not very encouraging when we came there. God was certainly loudly calling this brother back to duty, to abandon the practice of medicine, to leave that to physicians, and to attend to the work of the ministry, to which he had been called of God, and set apart by the church. But he heeded not the call, and about one year afterwards he laid aside the ministry, and clung to the practice of medicine, and as a result, he became reckless, he and his wife separated, and he was finally expelled from the church and ministry. What has become of him, I do not know. This man certainly experienced, like many others do, that "the way of the transgressor is hard." The church property, in Leesburg, as well as the congregation, was in a deplorable condition. The Wagoners Church had been entirely abandoned by my predecessor, and the congregation scattered by the "Zollingerites," a sect of whom a Mr. Zollinger was the leader. After Zollinger's death, they

were called, "The Hofferites," Hoffer being Zollinger's successor, as their leader. They are now almost extinct. They had no churches, no church organization, no church ordinances, and any of them could preach. Their religion consisted in stamping, halloing, shouting, and in denouncing and abusing all other churches, and all church ordinances.

Then what made it so acceptable, especially to the ignorant, and the covetous, was the fact that it cost nothing, as they had no ministers to support and no churches to build. For a while they carried everything before them in some localities, and the Wagoners Church community was one of those communities. But like many other such uprisings, it has proven to be but a straw, or wild fire, which is now almost extinguished everywhere, but for the time, had ruined that congregation. But it was handed me as an appointment, and as forming part of the charge, by my predecessor.

My first appointment in the church, was on Sabbath evening. After preaching at Mount Rock in the morning, and at the Mechalister schoolhouse in the afternoon at 2:30. I inquired of a brother, who was a local preacher on the charge, as to where and how, I could find the Wagoner appointment. He informed me of the state of things there, and said, "that appointment is quite distant from here and has been dropped, and there is no use in you going there, as you will have no

congregation if you do go, and I don't believe you will find any one to keep you over night." I replied it is given me as an appointment, and I must go and see it, and you must go with me, and if no one will keep us over night, we can come back to your house to stay. He finally consented, and went with me. When we arrived at the church it was about preaching time, and we found a full house, had a good meeting, and were very kindly entertained over night. From that evening I never had any trouble with the Zollingerites ; any body would entertain me, and the church was always filled to its utmost capacity.

That fall I held a meeting there of five weeks, which resulted in twenty five conversions, all of whom united with the church, and thus that congregation was again united and re-established and has remained so since. During this meeting one evening, I saw a large portly man about fifty years of age, most deeply affected during the preaching. He wept like a child. After preaching I went to him. In answer to my questions, he told me that he was a member of a certain church, but that he was not converted and not a christian, and that he felt it most deeply now. I urged him to yield to his convictions by presenting himself at the altar of prayer, or kneel at his seat and pray there, or arise and ask an interest in the prayers of the church, and thus manifest it, but all in vain. He came the next evening also, and again wept

like a child. I plead with him again, but all in vain. He came the third evening, and had a like experience. I went to him the third evening also, and said, here I am again, but it is the *last* time, lest by my continual coming I weary you, and you become impatient with me, and get offended. I said, God is calling you loudly now to repentance, and if you resist this time it may be the last call. I urged him to heed it now, and when I could not prevail upon him to do anything in public, I tried to get him to promise me to pray in secret, and to erect the family altar at home. But he would not promise me. I said, take care, this may be the *last* call, do not resist it, lest God "cut you down suddenly as a cumberer of the ground," and left him. That was the last time The next week he was gored by one of his domestic animals, and died the following day. Before he died he said to his family "I have *no* hope." O, it is a fearful thing to fight against God. How much better if he had yielded to his convictions the first night and given his heart to Jesus, for then he would have had hope in his death. Solomon says, "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death," Prov. xiv. 32.

Now we returned to Leesburg again. What made matters still worse in Leesburg, was the fact, that during the sickness of my predecessor, it would be natural for the friends and neighbors to call in, and care for them. This was proper

and right. But unfortunately, the mistress had not yet learned to "bridle her tongue," which appeared to be loose at both ends, and by the time they left Leesburg she had many of the neighbors and members at daggers points with each other, by her tattling. The first week we were in Leesburg, two families came to me for dismissal certificates, and the one declared he would arrest the former pastor and his wife, for falsehood and slander. I plead with them to wait a few weeks, and see how things would go. That if they left now, it would look as though they left because I had come. That perhaps things would go better. I preached in the Leesburg Church the first Sabbath after we moved there, and "In the name of our God we set up our banner," and went to work. The friends soon became interested, all over the Circuit. I then spoke of starting the Sabbath school in Leesburg, which had been closed during the winter. But the brethren said, "We cannot raise a Sunday school, and there is no use to try it unless you can get a certain man to superintend it. He is the merchant here, but he is not a member of our church, and we don't believe he will try it, for he tried it last year and no body attended, and so the school closed. If you can get him to take hold of it, it will go; but if not, it is no use to try it, and he wont do it." I published preaching in two weeks, at 10 A.M., and announced that after preaching the Sabbath school would be organized, and

urged all to be present. During the two weeks, I spoke to the man already referred to, about superintending our school. He at first refused, and said, "I would, but your members take no interest in it, and some of them are opposed to it. Then we have no library and no books and we can't get them. I tried it last year, and did not succeed. Some of the most wealthy members only gave twenty-five cents a piece toward it, and some of them begrudged even that afterwards, so you can't do any thing with them, and I won't undertake it." I replied, if you will superintend the school, I will get the library. He then promised me to do so. Sabbath came and with it a full house. I preached a very plain and practical sermon from Numbers xiv. 24: "But my servant Caleb, because he had another spirit with him and hath followed me fully, him will I bring into the land whither he went, and his seed shall possess it." I tried to show up that *other* spirit, and point out the evil spirits, which were trying to ruin them and break up their congregation. God blessed me and the word to their good. Some said, "The preacher threw clubs thick and fast to-day. I guess some one has been stuffing him." That is, posting him on the condition of things. One member who was at that time our school teacher, and for whom I secured license as a minister of the gospel in less than six months after I came on to the circuit, has proved himself a most able, effi-

cient and successful preacher, and is yet in the active work of the ministry. But he was one who had asked me for a dismissal certificate for himself and wife, and remarked to my wife on the way home from church, "I dodged the clubs as long as I could, but at last I had to just sit and take them. They came so thick and fast. I guess some body has posted the preacher. But it is just what we needed." The word had its desired effect. Immediately after preaching, I announced that we would now proceed to organize the Sabbath school. I had instructed a certain brother to nominate brother S. as superintendent and he was unanimously elected. The school organized, I told them the next thing we needed was a library, and we would proceed at once to raise the money to secure it, before we would dismiss. All were interested in it and took hold of it, and in a short time we had on subscription and in cash forty-nine dollars and sixty cents. Some who had before given twenty-five cents, now gave five dollars. From that day forward we had no trouble, and there was no more asking for certificates. The school was continued the year round, and has never been closed for a single month since. The Lord be praised.

During the summer we pulled the old church, a brick structure, partly down, taking the one end out, so as to put an addition to it, and finished it up in gothic style, adding a fine tower and a large

bell, making a splendid church of it, which was an honor to the town and congregation. The repairs cost three thousand dollars, all of which was provided for by cash and subscription on the day of re-dedication.

Here while the church was undergoing repairs, I had a somewhat singular experience; an experience which perhaps but few ministers have had. It was that of preaching a funeral sermon in the hotel for the hostler, an aged man, who was accidently killed. He was a wicked man. All the words I ever *heard* him utter were oaths and curses, which occurred but a few days before the accident as I passed him on the street. The accident occurred on this wise: They were hauling in a large load of hay. This man stood against the shed holding the door open while the load was being driven into the shed. In driving in, they passed under a large, black cherry tree, the limbs of which caught the handle of a four pronged fork, which had been left on the wagon, and threw it off, striking this man on the breast. Three of the prongs passed his body, but the fourth one pierced his left breast and penetrated four and a half inches to the heart, killing him in ten minutes. I stood by his side when he breathed his last. Thus, "in the midst of life we are in death," and O, how terrible to die as he did, without any preparation. Therefore the importance of the exhortations in Amos iv.12: "Prepare to meet thy God." The church undergoing repairs,

the funeral sermon must be preached in the hotel. A strange place to hold religious services, and an experience perhaps few ministers have had. This man was killed on Monday. On Saturday evening previous, I saw a large barn burn to the ground from spontaneous combustion, occasioned, as was supposed, by a fork sticking in a mow full of newly made hay, which heated, and caused the fire. The fire occurred near my appointment, just as the congregation was gathering for preaching. All hastened to the fire, and so I was relieved from preaching that evening. Sabbath morning I preached at Mount Rock, at 10 A. M., and at Mechalister school house at two thirty, and then started for the Wagoner's church to preach in the evening. But on my my way I was obliged to stop during a heavy thunder shower at the house of Brother James Carothers, brother of Rev. M. J. Carothers. During the shower the lightning struck a large hay stack, a short distance from his buildings and burned it to the ground, also. The rain continued until after dark, so I remained there over night, and returned home on Monday morning and then saw the hostler killed as above, which certainly was a series of exciting events. In August I attended a camp-meeting in Perry county, at which I presided part of the time. The power of God was gloriously displayed at this camp and—"the joy of Jerusalem was heard afar off." From here I went to the Liverpool camp, where I presided during

the entire camp. Here we also had some powerfull meetings and the power of God was most signally manifested. One man was so powerfully blessed that he lay in an unconscious state nearly all night, and then came to, shouting and praising God. At the communion, which was held in the forenoon, two sisters began shouting and leaping, so great was their joy, and finally they fell to the ground, overcome, and were carried into their tents and laid on their beds, where they lay in an unconscious state until four o'clock in the evening, when they came to, shouting, and praising God also. After the campmeetings closed I commenced a protracted meeting in the Wagoner's church, already referred to, which continued five weeks, and resulted in twenty-five conversions, all of whom united with the church, which gave us a good class there and fully established that scattered congregation again. I then proceeded to the Mechalister school house and held a meeting there with a goodly number of conversions. This meeting closed, I began in the church at Mount Rock, where we had a very successful meeting, and a number of good, substantial people were converted and added to the church, one of whom afterwards became a minister of the gospel. This congregation made me a present of an entire suit of clothes, and my wife a fine dress. From Mount Rock, I went to Leesburg and held a meeting in the new church, which continued five weeks and resulted in thirty-

five conversions, among whom was the now very able minister, Rev. G. W. Curren. One of the converts at the Mechalister school house also became a minister of the gospel. I preached three times on Sabbath and every night during the week, unless the weather was too inclement for the people to come out, which was very seldom the case, twenty-one weeks out of twenty-two, and led in singing most of the time. God gave me health and strength for the work, yet I was entirely exhausted a few weeks before conference and was obliged to rest. God also gave me one hundred converts, as the result of my meetings, three of whom became able ministers of the gospel. Surely a great work. I also procured license for two brethren, who were members of the church when I came on to the circuit, one accompanied me to conference, the other sent his application with me, and both were appointed to circuits. The one traveled one year and was finally expelled from the church and ministry. The other was the Rev. J. M. King, who is yet in the active ministry and an able, and successful man in the work. This was my most successful year in the ministry, up to that time. We had purchased a library for the Leesburg Sunday school at a cost of fifty dollars, repaired the church at a cost of three thousand dollars and secured licenses for two brethren, and started them out in the great work of the christian ministry. We had one hundred converts, three

of whom became ministers of the gospel, and so increased the work and extended the field, as to require two men the following year, and at my urgent request it was constituted a two handed circuit at conference that spring. Surely "the Lord had done great things for us, whereof we were glad." And we would exclaim, "Not unto us— Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be all the praise." Yes, to him be all the glory. *Amen*

CHAPTER XIII.

CONFERENCE IN BALTIMORE, MD. RETURNED TO BIG SPRING CIRCUIT WITH REV. J. W. BENTZ AS JUNIOR PREACHER. ROWDIES IN LEESBURG CHURCH. SHUT OUT OF THE SCHOOL HOUSE, &C.

I attended conference, which met the first Thursday in March, 1869, in Baltimore, Md. At this conference I was returned to the Big Spring circuit, with Rev. J. W. Bentz as my assistant. Having an assistant we branched out, and took up a number of new appointments. The one, perhaps of the most importance and success, was in Mifflin township, north of Newville. Here we had a few members and preached in the school house. In the winter we held a protracted meeting here and met with good success, but in the midst of the meeting and during my absence for a few evenings the school directors closed the school house against my colleague and expected by so doing to close the meeting, but in this they failed as we continued the meeting in a private house, the house of Brother William Hoch, which resulted in a number of conversions and accessions, mostly heads of families, and we organized a good class, at the close of the meeting. The school house being

closed against us, only prepared the way for a new church. We proceeded at once, and got out a subscription and by conference time we had secured a location, had the money subscribed and the church under way. I think the devil is very short sighted or over shot his mark, in stirring up the directors to close the school house against us, and thus close the meeting and stop the work in that community. Had the school house remained open to us, the people would have thought it good enough and no church could have been built for years to come. But now we had no place to preach in, and something must be done to get one, and in less than a year the church was completed and dedicated to the worship of the Triune God, and thus the congregation was fully and firmly established. It had been a blessing to many a congregation, if the school houses had been closed against them, when churches would have been built, long before they were, but having a place to worship, the building of churches was neglected in many cases to the great detriment of the congregation.

At Leesburg we had another very successful, meeting, resulting in thirty conversions. The church was densely packed every night. One evening when penitents were invited to the altar, among others who came forward, a young man who sat in the rear of the church was noticed to arise, and start for the altar, and as he passed the stove the door of which was standing open I saw

him throw something into it, and came and knelt at the altar, beginning to pray most earnestly to God for pardon and salvation. After the congregation was dismissed, as I passed out of the isle, I stopped and looked into the stove, being anxious to know what he had thrown into it, when I discovered it to be a pack of cards. It appears he was addicted to card playing, and had these in his pocket, but felt that he must put these away, if he would come to the Lord for salvation, thus heeding the exhortation of Isaiah, "Let the wicked forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return to the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Isaiah lv. 7. During this meeting on Saturday evening, while on our knees in prayer with a number of penitents at the altar, there was a racket in the vestibule of the church, which caused nearly all but the penitents to spring to their feet during the prayer. I at once began to sing, and all quited down again, when a brother came in, and passed down the isle, and beckoned for me in a most excited manner. Calling a local minister present to take charge of the meeting, I hastened to the brother in the isle to inquire, what was the matter. He was terribly excited, and said—"There are two drunken men out here, tearing everything to pieces, you must come out and settle them." I went with him at once, when I found two drunken men from the furnace, who

had come to the hotel in town and got pretty full, then came to the meeting, swearing that they would red out the church. They came into the vestibule, and behaved badly there, when this brother, being notified of their conduct, went out, but could do nothing with them. He then sent for the constable, who lived at a distance and meanwhile came in for Brother Corel, the village blacksmith, to quiet them. He tried to coax them to come in, or leave, but they would do neither, and swore there were not men enough in the church to put them out. When every thing else failed this brother, being a very muscular man, seized one with each hand and chucked them both out of the door, which caused the racket, above referred to. When I came out, these men were stripped for fight, and swearing at a terrible rate. I went into the church to the justice of the peace, and told him he must go out and settle them, and if there was no other way to do it, he must take men enough to tie them, and I would help him do it. We went out and got them away, and quiet was again restored.

After the meeting was closed for the evening, the constable arrived and arrested them and took them four miles to Shippensburg, where he placed them in the lock-up until morning, when they were bound over for their appearance at court, and it cost them a nice sum by the time they got through with it. They never again attempted to *red* out

the church, or to disturb us in any way. When I had been at this meeting four weeks, I stated on Saturday evening, that I would preach for them on Sabbath morning at 10 A. M., it being my regular appointment. but in the evening a local brother would preach for them, as I must go to my other appointment, having remained with them at the meeting, and sent a substitute to preach at the other appointment two weeks previous, I must go this time myself, and I pronounced the benediction. Immediately after the benediction, one of the official members, who was in good circumstances, and had pledged his word before conference, that if I would come back on the circuit, he would give me forty dollars salary, came to me and said, "See here, you cannot go to that appointment tomorrow night, but you must stay here and send a substitute there." I said, my dear brother, I have done so once, and it won't do for me me to neglect my appointments entirely, so I must go this time myself. His reply was, "I say you must *not* go, and it you *do*, I will keep *ten* dollars off your your salary, and only give you thirty dollars." I said, I can't help that, when it comes to right, or wrong, dollars and cents have no bearing with me. It is right, that I should go, and wrong, that I should stay, and I am going, if you keep the forty dollars. For that, *you* must answer, while I must do my duty. On Sabbath morning he came to me, and repeated the threat. But I told him, I could

not be bribed to do wrong, if it was *ten* times ten dollars. I owed it to that congregation to preach for them. That the local brother could preach for them at the meeting, and I would be back on Monday evening, but it is my duty to go, and go I will, and leave results with the Lord. And go, I did. When the time came for settlement, he said he could give me but thirty dollars. That he was sorry for it, and would cheerfully give the forty, but that he had said, if I would go he would withhold ten dollars, and he must be as good as his word, and so kept the ten dollars. So King Herod would not go back on his word, in the case of John the Baptist, but for "his oath's sake, he beheaded John." Matt. xiv. 9: but what of his word when he had *promised* the forty dollars? This brother went home from the settlement that evening, and the next morning, when he went to the barn to do his feeding, he found one of his domestic animals dead, which was worth several times the ten dollars he had unjustly withheld from me, and Mrs. D. always believed it was a judgment sent upon him for the wrong he had done me, and I guess she was right. "In as much as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto me," says the Master. We are but stewards, after all, of this world's goods, and we should remember whose they are. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.

During our meeting, Sister Carl, one of our

most active, and best christian women here, was sent for on Saturday to come to Stoughstown on account of a nephew of hers, a young man, being very sick and not expected to live. She went and when she arrived there, it being four miles distant, she was taken sick and the following Saturday she was brought home a corpse, having died a few hours before her nephew. I was to see her during her sickness. She died a most happy death. Her family were all with her, and the room was full of friends, knowing the end was near. They had several prayers with her and the Lord blessed them all together. She had a large family of children. She now called these to her, one after the other, and bade them good-by, giving each a few words of good counsel and advice. She then called for her husband and as he approached her bed side she turned away and said, "stay a few moments I cannot give you up yet." She gave herself to prayer a few moments, and then said, "Now come, I have gained the victory." She took him by the hand, gave him advice as to the children, and then gave him good-by. She then said, "Now sing." But none could do so. She then began to sing, and she was a most beautiful singer. She sang the hymn No. 393, "Nearer my God to thee, Nearer to thee," with as strong and clear a voice as ever. Suddenly she reached out with both arms and said, "O, it was an angel, I thought

it was Mrs. Dietterick's baby," and then continued to sing, and while singing the last verse.

"Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to thee,
Nearer to thee."

her spirit took its flight. "O how blessed is the righteous when he dies." I preached her funeral sermon, and her happy death had a great influence for good on our meeting. O, that I may die as happy as she.

The Leesburg, Mount Rock, Mechalister, Waggoner, and Mifflin Township appointments were now all in a very prosperous condition. During the year I preached the funeral sermon for a small child about one year old, who pulled a coffee pot full of hot coffee from the stove hearth, and scalded itself to death. The mother was away, and the hired girl had dinner ready, and stepped to the door, to call the father to dinner, and just at that moment the child, which was playing on the floor, jumped to its feet and pulled the coffee pot off with the above fatal results. It was purely an accident, or an act of the *child*, and no one was to blame, though the girl felt very badly about it. I also preached a funeral sermon for a little girl four years old, who fell into a cistern and was drowned.

While living in Leesburg the second year our eldest son, James Eugene, gave us an example of faith in prayer, which I frequently used in my sermons as an illustration on that point. He was now ten years of age. He had always been a trusty boy from a little child, and we were accustomed to send him to the store and elsewhere on little errands from the time he was four years of age, giving him various sums of money, and he never lost a penny, or spent one without permission. Here we were accustomed to send him some distance to a farm house every Saturday afternoon for butter. One afternoon he went for the butter as usual, and to shorten the distance and avoid an approaching thunder shower, he crossed a large clover field of some twelve or fifteen acres. The clover was knee high, and no path. When he arrived at the house and went to pay for the butter, he had lost his money. A fifty cent scrip being a fractional currency in circulation during the war, and for some time afterwards. It was now night and too late to hunt for it, and a heavy shower of rain had fallen. He came home feeling very badly about it, and told his mother. We knew he could not help it, and tried to comfort him, by telling him, while we were sorry it was lost, we knew he was not to blame, and that it could not be found, as the clover was quite tall, no foot-path to follow, and the heavy rain had beat it down into the clover and perhaps had torn it to pieces. We

all retired to bed at the proper time, but he still felt badly about it. On Sabbath morning he arose bright and early, and without saying a word, started out on the hunt of the lost money, and before his mother had breakfast ready, he came running into the house with the scrip in his hand, and said "Mother I *knew* I would find it this morning." She said, "Why Eugene, how did you *know* you would find it?" "Why, because I asked God to help me find it, and I *knew* I would find it." O, what an example of faith in prayer! "I asked God to help me find it, and I *knew* I would find it." "I *knew*—" Not I hoped, desired or thought I might find it, but "I knew"—it was positive, and as an evidence of his faith, he arises early and runs out with all haste, and finds it. Jesus says, "a little shall lead them." And little children often teach us very important lessons. O, that we might always have like faith in our prayers. He has always been a boy of great faith in prayer, and he has had many remarkable answers to prayer. He is now a minister of the gospel and has charge of a Lutheran congregation in the city of Bridgeton, New Jersey.

Here I also saw what liquor would do. On a certain Saturday a middle aged family living a couple of miles from town, received word that the wife's mother, living up the valley, in or near Green Village, had died and the funeral would take place on Sabbath morning. That afternoon

the parents left home for the house of mourning, leaving their children who were grown up, to take care of things at home, and come to the funeral next morning. Saturday evening was most beautiful and moon light, and the eldest son, a young man, accompanied by a neighboring young man, came to Leesburg on horse back, he desiring to buy a pair of black gloves to wear at his grandmother's funeral next day. But unfortunately these two young men stopped at the hotel, and there met two neighboring young men, and all drank pretty freely. About nine o'clock the two on horse back started for home pretty full. Just in front of our house, the young man who purchased the gloves either fell, or was thrown from his horse which either kicked him, or stepped on him, and then ran home. The young man arose and said he was not hurt, then walked twenty-five rods and sat down in a fence corner. His comrade left him there, and rode home. The other two soon started for home in a buggy, and when they passed this man, they stopped, and asked him to get into the buggy and ride home with them, but he made no reply, when one of them swore—"He is too drunk to ride," and they drove home, and left him there. When they arrived at home, they related these circumstances to a young man, who was spending the evening with the family, and who was neighbor to the one who fell from his horse. This man remarked—"perhaps he is hurt"—and being

alarmed, he hastened out of the house, mounted his horse, and started in pursuit of his friend, accompanied by one of these young men, and when they arrived on the spot, they found this man dead in the fence corner. He was a son of a good, respectable family, and was not in the habit of drinking, but these young men got him drunk, and then left him to die alone in the fence corner. Surely "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," Prov. xii. 10 And we see here, too, the evil effects of bad company. O, what news to a fond mother, who expected to attend the funeral of her own dear mother, accompanied by her entire family, but is now called upon to hasten home at once, because of the death of her first born son, and was denied the privilege of attending her mother's funeral at all. And then to be informed of the circumstances of his death. How sad indeed! It was enough to break a mother's heart, to have a son die thus. And what a warning to his comrades! But what will strong drink not do? and yet our government will legalize the sale of it, and protect the rum seller, in this hellish traffic, of ruining the souls and bodies, of his fellow-man. O, when will this curse be done away with, by our authorities?

In the fall, accompanied by my wife I drove up the valley to the Hagerstown Circuit, Rev. H. H. Ream, pastor, to officiate at a Quarterly meet-

ing by appointment of the Presiding Elder. I also officiated at a Quarterly in Carlisle.

On this Circuit I had my first experience at baptizing by Immersion. A number of the converts at Leesburg desired to be immersed, so I appointed a certain Sabbath afternoon to attend to this ordinance, and requested all who desired to be immersed to meet at the house of a friend near a certain mill-pond at two o'clock. When I arrived at the place. I found a large crowd assembled to witness the ceremony, as there generally is. The subjects to be baptized were at the house near by. The afternoon was most beautiful. I went to the house, met the subjects for baptism, and we marched in regular procession to the bank of the stream, singing,—"Yes, we will gather at the River," etc. Here we held religious services, and then I waded into the stream, and went to work. I do not remember the number I baptized. Some were baptized once backward; others after the mode of the Dunkards, kneeling in the water, and immersed three times forward, once in each name of the Trinity. Others knelt in the water and I poured the water on their heads, with my hand. All passed off pleasantly. At first I dreaded it, but as soon as I stepped into the water, all fear left me, and I enjoyed the services very well. But why this difference of opinion on the mode of baptism? And why cater to the notions of every one? Why not have a fixed mode and practice

that and that only? I do not believe in trying to suit ourselves to the notions of every one, on so important an ordinance of the church.

Here I also joined the "Independent order of Odd Fellows," Manor Lodge, No. 560, in February 1869. Our third daughter was born, here in Leesburg, May 24th, 1869, and received the name of Sallie Emma.

Thus closed my second year on the Big Spring Circuit, and a good work was accomplished. The first year we rebuilt the Leesburg Church, had one hundred conversions, and enlarged the field, and work to such an extent, as to make it a two-handed circuit, as it required two men to do the work needed. Also started two brethren in the ministry, and three of the converts became ministers of the gospel. The second year Brother Bentz and myself got along very pleasantly together and had sixty-five conversions. Also started the building of a church in Mifflin township, which was completed the next summer. I preached five hundred and eighteen sermons in the two years. Truly a great work, and we became very much attached to the people and place, and it was with difficulty that we could tear ourselves away from them. But so the "fates" decreed, as our two years, which was then the limit, had now expired, and we must leave. So good-by, dear friends, we must part, perhaps only to meet in the eternal world.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONFERENCE IN WILLIAMSPORT, PA. APPOINTED TO CONEWAGO CIRCUIT, YORK COUNTY, PA. BUILD A NEW CHURCH. EXCITING TIME AT CAMP-MEETING. ETC., ETC.

This spring, March, 1870, conference met in Williamsport again. On Sabbath at 10 A. M. I preached in the 3rd Street M. E. Church, by appointment of conference. When the stationing committee reported, I was appointed to Conewago Circuit, York County, with head quarters in Lewisberry. Shortly after conference a deep snow fell, so I filled my sleigh with canned fruit and drove down on Saturday to fill my first appointments on Sabbath, and make arrangements to move. I filled my appointments on Sabbath, then left the sleigh, and rode the horse home, on Monday, then hitched to the buggy, when we moved. We moved by rail to Mechanicsburg, and from there by wagons to Lewisberry, where we found a very pleasant home rented for us. There, for the first time in our ministry, the friends turned out to greet us, and gave us a grand reception, which was very encouraging to myself and family. I enjoyed this circuit as well as any I ever served,

except "Buffalo." During my first year we built a new stone church near the home of Brother John Parks, and it is known as the "Emanuels Church." The building of this church was largely due to the hearty co-operation, and energetic efforts of Brother John Parks. Rev. H. B. Hartzler and Rev. U. F. Swengel assisted at the dedication, and it was dedicated free of debt. I held a number of protracted meetings during the winter, and we had a camp-meeting in August, on "Polk Hill," near the Emanuels Church. As a result of these meetings we had sixty-five conversions. In the fall I was called upon to preach a funeral sermon for a young man who died under most distressing circumstances. He was about fifteen years of age. The circumstances of his death were as follows: He in company with a neighboring young man, each having a revolver and a bottle of whiskey, spent the Sabbath in drinking, shooting and carousing until night, when he was accidentally shot. The ball penetrated the throat near the larynx and lodged in the back of the neck, where it could not be removed. He lived fifteen days, when he died of starvation, after most extreme suffering, being unable to swallow any food, except a little liquid, the first few day. How terrible to starve to death with a craving appetite, and plenty in the house. He would beg for something to eat, and yet when given him he was unable to take it. As he spent his last Sabbath, so

he died without repentance, and without hope. How sad for the family and how terrible for the young man himself! What a warning, to boys and young men, against carrying pistols, drinking whiskey, and violating the Holy Sabbath. In three months from the day of his funeral, I preached the funeral sermon for his mother, who died of a broken heart on account of his tragic and impenitent death. Surely, "The way of the transgressor is hard and the sinner is a plague to his own family."

In the fall on invitation I visited Mifflin Township, Cumberland County, to assist at the dedication of the new church, built where we had been locked out of the school house the year before, but had succeeded in organizing a congregation and secured the money on subscription to build the church before I left the circuit. The church was now completed and ready for dedication, which duty I had the pleasure of performing. To my great joy I found all the converts faithful to the Master. Sister Hastler one of the old members, had crossed over to the promised land. Gone to rest. I was accompanied by my wife and on our way home we made a very pleasant visit in Leesburg. In September, myself and wife visited my sister and family, and also my eldest brother's son in Philadelphia. We also went to Wilmington, Delaware. This was our only visit to the city, and the farthest either of us have ever

been from home. At this time there was a great excitement in our church on the subject of Entire Sanctification. It was preached, and urged, as a special instantaneous, and perfect work. This excitement ran so high in the church, and with many of the preachers, that a man, and especially a preacher was hardly considered a christian, unless he professed Entire Sanctification. I had never imbibed, preached, or believed this doctrine but believed and preached that Sanctification begins in Regeneration, and is progressive. Progressing through life, sometimes called the developing or progressive system. "First the blade, then the ear, after that, the full corn in the ear." Or the "Babe in Christ, then the young man, and finally the Father, in Israel," or a constant growth in grace, and the divine life. But this was hardly considered Scriptural, or Orthodox, by many now. In August I was ordered to the York camp-meeting, out the Plank Road, below the city of York. Here but little was preached, except this special work and all the preachers present professed to enjoy this special blessing, but myself. Two benches were set out, one for seekers of justification, and the other for the members to kneel at as seekers of *Entire* Sanctification. I could not fall in with these views, and methods, but being a new man at the camp, I was given some of the most important appointments, and preached with good success, and apparently to the satisfaction of the

people in general. I was even appointed to preach the communion sermon, and did so. From here we came to my camp on "Polk Hill," near Lewisberry. Here they preached the same doctrine,but it was new to my people,and did not take so well. They did not get so far as to use the two benches, and had no need of them. I had too much influence with my people, for the preachers to run away with them on that subject, and when the brother who preached on Saturday afternoon stated in his sermon that all the preachers on the stand enjoyed and professed entire sanctification, but Dietterich, it was too much for my people to endure. Unknown to me, they appealed to the Presiding Elder, as soon as the congregation was dismissed and *Demanded*, that I be appointed to preach on Sabbath, as they considered me publicly assailed, and whether I was *entirely* sanctified or not, they could not tell, but they knew I could preach with any of them, and I must be heard on Sabbath. The Elder reasoned with them, telling them that it was contrary to custom for a man to preach at his *own* camp, and especially on Sabbath; that he had all his arrangements made for the Sabbath, and all his men appointed to preach, and notified to that effect. But all to no purpose; their preacher had been publicly assailed, and he *must* be heard, and they knew he could help himself. They insisted so strongly, that the Elder was obliged to yield. He then came to me, saying,

"Brother Dietterich, I have all my arrangements made and my men appointed for to-morrow, and notified to that effect, but you must preach sometime to-morrow" I said, why, what is the matter now? He then told me of the interview he had with the members above referred to. This was the first I knew any thing about it. I replied, no you carry out your programme. I preach for them every two weeks, they can hear me some other time. "But it will not do, you *must* preach sometime to-morrow. You select your own hour. You can preach in my place in the morning or any time you choose, but you must preach. The people will not stand it. That remark of the brother who preached this afternoon, was too much for them," was his reply. I said, it must do; I will not preach to-morrow. "Well, then you preach the communion sermon, and I will announce it every service, until that time." I replied, no, I preached the communion sermon at the York camp. "Well, but you must preach sometime. Then, when will you preach? Choose your own time, and I will publish it at every service." I then replied, I will preach the last night of the camp. I know it is a time when preachers generally do not like to preach, because of the noisy crowd, that generally gathers at that time, but I do not fear it. "Well, then I will publish it every service up to that time," and he did so. It occasioned quite an excitement, and was the subject of conversation at

the camp, and in the entire community, and when Tuesday evening came, the grove was thronged with the multitudes,who had come to hear that man preach, who was not yet wholly sanctified. But I was hale and hearty, with good lung force, and an excellent voice. I knew the circumstances, and had the sympathies, and prayers of the people. I had also prayed much for myself, and had no fears. After the trumpet had sounded, to call the people together for the services, and while sitting on the stand and the multitudes came flocking in, a good brother, with whom I had preached my first year, and who has since been editor of the church paper for several years, after which he was in Japan, in charge of their Mission work and is now a Presiding Elder, was sitting by my side. He laid his hand on my knee and looking me in the face said, "O, Brother Dietterich, but I do pity you." I said, why? "O, you will have such a *noisy* crowd to preach to." I replied, that will be all right. I know these people, and am known of them. Have no fears. The service began, and all the people came as close to the stand as possible, eager to hear. I announced the hymn, and during the opening prayer the mighty power of God came down upon the congregation, and upon mpself, and I arose from my knees feeling qualified of God, for the occasion. After singing another hymn, I announced my text, as follows: "Is not my word, like as a fire, saith the Lord, and like a

hammer, that breaketh the rock in pieces." Jeremiah xxiii. 29. God blessed me powerfully, and for one hour and fifteen minutes, I held the assembled multitude spell bound. After I sat down, the same brother above referred to, said to me again, "I did not believe there was a man living, who could hold the attention of that congregation, but you did it." All acknowledged that Dietterich, by the grace of God, came off victorious. I visited that community thirteen years afterwards, and that sermon was yet spoken of. I was in that community again in 1888, being eighteen years afterwards, and it was yet spoken of by some of the older people who were present at the time. To God be all the praise.

I would also mention the sad death of Brother William Fisher, the Sunday school superintendent in Yocumtown, which occured July 3rd, 1870. I preached there in the school house on Saturday evening, it being my regular appointment. This brother was present and enjoyed the services very much, as he usually did. After the congregation was dismissed, he came to me and we had a very pleasant conversation as we walked together on the street, and when we parted I promised, at his urgent request, to take dinner with him in two weeks, when I preached there again at ten o'clock, if we lived so long, and we bade each other good night. I was accompanied by my wife and we remained in town over night. On Sabbath morn-

ing we proceeded to Newberry where I preached at ten o'clock. About nine o'clock Brother Fisher, who lived in Yocumtown, started for Sunday school, apparently in perfect health. He was bright and cheerful. His wife said he started off on a little trot, like a boy, smiling as he said, "good by, we will meet at preaching after Sunday school is over." He opened the school by reading the hymn beginning,

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now am found.
Was blind but now I see."

He read the first two lines a second time, when all arose to sing, and while singing the second line, he fell to the floor and died in a few minutes without a struggle or uttering a word. Rev. Mixel of the Bethel Church was to preach immediately after Sabbath school. He was present Saturday evening when I preached and was in the school when this brother dropped dead. We had staid at the same place over night. I was greatly shocked on Monday morning when they sent for me to attend the funeral. He was an excellent Christian brother and a member of the U. B. Church, in the prime of life. O, how uncertain is life. Yet how blessed for him and what a comfort to his family and friends, that he had so lived that no one doubted his salvation, for he had led a christian life without a doubt to the mind of any who knew him. He left a wife and a

family of small children. I attended the funeral and his wife insisted that I should take dinner with them, as I had promised him to do, and I did so.

While at this funeral, July 5th, we received a telegram, informing us of the death of my wife's father, Mr. George Evans, of Evansville, Columbia county. He died very happy. He lay on his bed while all in the room were expecting every breath to be his last, when he raised up and looked upon every one in the room with a smile, and said—"I think I hear Jesus say, come home. Glory be to"—and his spirit was gone to the God whom he had served for many years.

"O, how blest the righteous, when he dies,
When sinks the weary soul to rest."

No wonder one exclaims, "Let me die the death of the righteous. And let my last end be like his."

I was but a small boy, when the Evangelics first began to preach in our neighborhood. They had no churches but preached in school houses, and sometimes in private houses. They met with considerable opposition and their meetings were characterized by considerable excitement and bodily exertions. When I was a boy of nine years they held a meeting of several weeks in an old log house one mile from father's. Father did not attend but one evening, and I accompanied him. The house was a long one and we entered the door which was near the end of the building, and

could get no farther, as it was full. Behind the door was a ladder to go up stairs instead of steps. The meeting was conducted by Revs. Vallershamp and Emanuel Kohr. I remember nothing of the service, except the chorus. They sang, "Turn to the Lord and seek Salvation, etc." The meeting got pretty lively, and after a while a man began to jump and shout quite near where we stood, and three or four tried to hold him, but could not. I became alarmed and climbed the ladder up stairs and cried like a good fellow. Father then came to me and said, "we better go home," and I was glad to get out, and neither of us ever went back again. Father said, "They are like a pack of wolves, when they get into a flock of sheep, they yell and howl until they get every one of them." Others said, "It is but a straw fire and will soon go out." But for years there have been five churches within five miles of that old house, where there was not one at that time. The man who so frightend me that night, afterwards became my father-in-law and went to heaven with a shout.

Thus ended my first year on the circuit, and a good work was accomplished. We built a new church and paid for it. Our meetings resulted in sixty-five conversions, and the work of the Lord was generally revived over the entire charge. But the time for conference is here and I must go. During the winter my eldest son, J. Eugene, now

twelve years of age, while going to school earned three dollars by chopping wood for his aunt, he now gave me the money and requested me to get "The Libby Prison Hymn" printed, and then sell them, and give him the proceeds. I thought the idea a good one for a boy, and so got the "Crider Brothers" to print us a lot of them, and I sang them on my charge and at the different camp-meetings, and realized eighteen dollars from the sale of them, which was a nice profit for the boy, besides the good they accomplished. That they accomplished good, I have no doubt, for nineteen years afterwards, while serving the Rossville charge of the Evangelical Lutheran church, an old Father in Israel died, and though a member of a sister denomination, on his death bed requested his family to get me to preach his funeral sermon and sing the "Libby Prison Hymn" at his funeral. I here insert the hymn as a relic of the past.

LIBBY PRISON HYMN.

This hymn was found in a written form on the dead body of a local Methodist preacher, who was a soldier and died in Libby Prison, and it is supposed was composed by him, while in prison.

I am a poor wayfaring stranger,
I'm journeying through this world of woe.
There are no sorrows, toils, or danger,
In that bright world to which I go.

CHORUS.—I'm am going there to see my father,
I'm going there no more to roam,
I'm just a-going over Jordan,
I'm just a-going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather o'er me,
I know my path is hard and steep,
But beauteous fields lie just before me.
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep.

CHORUS.—I'm going there to see my mother,
She said she'd meet me when I come,
I'm just a-going over Jordan,
I'm just a-going over home.

I feel my sins are all forgiven,
My hopes are fixed on things above.
I'm going away to that blest haven,
Where all is peace and joy and love.

CHORUS.—I'm going there to see my children,
I know they're near my Father's throne,
I'm just a-going over Jordan,
I'm just a-going over home.

I want to sing salvation's story,
In concert with the blood-washed band,
I want to wear a crown of glory,
When I get home to that good land.

CHORUS.—I'm going there to see my classmates,
They're gone before me one by one,
I'm just a-going over Jordan,
I'm just a-going over home.

I'll soon be free from every trial,
My body sleep in the old church yard,
I'll drop the cross of self denial,
And enter on my rich reward.

CHORUS.—I'm going there to see my Savior,
To sing his praise in Heaven's dome,
I'm just a-going over Jordan.
I'm just a-going over home.

CHAPTER XV.

CONFERENCE IN YORK. REAPPOINTED TO CONEWAGO CIRCUIT. BUILT A NEW CHURCH AT YOCUMTOWN. HAPPY DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY. MR. WOODEN'S ACCIDENTAL DEATH. ETC., ETC.

Conference met in York this spring, 1871. At this conference I was reappointed to the Conewago Circuit. During the year we built a fine Union Church in Yocumtown, and dedicated it free of debt. Rev. J. H. Menges, of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, in York, preached the dedicatory sermon. In August we held another camp in the grove of Brother John Parks, generally known as "Polk Hill." But we had no excitement on the special work of Entire Sanctification, as we had the previous year; ministers had cooled down somewhat on that subject, and rightly too. I do not believe that sinless perfection is attainable in this life. If so, one petition in our Lord's Prayer, as taught us, is useless, as we have no need of praying daily, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." If perfect, we have no "trespasses" to forgive, or of which to be forgiven, and why

should Christ teach us such a petition? I was personally acquainted with the two ministers, who lead off in this special movement, and excitement, and perhaps the first to profess and preach it, one of whom, I myself heard claim, that he was so perfect, that he could not sin. They have since both served a term in the penitentiary for crime, and one of them, I have been told, died in the penetentiary. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," 1 Cor. x. 12. They were both expelled from the church and ministry.

This year I had the pleasure of attending a camp-meeting near Bendersville, Adams County, on the Gettysburg Circuit, Rev. J. M. Price, pastor. I superintended this camp by appointment of the Presiding Elder, Rev. C. F. Deininger, now deceased, who could not be present. I had served this circuit from the Spring of 1866 to 1867, four years ago, with great acceptability and success, and it afforded me great pleasure to spend a week with them at camp-meeting, where I would have the opportunity of again greeting my old friends and acquaintances, and I was most heartily welcomed by them. I preached my first sermon on Friday afternoon from Daniel xii. 3, and we had a very good meeting. After the congregation was dismissed, quite a number came to me to shake hands, calling me "Brother Dietterich," but when I could not recognize them they would say, "Why don't you know me! I was converted at your meeting

at such or such a place." Indeed, well, I am glad to see you, and are you still trying to serve the Lord? would be my reply and inquiry, when I invariably received the reply—"O, yes, I am trying to." Among them was David A. Day and E. D. Weigle, who informed me that they were both converted at my meeting in the Cranberry school house, and were now studying for the ministry in the Lutheran Church, and were only home over vacation. These things could not but be very cheering to me, so I "thanked God and took courage." So I think it will be in the next world. When I cross over to the promised land, I expect many who have long since passed from my memory, will take me by the hand, and thank God that I had been instrumental, by his blessing, in bringing them to Jesus at such, or such a place, and then together we will bless God for his goodness, and talk over our experience, on earth, until we reached the happy shore. O, my brethren, and my sons in the ministry, will not that be joy indeed, and a sufficient reward in itself, for all our self-denials in this life? But this will not be all, for we shall "shine like the stars forever and ever." Daniel xii. 3. Should not this thought inspire us with renewed zeal for the Master? Yea, to *do*, and to *dare*, that we may "Turn many to righteousness," and thus increase our own reward.

Acting as Presiding Elder, it was my work to assign to the ministers their appointments. I ap-

pointed Rev. J. G. M. Swengel, a very able minister, to preach a German sermon on Sabbath morning at nine o'clock, and as acting Presiding Elder, I was expected to follow him in English at ten o'clock, and did so. Sabbath morning dawned clear and beautiful and the multitudes came flocking in from every direction and by nine o'clock a large congregation had assembled, when Brother Swengel preached us a very excellent German sermon. It was "short but sweet." The Germans were not very numerous there, and he told me he would preach short, and I should take my time to it. The people continued to come, and by ten o'clock an immense crowd had assembled on the seats and in the grove. It was now my time to preach. I was in my prime, strong and robust in health, with excellent spirits. How could it be otherwise, with my old friends before me, so many of my spiritual children looking me into the face, and the Brethren Day and Weigel on the stand with me? I could not help but preach under such circumstances. I announced my text as found in 1 John ii. 20, "But ye have an unction from the Holy One, and know all things." My theme was the office and influences of the Holy Spirit. God blessed me powerfully in preaching, or rather preached powerfully through me, to the people. When about half through with my sermon, the Divine power appeared to go out into the grove until the straggling multitude had all gathered in

from the grove and stood in one solid body from the pulpit out. Not one straggler was left in the woods. The Divine "unction," or annointing, now came. The Holy Ghost was poured out upon us, as on the day of Pentecost. Shouts broke forth on the stand, among the ministers, and the mighty wave rolled out through the altar, into the congregation, until old and young were filled unutterably full of the Holy Ghost, and with power. Gray headed fathers and mothers leaped like children, and with loud voice and clapping of hands, praised God, before the sermon was finished. "The joy of Jerusalem was heard afar off." Brother Day made the closing prayer, and the people were so spell bound that they did not disperse for dinner for some time after the Benediction had been pronounced. It was a complete victory and one of the most powerful manifestations of the Spirit's power I ever witnessed. Some people are very much opposed to such bodily demonstrations, but for my part, I am not, if the work be real and genuine, I think we have scripture passages, and scripture examples sufficient to justify it. Take, for instance, the scene on the day of Pentecost, Acts ii. 1-13. While I never felt to do so myself, and while I believe with some, it is but hypocricy, and with others due to too much excitement and left run too far, or go to extremes, I also believe that some are so filled with the Divine power, that they cannot control themselves, as it was on the day of

Pentecost, or like Paul, that they "know not whether in the body, or out of the body," at least for the time. 2 Cor. xii. 2. While I never urge people to shout, or to become noisy or boisterous, I never tell them to "hold their peace," lest I should "quench the spirit." I think these things should be very carefully handled, lest we give offense. Yet they should be controled, at least to some extent. I always did so in my congregations, and so managed to avoid extremes, and check anything like "wild-fire." This day at the Bendersville camp, was a day long to be remembered.

I so increased the work on my circuit, and so enlarged the field by taking up new appointments and developing the old ones, that I was no longer able to do the work and serve the charge alone, and so applied to the Presiding Elder for help in the Fall. The Elder appointed Rev. A. W. Bower as my assistant, who came to my help, December first. Brother Bower was a fine young man and an able preacher. We had been born and brought up but three miles apart. He was converted and received into church, when but a small boy and was but about eighteen years old when he came to my assistance, and was known as "The boy preacher." He labored very acceptably on the circuit until conference. Five years afterwards he was sent as missionary to the Pacific coast, and two years later he withdrew from the church and united with the Congregationalists and is now

serving a congregation in that denomination out there.

In the Fall I was called on to preach a funeral sermon for a Mr. Woodden, who was accidentally shot. He was carrying a double-barreled shotgun on his shoulder, when he accidently stepped on a small round stick and slipped, which caused the gun to fall from his shoulder and it discharged as it struck the ground, the charge taking effect in his heel, and lodged in the instep of the foot. He lingered a few days and died of lock jaw. He was buried in the Quaker burying ground, one mile above Rossville, and they refusing to open the meeting house for us, I preached the sermon, standing by the side of the coffin in the grove in front of the meeting house.

The last Sabbath before conference I preached two funeral sermons, and my farewell sermon, in the church in Yocumtown. The first was at ten o'clock, for an aged man by the name of Reeser. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and took an active part in it, having a horse shot under him. His funeral was very largely attended. One of his comrades in arms was present, and occupied a chair by his side in front of the pulpit during the services. At two o'clock I preached for a small child, and in the evening my farewell sermon. At Newberry I preached regularly in the school house to a nice congregation, but the membership was quite small. They have a church and a good

congregation there now. The evening I preached my farewell sermon there, before I dismissed the congregation I stated that our time with them was now expired, and thanked them kindly for their kindness shown to us during our stay with them, and then remarked, that there were yet ten dollars due me on salary, but supposed they had done the best for me they could, and I was satisfied, but if any of them felt like doing anything more for me they could do so after I had dismissed. I said it is needed, and would be thankfully received. An outsider arose at once and said, "He has done his duty, and served us faithfully, and should be paid. We outsiders will pay five dollars, if the members will pay the other five." It was done in a few minutes, when I had my salary in full, thanked them kindly for it, pronounced the Benediction, and bade them farewell.

Here I visited a young lady, who was near the point of death with consumption. I inquired of her as to her prospects for the future, when she assured me all was well. I then knelt by her bed side and offered prayer, after which I sang, "Jesus paid it all, all the debt I owe," etc. While I sang she was filled with the love of God and praised him with a loud voice, and clapping her hands for joy said, "Yes, Jesus paid it all, all the debt I owe, sin had left a crimson stain, He washed me white as snow." I bade her farewell, and in a few days

she expired. O how "Bless't the righteous when he dies."

" 'Tis religion, that can give, sweetest pleasures while we live,
'Tis religion will supply solid comfort when we die."

We had a goodly number of conversions and ascessions at our meetings during the winter. Spring ended my two years on this circuit, and that being the limit, I must leave. I spent two years here very pleasantly, built two churches, and like Big Spring, found it a single handed circuit, when I came, and enlarged it to a double handed circuit before I left. The friends treated us very kindly. This year two buildings burnt down quite close to where we lived. The one was the house of Mr. Burger Jennings, brother-in-law to Rev. A. H. Irwin. The other was the stable of Mr. Rynolds. Here our fourth daughter was born, July 17th, 1871, and received the name of Tillie Gertrude.

On this circuit I married twenty-four couples, and preached forty-two funeral sermons, eleven in five families of croup and diptheria. I preached five hundred and seven sermons in the two years. I always preached Saturday evening and three times on Sabbath. And every two weeks on Thursday evening, having nine regular appointments, which I served every two weeks.

I had one wedding here, which was a little trying and yet amusing. On Saturday evening a young man came to me and asked me whether I could marry him at our house on Sabbath evening.

I replied, I can, but not before about nine o'clock, as I have preaching at the Emanuel's Church, but I can be home by that time. He said, "all right, we will be here." So I hastened home immediately after service, and we waited until eleven o'clock, but they did not come. So we retired. The next week I chanced to meet him, when I said, you rather disappointed us on Sabbath evening. "Yes we had not looked at the almanac until I got home, and when we did so, we found it was in the decrease of the moon, and the sign was in the crab. So we thought, if we got married then, we would go backwards all our life like the crab, but now we will be married at such a house and have dinner and we want you to come and marry us there." "O superstition." I went at the appointed time and found a house full of people and had a very pleasant time. So, though we had lost a little sleep on Sabbath evening, we *now* had a turkey roast, and a most excellent dinner. So all is not *lost* that may appear to be in danger, and I hope they went *forward* all their days.

I enjoyed my two years very much on this circuit, was treated very kindly, blessed with good health, and had good success. I would have been pleased to remain longer, but this the itinerant system would not allow, so I bade them good-by and left for conference, knowing I would be obliged to move. But O where. Echo only answered—"where."

CHAPTER XVI.

CONFERENCE IN BALTIMORE, MD. SUCCESSFUL MISSIONARY MEETINGS. APPOINTED TO CUMBERLAND CIRCUIT, CUMBERLAND COUNTY. REBUILT THE KUTZ CHURCH. ETC.

Conference again convened in the Green Street Evangelical Church, Baltimore, Md., the first Thursday in March, 1872. It was customary at our conferences, to have a sermon preached on the subject of missions and after the sermon to solicit subscribtions. And we generally succeeded very well on such occasions. The ministers, though they did not receive large salaries, yet contributed quite liberally to missions, and their contributions were largely given at these conference meetings. At this conference, the Sabbath was devoted to the work of missions, and the evening to the ordination of the young ministers, to whom ordination had been voted. We have two ordinations. A young man is first received on probation, and not having been previously educated for the ministry, a regularly prescribed course of study, covering four years, is given him. If at the end of two years on examination he is accounted worthy, he is ordained Deacon, when he

is invested with all the functions of a minister of the gospel. But previous to this, that is his first two years, he is only authorized to preach, and dare not perform the marriage ceremony, baptize or administer the communion. If at the end of two years more he is found faithful and worthy, he is ordained Elder and now only is he in full connection and eligible to any office in the ministry. Hence at the same time some are ordained deacons and others elders, the one having traveled two, and the other four years. At this conference, we had the most successful missionary meeting I ever attended. The subscriptions and collections in the morning, amounted to one thousand dollars, and at the children's meeting in the afternoon it was eight hundred dollars, or eighteen hundred in all. Of this amount one man gave five hundred, but only one hundred in his own name. As in all congregations, they had quite a number of poor members, who were unable to give much, so for their encouragement, he would tell this one privately, you subscribe so much, and another so much, and he gave liberally at the childrens meeting for their encouragement, until the above amount was reached. On Monday this same brother came into conference and donated notes, amounting to three thousand dollars, being his claim against our Mission Church, in Washington, D. C., making a total of four thousand, and eight hundred dollars, for missions during that conference ; three thousand

five hundred from this one man. O for more such men, in all our churches. I was slightly acquainted with this man and have been to see him in his home. The brother by whom I was entertained during conference, and who was also *well* fixed, informed me, that this man was a poor house boy, and started in the world without *one* cent to begin with, but he became a christian in his youth, and when he began life for himself, he promised to give one tenth of his income to the Lord, and did so. He began as a baker in Baltimore, by purchasing a barrel of flour, and peddled his bread through the city on a wheel-barrow. The Lord prospered him, and he continued baking and increasing his business, and branched out into the pickeling and canning business, and at that time was supposed to be worth *near* two millions of dollars. Surely, what is given unto the Lord, is not lost, and we see in his case the truth of the promise of the Lord Jesus—"*give* and it shall be *given* unto you, good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over." Luke vi. 38.

At this conference I was assigned to Cumberland Circuit, Cumberland County, with parsonage in New Kingston. We moved to Kingston on wagons, and when we arrived at the parsonage we found it filled with kind friends, awaiting our arrival, while the table fairly groaned under the load of good things, which furnished all with a most ex-

cellent dinner. They gave us a grand reception. Cumberland was a most pleasant and convenient circuit, consisting of Kingston, Kutzes church and Middlesex. Three appointments, and they were not far apart, and most excellent roads. In Kingston we had a fine church and parsonage. At Middlesex we preached in a school house, but they now have a fine church there. The Kutzes Church was an old brick building and in a delapidated condition, but a good and wealthy membership. During the year we rebuilt and enlarged this church, making a handsome and commodious church of it, which was re-opened and dedicated in December. A brother from Harrisburg and member of the East Pa. Conference assisted me at the dedication and preached the dedicatory sermon. But the great draw back on this charge, was a heavy debt resting on the parsonage, which also involved the Kingston Church. This had arisen through mismanagement, and caused great dissatisfaction. Everything through it, was thrown into confusion and therefore it could not be paid at that time As a consequence we were threatened with the sheriff, before we had been there one week. But by lending the congregation one hundred dollars myself, we succeeded with difficulty in getting proceedings stayed for one year, hoping that conference would do something for us at its next meeting. The debt was finally paid, and the property secured to the church, but it occasioned great trouble, and I did

not get my money for some time, and then only little by little, donated part of it, and had a public referee with the pastor, which was very unpleasant to me, though I was successful in my suit against him. This was the only difficulty I ever had with any of my brethren in the ministry, but I was compelled to proceed against him, or lose my money.

I found this a very pleasant charge with the exception of the above difficulty, and the friends treated us with the greatest of kindness. Here the health of my wife began to fail in the beginning of the year, and to lighten her labor I purchased a "Singer sewing machine," for which I paid eighty-five dollars. Also a "Yankee washer and wringer," for twenty dollars. Both were good machines, and thus lessening her labor, and with proper medical treatment, her health improved until it was fully restored again.

This summer I had the pleasure of attending a district Sunday-school convention in Leesburg. This was the first convention of the kind ever held on the district, and the first convention of the kind I had ever attended. I drove up accompanied by my eldest son, Eugene. We had an interesting convention and a pleasant time.

The friends in Leesburg informed me of a family residing in Jacksonville, two miles from Leesburg, whom I had admitted to membership while pastor there, stating that the wife was sick and that she was very anxious to see me. So on

our way home, as we passed her door, we stopped at the gate and leaving Eugene in the buggy, I entered the sick room and found her in bed almost at the end, with that fell destroyer, consumption. She was but a young married woman, but I saw at once she was very weak and near the end. She was very glad to see me. I inquired as to her prospects for the future, when she assured me that all was well, and spoke very cheerfully of the change she knew was so near at hand, and rejoiced in the bright hope of soon being with Jesus, to behold his glory. I sang a verse or too and then knelt by her bedside in prayer. While I was praying God blessed us powerfully, and she began to shout and praise God, with a loud voice and clapping of hands. I left her shouting. Eugene could hear her, as he sat in the buggy out on the street. In a few days she breathed her last, and went home to glory. O how blessed, thus to die.

On our way home we stopped to see another sick lady, who had sent for me. This family lived on my charge. But O, what a contrast. This was a young lady about eighteen years of age, now near the point of death. The family were not religious, and did not even attend church. The father was at work in the yard, but did not even speak to me, nor come into the house while I was there. The mother and grandmother were in the room. I talked to her, read the Bible to her, and prayed for her, but the dying girl manifested no concern. The

mother and grandmother were most deeply affected and wept bitterly, but she was unmoved. So I left her, and so she died. It was no doubt owing to her lack of religious instruction and training, and her parents will be responsible for her. O, what a fearful account such parents will have to give on the last great day! I went home most deeply impressed, with the different state of feeling of these two persons, both near the point of death, and I thought, what a power there is in the religion of Jesus Christ. Surely it is worth living for, and worth laboring for. O, that all might realize its saving power.

In the fall I attended what was termed a "village camp," in Carlisle, but we did not accomplish much, as the small-pox was raging fearfully in that beautiful town at the time, and the red flags, apprising the passerby of the presence of the small-pox in the house, could be seen quite frequently on both sides of the street on which the church was located. So we were obliged to close the meeting at the end of the first week. The small-pox prevailed to an alarming extent, and many died from it. But how many none could tell, as all were buried at night without any funeral.

I also held meetings at all my appointments during the winter. In Kingston and Middlesex the meetings were quite successful, but I have no account of the number of conversions and accessions. During the meeting in Kingston, the friends

at Kutzes and Middlesex made us a surprise donation one evening, amounting to seventy dollars. This was the first time we had every been treated in that way. It came very good to us, and was very highly appreciated by us, and apparently very much enjoyed by the friends in attendance. The now Rev. H. W. Gross, I think, was at the head of it. May he be frequently treated in a similar way during his ministry, is all I can wish him in return for the interest he manifested on this occasion.

During this meeting there was a certain school teacher (whose name I might mention, but will not), who was a large, burly looking young man, and whose weight was about two hundred, and who felt so important that he could scarely get clothes to fit him, was teaching school in an adjoining district. He was in the habit of coming to town every evening and spending part of the evening in our village school house, with the teacher of the primary department of our school. About the time preaching would be over, both would come into church, take their seats well in front, then sit and talk and laugh, during the altar exercises, to the annoyance of the congregation, as we had a goodly number of penitents forward. This was repeated night after night, until my attention was called to it one day, by some of the friends and patrons of the village school. That evening Rev. A. W. Cramer, from Lewisberry, York County, was with me, but took no part in the services, as

he was suffering from a very sore throat, which has since caused his death, though but a young man. He was with us over night. As usual these teachers came in and repeated the same act as before. I was standing in the altar in front of the pulpit, leading in singing, and watched them for some time as they sat well up in front. When I thought they had gone far enough, as I finished the hymn, I looked right at them as they were very busy in conversation, and I remarked in a loud voice, school teachers—and then paused until they both looked up into my face, when I added—should be *examples*, for their scholars. Let us pray. After prayer both arose and left the church. When the services had closed for the evening all had left but Cramer, the sexton and myself, as I generally remained in the church until the last, so as to cool off before going out into the cold. I now started out the one aisle, and Cramer followed me, while the sexton passed out the other one. When I came down into the vestibule, (it being a two story church), here, at the foot of the steps, stood the two teachers side by side, the big, burly man standing first, for he was to be spokesman, and *cow me down*. We bade each other good evening, when the following conversation ensued. "Did you have reference to us when you spoke up there in the church this evening." Yes, sir, I did. "Well I am sorry you said it." I am not sorry I said it, but I am sorry there was *occasion* for saying it.

"I wish you had come to us privately." It was a public offence, and it called for a public rebuke. "Our conversation was in harmony with the meeting." I know nothing as to the subject of your conversation, but there was too much hilarity connected with it, to be of a religious nature, and this is not the first evening. You come to town every evening and spend the evening in our school-house with our teacher here, who teaches our children during the day. Then when preaching is about over you both come to church, take your seats well up in front, and sit and talk and laugh all the time. And your scholars, who attend church here, look at you, and they say, "If the teachers can do so, we can do so too." Hence look at the influence which you exert, as I said, "teachers should be examples for their scholars." My attention was directed to your conduct to-day by the patrons of your school, and hence the rebuke. "Well, you will not be bothered with us very soon again." As you see proper about that. You are welcome to come, but you *must* behave yourselves. If not, your room is better than your presence. They both said "good night," and left. I never saw this man since, but our teacher was young and had been led away by this man unthinkingly, and was benefited by this lesson. From that evening he attended preaching regularly, came in time, sat up well in front, and was a proper example for his scholars. When we got home

Brother Cramer said, "That was too good. I am so glad you handled that teacher as you did. He expected to make you back down, but did not succeed very well. I had so much trouble with him last winter during meeting in Leesburg, he taught school up there then, and I could do nothing with him." Cramer enjoyed it hugely, as he had been out-generaled by him, the winter before. Cramer though a young man has since died in Kansas.

At the request of Brother Cramer I attended and officiated at the corner stone laying for a church at Newberry, York County, and had a very pleasant time of it. It was in the summer sometime after harvest. On our way down we stopped over night at Father Mergenthallers, on that circuit, in whose house I had preached every two weeks for two years. It so happened that night, that one of his daughters was married, and Brother Cramer performed the ceremony. They had quite a wedding and a very pleasant time. Myself and wife were uninvited, and unexpected, but I am sure not unwelcome guests.

In the winter I was sent for to come down to Lewisberry to preach the funeral sermon for Brother John Cline, one of our old neighbors. The funeral was to take place on Sabbath morning at the "Emanuel's Church." We went down on Saturday afternoon. It was very cold and splendid sleighing. We took with us the baby,—Carrie and George now a chunk of a boy, who had

always been a pet of Mr. Cline's and must attend his funeral. We staid over night with Brother Parks, who had come up for me. In the night George took sick and had a severe attack of pneumonia, and so could not attend the funeral after all. I attended the funeral and in the afternoon returned home, but was obliged to leave George and his mother there for two weeks, before he was able to ride home. It was late at night when we got home almost frozen. Miss Sallie Evans, my wife's sister, accompanied me to take charge of the family and do the work, until mother and George could come home. When we arrived home we found our little daughter Sallie had taken sick on Saturday night, just like George, with pneumonia, and was also quite bad. But in a few weeks both were restored to health and the family again united by God's blessing.

On this charge I became very intimate with Rev. Shaffer of the Lutheran Church, also resident in Kingston. I preached a sermon in his church on Thanksgiving Day, when a union service was held. He and I also conducted a union prayer-meeting in the different churches during the week of prayer. We also held temperance meetings and made temperance speeches together in the interests of local option, which ran very high at that time, and was adopted at the following election for one year. Brother Shaffer, like myself, was a very strong temperance man.

The year passed very pleasantly on the charge, with the exception of the trouble occasioned by the parsonage debt. I preached nine funeral sermons on the circuit, and one hundred and eighty-nine sermons in all. I closed my work for the year and left for conference.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONFERENCE IN LEWISBURG. APPOINTED TO PERRY CIRCUIT. SAD DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN. ETC.

Conference met in Lewisburg, Union County, Pa., March, 1873. At this conference I presented the parsonage difficulties on the Cumberland circuit, and asked conference to help us out in some way, or by some means. But they could do nothing for us, so I requested to be removed. My request was granted and I was appointed to Perry Circuit, Perry County, Pa., very much to the dissatisfaction of the friends on Cumberland Circuit.

Perry Circuit was a large two handed circuit, extending from Newport to Stony Point, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles, with parsonage in Elliottsburg. We moved by rail to Newport, and from there twelve miles to Elliottsburg by wagons. The friends turned out and gave us a hearty welcome. Rev. F. M. Baker, a young married man, was appointed as my collegue, and moved to Newport.

The day we loaded our goods in the cars at Kingston, it snowed and rained all day. As a result, I took a severe cold, which resulted in catarrh and bronchitis. My health continued to

fail until I was hardly able for duty. Yet I met all my appointments. I had such severe pain above my eyes that I could scarcely see. Read I could not. I would frequently take one of the family with me to drive for me, then bandage my eyes shut, and thus go from appointment to appointment. When we arrived at the preaching place I would remove the bandage, enter the church or school house, as the case might be, and begin the services without reading a lesson or announcing a hymn, being unable to see well enough to read. After singing and prayer, I would announce a familiar text, and preach. It was generally supposed and widely reported that I was rapidly going into consumption, which is hereditary in our family. Rev. J. Boas, of sainted memory, held a quarterly meeting in Elliottsburg by appointment of the Elder, in the month of April. He said to my wife in my absence, "Sister Dietterich, I am sorry to tell you, but I do not believe Brother Dietterich will live over the summer. I never saw a man fail as he has, since I saw him at conference." And this was the general opinion. I then purchased twelve dollars worth of "Sage's Catarrh Remedy," "Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pellets," and went to applying and using them, according to directions, and by these, and the prayers of my wife, I was fully restored to health in the month of May. I do not know which cured me, as I have as much faith in her prayers, or even more, than

in the remedies used. Then, too, my restoration came so suddenly, that I believed it to be in answer to prayer, rather than by medicine, which I think, would have been more gradual. But perhaps it was in answer to prayer, that God blessed the means, and made them effectual in my case. Be that as it may, I blessed God for the cure, and thanked him for a wife in whose prayers I have confidence. Brother Baker and myself got along very pleasantly together. Indeed I never had any trouble with my colleague, whether I was junior or senior preacher.

We had no camp-meeting on our circuit, but attended some on the district. At the Middleburg Camp, in Snyder county, I took dysentary in a severe form and was obliged to go home. I suffered from this, and was under medical treatment from August to October, when I fully recovered. We had several very successful meetings during the winter resulting in sixty-three conversions.

Among the converts, at our meeting in Elliottsburg was Mr. B. F. Anthony, a married man who had been desperately wicked according to his own confession. He united with the church and soon began to preach occasionally, and in a little over one year after his conversion, entered the active work of the ministry in which he labored very successfully until 1886, when he died in Berlin, Adams County, Pa. He was in the active ministry eleven years. The minutes of their con-

ference, convened in Baltimore, Md., March, 1887, contains the following on his death:

"During the year, death entered the active ranks of our conference, and Brother B. F. Anthony is no more. His work on earth is finished. Brother Anthony began to preach in 1875. He was a faithful, active worker in the ministry, and a successful pastor. He died in the triumphs of a living faith. A wife and six children mourn their loss."

Thus one of my spiritual sons in the ministry has gone before. I can see him to-day, as I saw him arise in the rear of the church, and come boldly down the aisle to the altar, where he humbly bowed as a seeker of salvation in the church, in Elliottsburg. He did a good work on that circuit, before he went to conference, which will be referred to in the proper place in this book.

At the end of the year Brother Baker was made principal of Union Seminary, located at New Berlin, Union County, from 1874 to 1878, when he withdrew, and united with the M. E. Church.

Baliesburg was one of our appointments, where we preached in the school house. The Methodists also preached in the same house. There was but a small membership even of both churches. The Methodist minister was holding a protracted meeting there, and on Sabbath evening the house was crowded full, when some of the young men behaved badly. The minister re-

proved them kindly, but all to no purpose. He finally reproved them more sharply, and admonished and warned them, telling them to improve the present moment by seeking the Lord, and *now* prepare to meet their God; that life was short, and uncertain, and concluded by saying, "some of your souls may be in hell before to-morrow night, unless you repent." A certain young man who was the leader among the boys that evening, after meeting accompanied a young lady to her home some distance, and after a short conversation at the gate said, "Good-night Mary, I suppose the next time you and I meet will be in hell, according to what the preacher said to-night." And thus they parted, and he walked home, about two miles, and went to bed. The next morning he arose early, ate breakfast, shouldered his axe and went some distance to the woods to cut wood.

After chopping about a half hour, by a misstroke, the axe severed an artery in his leg, and in ten minutes he was dead. Is it not to be feared, that the minister's words came true in the case of this young man? How *dreadful*, thus to die. God will not always be mocked. The Psalmist says, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." Psalm ix. 17.

In Newport we had quite an interesting congregation, and I was selected to preach the opening sermon in the Reformed Church for a union

prayer meeting to be observed by all the churches in town, and to meet in the different churches night about, during the week of prayer. This was a grand success the first year. They closed it with a union communion, the second Sabbath. We tried it the next year again, but did not succeed so well. Before the week was up the meeting was left entirely with the Lutheran minister, Rev. Aughey, and myself, as far as the ministers were concerned it was entirely neglected by them, and would have died a natural death before the week was up, if it had not been for us. O shame.

There I became quite intimately acquainted with Rev. Aughey, the Lutheran pastor, who frequently attended my meetings and took an active part in them. We also made pastoral visits, and visited the sick together. This dear brother died a few years later on the floor of Synod, at its session in Lewistown. He had just delivered an appeal in behalf of the *Lutheran Observer*, and Lutheran literature. He finished his appeal and sat down. He then arose, and stepped to the window, and taking a lead pencil and envelope from his pocket, he laid the envelope on the window sill and was seen to write something on it. He then put both into his pocket, sat down and expired. He was to preach that evening, and had his sermon in his pocket. O how uncertain is life! After his death it was seen that he had written the following on the envelope at the window. "The sting of death

is here." My brother, Rev. J. F. Dietterich, was present and saw this brother pass thus unexpectedly from earth to glory. We were very strongly attached to each other, and when he heard that I was about to apply to the Susquehana Synod for membership, he wrote a letter to one of the ministers of that Synod urging my reception by that Synod very strongly. Peace to his ashes. But we shall meet again.

My first year on Perry Circuit closed, and I went to conference.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONFERENGE IN CARLISLE. RETURNED TO PERRY. REBUILT THE MILLFORD CHURCH. SERIOUS ILLNESS OF MY WIFE, ETC.

This spring, 1874, Conference met in Carlisle, Cumberland County, and I drove over, accompanied by my wife, which was the first and only time she ever attended conference with me, while a member of that church. I was appointed by the conference to preach at Mount Rock on Sabbath evening and did so. I was again assigned to Perry Circuit, with R. W. Runyan as my colleague. Rev. A. L. Reeser was Presiding Elder.

Runyan was a young man of some experience in the work, and a fine preacher. Before returning home, after adjournment of conference, we drove up to Centerville to visit my brother, who was pastor of the Lutheran Church there at the time. It so happened that he had a very successful meeting in progress, and the altar was crowded nightly with penitents. I remained and preached two evenings for him and enjoyed the services very much. Rev. Dutt of the Lutheran Church was also present. We then returned to our home in Elliotsburg and went to work on the circuit.

During the summer we rebuilt the Millford Church and A. L. Reeser, Presiding Elder, officiated at the rededication. This year we held a camp-meeting on our circuit, and I attended a camp in Cumberland County and one near Clear Spring, York County. Here I again took dysentary, and was confined to bed for some time at the home of brother Jacob Brandt, near the camp ground, but finally recovered sufficiently to return home. The Cumberland camp was held in a grove on the west side of the pike leading from Carlisle to Mount Holly, perhaps two miles from the latter place.

At this camp I saw the roughest time on Sabbath afternoon I ever witnessed at a camp-meeting. The congregation was not very large in the forenoon, I presume, because the people in the town attended their own churches in the forenoon, but in the afternoon all came to camp, and the turnout was very large. Unfortunately the brother who preached made his sermon very short, and the congregation was dismissed. It was yet quite early, and a long time until the evening service, and here was all this vast concourse of people waiting for the evening, and nothing to interest them. The members and officers of the camp came to the Presiding Elder, and said, "Why don't you have another sermon? Here are all these people, and nothing going on. You ought to have preaching." He replied, "I have no one appointed to preach until evening, and I won't ap-

point a man to preach on the spur of the moment, without time for thought. If you can get some one to consent to preach, I will call the people together but I will not appoint one." I was standing near by, and they asked me whether I would preach. I said yes—that is my business. The P. E. then sounded the trumpet and called the people together. The seats were soon filled up, but there was yet a vast concourse of people at the head of the ground and on the pike. We began the services, and I preached. I held the attention of all on the seats, but not of those outside and on the pike. While preaching I saw there was something going on in the crowd on the pike. Every now and then I could see the dust fly and the crowd gathered thicker and closer. At one time the fence, sitting full of men, went down with a crash. Yet it did not disturb my congregation. I continued until done with my sermon, undisturbed; but the tumult continued to increase on the pike, and when I finished my sermon, I said without sitting down or consulting the Elder, arise and be dismissed, and then pronounced the Benediction. I hardly had time to turn around, until there was not a minister on the stand, nor a person on the camp ground, and I could see it was getting very rough on the pike. I had noticed during preaching a blind lady sitting near the stand, and I looked for her and thought I would take care of her, but her friends had taken her away. I then

jumped off the stand and ran to the "Preachers' tent," to get my hat. I got the hat and came out. I then saw two of the officers coming down through the grove carrying a man between them, and the whole crowd, like a mighty wave following them. These two men with their captive rushed up into the stand, while the mass of people rushed in on every side, amid the crashing of seat-boards, the winowing of horses, and the screams of women and children. Horses had torn loose, and were rushing frightened through the excited crowd. For a time it appeared as though half the people might be killed, and everything be destroyed. But the excitement now soon subsided, and quiet was again restored. A number of women had fainted. But what was the cause of all this? One man from Carlisle was the cause of it, and whiskey was at the foundation of it all. This man saw another one there with whom he was not well pleased, and being full of fighting whiskey, was determined to fight him. But that man tried to keep out of his way. But he followed him up and several times came very near catching him, and it was that which made the dust fly while I was preaching. Just at the time I dismissed the congregation, two of our guards arrested this fighting man in the crowd, when his comrades attempted to rescue him from the officers. Just at that time I dismissed, and the brethren ran up to see what was the matter. They at once saw the situation of

things, and rushed to the assistance of the officers, and considerable knocking down was done right and left for a short time, when the officers fearing lest their prisoner should get away from them in the fight, took him up and carried him down on the preachers' stand, where they could keep him securely. It was this that occasioned the rush and excitement. This over, and we had no more disturbance during the camp.

We held a number of protracted meetings during the fall and winter, which resulted in sixty-five conversions.

In Newport we had a good sister who was very faithful in her attendance on the public means of grace, but her husband was an infidel and seldom came to church. I spoke of visiting them but was advised to stay away on his account. But the second year during my meeting I did visit them, as he came to meeting quite regularly. He treated me very kindly and I staid with them over night. In the morning, while the wife was getting breakfast, we sat in the parlor alone, and I said to him, They tell me you are an infidel, how is it? He said,—"No, I am not. I was, but I have watched the life of my wife for the last twelve years, and her consistent life has convinced me, that she enjoys a something, which I do not, and that there is a reality in the religion she professes, and I am an infidel no more." From that time he attended church with her. Whether he ever became a

christian or not, I cannot tell, but I have no doubt he did. We see here the power of a consistent christian example.

When I was ordained, Bishop Long insisted very strongly on this point in addressing the candidates for ordination. He related an example of the power of true, and consistent christion example. He said, "A certain christian father had but one son, and he was very anxious that he should become a minister of the Gospel. With this in view he sent him to college. The father looked forward with great anxiety and pleasure to the time when his son should graduate and enter upon the great work of the ministry. But unfortunately, while at college this young man had got hold of and read poisonous literature, and when he came home after graduating at college, the father learned to his great sorrow, that his son was a confirmed infidel. The father talked to him, reasoned with him, and prayed for him, but all to no purpose. He got ministers to reason with him, but all in vain. After some time the father died and eventually the son became a christian, and a minister. When questioned as to the cause of his change of views, he said,—"It was not reasoning nor argument, for I could always find some argument to rebut any argument they could produce in favor of religion. But there was my father's consistent example. That was an argument I never could get over. It was *that*, which led me to become a

christian." We see in both these cases the truth of the saying,—"Actions speak louder than words," and the importance of the Savior's admonition,—"Let your light so shine, that others seeing your good works may be led to glorify your Father which is in Heaven." O, for a pious life on the part of all professers of religion.

I announced a protracted meeting to begin on a certain Saturday evening in Baileysburg. The friends began at once to prepare the way for the meeting by speaking to their neighbors, and urging upon them the importance of religion. One man, the head of a family, residing near the place, but who had neglected "the one thing needful" until now, past middle life, promised to attend this meeting, and to become a christian. But he put it oft a little too long, as many do. The week before the meeting was to begin, he walked up the railroad to Newport, and at the lower end of town he was struck by a passing engine, and instantly killed. Too *late*. Too *late*, will be the cry of many a one in the eternal world. O if men would but "*first* seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness" how much better it would be for them.

I was conducting a successful meeting in the Markel school-house, with a number of penitents at the altar. At this meeting the young men were in the habit of standing in the aisle, and blocking up the way, so the people could not pass out, after the congregation was dismissed. I had requested

them repeatedly to keep the aisle open, but to no purpose. Finally one evening, the house being unusually crowded, I again requested them to keep the aisle open, so the people could pass out. I dismissed, but it was the same as before. I then started out the aisle and cleared it, telling them to stand back or pass out. The aisle cleared, I turned and walked back to the desk, and as I did so I overheard a burly-looking school teacher, who stood near the door with a whip in his hand, having come to meeting in a sleigh, and who had again stepped into the aisle, making an insulting remark, which provoked me. I turned on my heel, walked up to him, clapped my hand on his shoulder, and looking him in the face, I said, See here, stranger, we have not come here to insult, not to be insulted, and we will not be. I asked you all very kindly to clear the aisle, so the people could pass out, and when I turned to walk away I overheard your insulting remark ; now if you do not clear the aisle, I will. He stepped back and I opened the door, and said, now come on, and I will keep the aisle open, and I kept my station by the door until all passed out, and we had no more trouble during the meeting. Sometimes firmness is necessary, and at that time I was stout, and able to help myself, if necessary, and feared no man, or set of men, as long as I was in the right and doing it, to maintain peace and order at church, and if he had made any reply, or had not stepped back out of the way,

I would have chucked him out of the door, headlong, or at least attempted it, and I had no fears as to my success in doing so.

So at Elliottsburg, during the meeting, soon as the Benediction was pronounced, the young men and boys would push out and over to the door on the ladies' side of the house, and so block up the way from the door and on the steps to the yard gate, that is was impossible for them to get out, and all I could say did no good. So one evening, when they had crowded even to the inside of the door, I went out and forced my way to the door, and standing at the door, I told them now to stand back and open the way, or I will open it. I then addressed the ladies and said, now follow me and I will open the way for you, and they did so, and I walked to the gate using both arms to make the crowd stand back. I then remained there until all the ladies had passed out, and that ended the trouble for that meeting.

In the fall Rev. Runyan drove to Liverpool, Perry County, and leaving his horse and sulky with sister Bair, proceeded by rail to visit his parents in Watsontown, Northumberland County. One night during his stay with his parents, an ungodly wretch set fire to a stable in the upper end of Liverpool, and while that was in full blaze and all the people had rushed to the fire, he ran to the lower end of town and set fire to sister Bair's stable and before the fire was discovered, and the

people could get there, it was too late and Runyan's horse, sulky and harness were consumed by the flames, which was a severe loss to him. The culprit was finally arrested and sent to the penitentiary for his crime.

In the winter after the Holidays my wife had a severe spell of sickness. She took erysipelas in the face, and after some days it went to her brain and for a time her life was despaired of. On Saturday night, after midnight, she sat up in bed and told me she was dying, and requested me to call the children, who were all in bed, as she wished to see them once more. I had them brought into the room, when she called them to her bedside and bade them all goodby, and made such arrangements and gave such instructions concerning her burial as she thought best, and the end appeared to be at hand. But earnest prayer went up to God from many a warm heart in her behalf, and I requested the brother, who led the Sunday evening prayer meeting, to state her case and make her recovery the special subject of prayer at the meeting that evening, and they did so. God heard prayer in her behalf and in mercy spared her to the family by restoring her to health, and we both claim to this day, that she was restored to health, and lives today in answer to prayer. It is very interesting now, to hear her tell of the angels she saw, the music she heard, and the sensations she felt, when so near death's door, that she could look

through the lattice work to the glory world. She has often told me that death appeared to her, simply, like passing from one room to another, and that she need but close her eyes and she was in heaven; that heaven appeared to be all around her, and she was perfectly happy. But I shall never forget how dark the day to me, when I thought we must part, and I be without a companion—a wife—and my children without a mother. What joy, when she was restored to health, and able to go out and come in with us again.

But while death came so near to us, and yet passed us by, he stopped at the second house below us, and sister Hench, wife of Brother John Hench, a very good christian lady, and a very kind neighbor, who was in frequently to see us during my wife's illness, was suddenly cut down. She was in to see my wife one evening, and rejoiced at the improvement of her health, went home, took sick with inflamation of the stomach, and died in six days. I preached her funeral sermon, assisted by Rev. S. W. Seibert. My wife had so far recovered, as to be able to sit in her chair at the window, and see the funeral procession, as we passed our house on the way to church, bearing this good sister to her last resting place. She had rejoiced in the improvement of my wife's health, and the hope of her final recovery the last time she was in to see her, and no doubt but *little* thought that she herself would be laid into the silent tomb before

my wife would be sufficiently recovered, even to attend her funeral. Yet so it was. But she was also prepared for the solemn change, and to her death was eternal gain, while her family and friends felt their loss most deeply.

My sister and her husband, Mr. James Kocher, from Columbia County, spent the holidays with us.

On New Years evening by request, I preached a sermon for the I. O. O. F. in our church in Newport. They turned out in Regalia and the house was packed full, it having been previously announced in the papers. All passed off very pleasantly, and all appeared well pleased, and I certainly was, as I received a present of sixteen dollars cash, for the evening. Our fourth, and last son, was born in Elliottsburg, September 13th, 1874, and received the name of Willie Alonza.

The circuit was now in a prosperous condition, and had increased in membership, spirituality, and liberality. Peace and harmony prevailed, and all were well pleased. So closed my second year on the old Perry circuit, and I left for conference in March, expecting to be returned to Perry again, as the General Conference at its last meeting had extended the time, making the limit three years, instead of two, as before. I was returned, but not as I expected.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONFERENCE IN NEW BERLIN, UNION COUNTY. RE-APPOINTED TO PERRY. CHANGE OF VIEWS ON CHURCH POLITY AND BAPTISM. ETC.

Conference convened in New Berlin, Union county, March, 1875. The day before conference met, it began to snow, and continued to do so until the snow was very deep. Indeed, I think it was the deepest snow I ever saw, making it very difficult to get to New Berlin, it being located some distance from railroads. At this conference the old Perry circuit was divided, and Perry and Newport circuits were constituted. I was returned to Perry alone, with S. W. Seibert as Presiding Elder.

The division of this circuit occasioned great dissatisfaction with nearly all the membership outside of Newport. Some years previous a few members in Newport had attempted a division of the circuit, wishing to be separated from the circuit with a few other appointments, so as to constitute two circuits, and have a minister reside in Newport. They presented the matter to the Quarterly conference several times, but were defeated every time. The circuit did not feel them-

selves able to support two full salaried men, which would then be necessary, as it appeared to be all they could do to give one married man, and one single man, a living support. But they felt that they had now reached the point when they could do that comfortably, but could do no more, and therefore opposed a division, believing it best to leave well-enough alone. So the division was dropped for the time by its friends, and forgotten to a great extent, by those who opposed it. The Newport friends thought now would be their time to strike, and by keeping things quiet at home, they could steal a march on their opposers, and through the Presiding Elder present the matter to conference, gain their object, and effect the division, largely unknown to the friends on the circuit, so they would have no chance for opposition. Sure enough, all unexpected to me, and the circuit, save a few in Newport, three men as near as I could learn, and a very few outside of town, the Elder proposed the division of the circuit at conference. I opposed it, but it is almost useless to oppose anything a Presiding Elder proposes at conference, and so the circuit was divided. The upper end retained the name Perry, and the lower end was called Newport Circuit. These divisions are usually effected by the "Committee on Boundaries," with the approval of conference. This committee generally, if not invariably, consists of the Presiding Elders, and Bishops, and they do it

frequently without consulting the membership, and even in direct opposition to the wishes of a majority of the membership as in the case of Perry. I heard an Elder say in reference to a certain circuit, "I wanted to divide it, and mentioned it at several Quarterly Conferences, and it was opposed every time, and fearing that the division would be proposed at conference they sent in remonstrances against it, signed by the leading members on the circuit. But when the subject came up before the Committee on Boundaries, I said,—Brethren, here are petitions against it, signed by some of the leading members, but I say *divide* it, and divide it we did." Remonstrances would have been sent in, in the case of Perry, if they had been apprised of the fact that it would be presented before conference, but being ignorant of the fact, none were sent in. And I presume the Elder would have said,—"I say divide it," and the division would have been made in spite of them.

There is what I consider the abuse of power on the part of the Committee on Boundaries, and neither preacher, or people, have any redress. I was reappointed to Perry, but the membership were very much dissatisfied with the division. They said they would support me, as I had always opposed the division, but they would not support any other man. They did support me well, but I was informed that my successor did not receive two hundred dollars, and was obliged to work out

in the fields to maintain his family. Not that they were dissatisfied with him, for he was a good man, and has since been a Presiding Elder himself, but because they would not submit to the division. Whether this is correct or not I am not certain, though I have it from some of the membership. But I do know that at the end of one year after I left, it was again thrown together, all except the Newport congregation.

I had seen so much of what I considered the abuse of power, and now in the case above referred to, where remonstrances had been sent in, then followed by the division of Perry, that I became entirely dissatisfied with the itinerant system, and our church polity in general. It may all be right, and it may suit some people, but it did not suit me. I am of the opinion that the members, from whom all the money must come to carry on the work of the church, should have some say, as to how things are to be conducted in the church. And the men who must pay the preacher should have some say, as to who should preach for them, and whom they must pay, while the men who must do the preaching, should have some say, as to where and for whom they should preach, and how long. I think it should be a mutual agreement between pastor and people. But in our church neither had any say, and all was left in the hands of the Stationing Committee, which was composed of but fallible men, and men who perhaps did not always

act under the immediate influence and guidance of the Holy Spirit. For I found that they were not always more pious, than some other men, nor did the office always seek the man—but the man the office, for I do know that the last few years I was in the Itinerancy there was at times considerable electioneering for the office of Presiding Elder.

I now fully made up my mind that I would get from under the thumb of the Presiding Elder, and unite with some other church whose government and usages suited *me*, at least, better, and in doing so the Lutheran church would naturally be the first to attract my attention, having been brought up in it, my parents being members there, and one of my brothers in her ministry. But I would not do it hastily. So I gave myself two years to acquaint myself fully with her doctrines, and usages, before leaving the Evangelical Association. I at once purchased "Schmucker's Popular Theology," "Ziegler's Catechetics," "Luther's Catechism," and other Lutheran literature, and subscribed for the church paper, and made these my study. I served the Perry circuit one year more, as best I could, and kept my purposes to myself and family.

During the winter Brother B. F. Anthony held a protracted meeting in a godless community, known as "Shenadoah." The people were virtually without Sabbath, and almost without civilization. Their Sabbaths were largely spent in fishing,

hunting, drinking, fighting, etc. Brother Anthony's labors were blessed of the Lord. A great revival took place, resulting in a number of conversions and a complete reformation took place in the entire community.

Brother Anthony now went to conference and being appointed to a circuit, I took up Shenandoah as a regular appointment and organized quite a large class, making another appointment to Perry circuit. But few of these people had been baptized, and most of them desired to be immersed. So I appointed a Sabbath afternoon to immerse them in the creek, near the school house. The day was beautiful and the turn out very large and I baptized quite a number of them. One man was six feet four inches tall. All passed off very pleasantly. I also immersed a number in the creek near Elliottsburg. But now there was a second lot to be immersed at Shenandoah, and it was getting quite late in the fall, but to satisfy them, I appointed another day to meet at the creek, when this ordinance would be administered. But in the meantime our fall rains came, the streams became very much swollen, and the weather very cold. We met at the creek according to announcement. The turn out was quite large again, and all were dressed in their winter clothing, with overcoats on. All things ready, and quite a number to be baptized. I took off my overcoat and waded into the creek. As I did so, I heard some stand-

ing on the shore say, "He better keep his overcoat on," but I did not mind the cold in the least. Among the subjects to be baptized were a number of women, and as I took them, one by one, and immersed them, some once backward, and others three times forward, in the wild, cold, muddy stream. it appeared cruel and indecent to *me*, at least, and I resolved that this should be the last I would ever baptize by immersion, and so it was.

Up to this time I had been rather favorable to Immersion, and had but little faith in Infant Baptism, and therefore had none of my children baptized. But now my views underwent an entire change on this subject, both as to the mode, and the time of baptism. I now believed that the proper time to consecrate our children to God is in their infancy, and that it should be done by Baptism, as the Jewish Mother consecrated her child to God by Circumcision, and I believed that the church and her ordinances, like the gospel and salvation, are suited to all people, places, circumstances and seasons of the year. Immersion is not. I therefore doubt its being a proper ordinance of the church. And as Immersion excludes children from church membership, I was almost ready to conclude with Rev. Cartright of the M. E. Church, "That a church without children in it, resembled hell more than it did heaven."

We held a campmeeting on the circuit in Au-

gust, and I had several successful meetings during the winter, resulting in forty-five conversions.

During the three years, the first two of which I had a colleague, we had one hundred and seventy-three conversions, and I preached six hundred and ten sermons in all.

April 26th I delivered a lecture on Oddfellowship in the Presbyterian church in Duncannon, Perry County, at the celebration of the anniversary of the order, at which time a grand time was had, and all passed off very pleasantly. I also preached a sermon in the church in Elliottsburg, Feb. 22nd, for the "American Mechanics." The order was present in full Regalia.

Thus ended my work on the Perry circuit, and not yet having my arrangements fully made to change my church relations, I went to conference for another circuit. On my way to conference a good sister from York County came to see me on the cars and said, "I heard you were going to leave our church and join the Lutherans, is it true." My reply was, the report is premature. She said, "Well, I don't want you to leave us." I said, I am not going to leave now, I am going to conference for work, don't you see? "Well, I am glad of it," and thus the conversation ended. My views and feelings on the subject were known to but few in the church, until the spring I left, as I thought it not best to make them known too soon.

CHAPTER XX.

CONFERENCE IN BALTIMORE, MD. APPOINTED TO JERSEY SHORE CIRCUIT. FULLY DECIDED TO LEAVE THE CHURCH, ETC.

Conference met in Baltimore, Md., the first Thursday in March, 1876. At this Conference I was entertained by a german family by the name of Messersmit, who had a large bakery. They were a fine family and treated me very kindly. On Sabbath evening after all had retired but Mr. Messersmit, he took a candle in his hand, and examined all the doors to see that they were securely fastened, and as he passed from the hall into the sitting room, it is supposed he took a fit, and fell to the floor, with his face on the candle, setting his large, full beard on fire, and before he recovered consciousness his beard was entirely burned off, and he was so severely burned about the face and breast, and had so inhaled the flame that it burned him inside down to the lungs, and after severe suffering, he died on Thursday of the same week. His daughter wrote me a letter informing me of her father's sad death.

At this conference I was appointed to Jersey Shore, Lycoming county, with Rev. D. P. Cline as my colleague. Brother Cline was a single man, but

had some experience in the ministry, was an able preacher and a most excellent man. We became most strongly attached to each other. We moved into the town of Jersey Shore, where we had a very pleasant home. To this place we moved by rail. Jersey Shore was a pleasant, but laborious field. I labored on this field as before, but preached my old sermons and devoted my time to the study of Lutheran literature, and the more I studied Lutheran doctrines and usages, the more I loved the Lutheran church. Here I soon made the acquaintance of Rev. A. W. Lentz, pastor of the Lutheran church. I found him to be a most excellent christian brother, and soon took him into my confidence, and stated to him my views, feelings, and intentions, and he gave me his advice and influence. My mind was now fully made up to make the change at the end of the conference year, unless I could find some sufficient reason why I should not—I was yet open to conviction on the subject. I also made it the subject of constant prayer, but everything appeared to point me in that direction, and to urge me on.

I attended four campmeetings in the month of August, including our own, which was a stationary camp, known as "The Pine Station Campmeeting." Here we had a tent, and our babe, Willie, was very sick during the entire meeting. All the camps were good and we had a number of conversions at ours.

While walking out into the grove one day at one of the camps in company with Rev. M. Sloat, he turned to me and said inquiringly, "You preached the funeral sermon of John Newcommer, in Loysville, didn't you?" I replied, yes, sir; over a year ago. "Well," said he, "that sermon was blessed to the conversion of my eldest son and his wife. We never could do anything with them, but they wrote to us, that there was a something in that sermon that gave them no rest until they both became converted, about a year afterward, and we were so glad to hear it." So it is, we sow the seed, but cannot always tell the good it does. Eternity alone will reveal it, and in the last great day many may surprise us by telling us how we were the means of their conversion, all unknown to us, as in this case. I never knew this family, and have never seen them to this day, to my knowledge. Brother Sloat was a most excellent christian man, and an able preacher. He died happy in the Lord, in New Kingston, Cumberland county, while pastor there, in 1884. Thus he fell with the harness on.

During the year we built a very fine church at Pine Station, Clinton county. Bishop Bowman officiated at the dedication. We also built a church, known as the "Harer's Church," not far from Saladaysburg, which was dedicated on Christmas, Rev. M. J. Carothers, P. E., officiating. A good and lasting work was done in the erection

of these two churches. Both were very good buildings and well finished.

Here we purchased a fine "Shoninger" organ as a surprise for the children. By previous arrangement it was delivered on Christmas day, while myself and wife were absent, attending the church dedication, and the children were at home alone. They were greatly surprised and very much pleased. We found them in a great glee when we arrived at home. In the fall my wife had a very severe spell of sickness. At one time I thought she had died in my arms, but she had only fainted, and God in his mercy spared her to us again.

During the winter Brother Cline and I held several protracted meetings, resulting in sixty-nine conversions, and I preached one hundred and eighty sermons in all on the charge.

During my meeting at Pine Station Rev. W. H. Gotwald, President of the Susquehanna Synod, came up from Milton to hear me preach and to become better acquainted with me. I had requested him to do so through Brother Lentz, as I thought he should hear me, and I wished to consult him more fully as to my intended change of church relations, and get his advice. No one in the congregation knew the object of his presence. He gave me every encouragement to proceed as I had intended to do.

During our meeting in the Harer's church our

eldest son, J. Eugene, to our great joy, came to the altar of prayer and was truly converted to God. He was teaching school in the Harer's school house at the time. Knowing my intentions for the spring and by my advice he united with the Lutheran church in Jersey Shore, and was admitted by Rev. A. W. Lentz by Baptism. Being quite confidential with Brother Cline, I told him all my arrangements for the future previous to the meeting of conference. On my way home from my last appointment in the German Settlement, I stopped a few minutes with our pastor in Lock Haven, and told him my intentions. I painted things as dark as possible in the Evangelical Church, and bright as possible in the Lutheran church, making things much stronger, than I considered them, in order to arouse him, and then said, now, dear brother, I want to *be* right and *do* right. We are apt in such cases, to look *only* on one side of the subject, I have tried to look on both sides, or at the reasons why I *should* leave, and why I should *not* leave, but perhaps I am partial. Now you consider the matter, then write out all the strongest reasons you can think of, why I should not leave, and send them to me by letter, and I will consider them well. I am yet open to conviction on the subject and need not leave, but I intend to do so, and bade him goodby. But I received no letter from him, though he was Secretary of Conference at the time. At conference I asked him, why he had not

written. He said—"You painted things so dark, I thought it was not worth while." I said, I did that on purpose to arouse you. If there were reasons, why I should not make the change which I had not considered, I desired to know them, and I wanted you, looking from the other side, to state them. "Well, I thought from what you said, it would be useless, and so did not write."

Thus ended my one year on the circuit, and my last year in the itinerancy. I bade the friends farewell and left for conference. But few of them knew of my intentions, and expected me back on the circuit for another year, but in this they were disappointed.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONFERENCE IN WILLIAMSPORT. SECURED MY DISMISSAL. REASONS FOR MY CHANGE OF CHURCH RELATIONS. DEATH OF MY BROTHER. ETC.

I went to conference, which met in Bennett Street Evangelical Church, Williamsport, Lycoming county, Pa., Thursday, March 8th, 1877. Here I handed in my report of the year's work for myself and colleague, as usual, and on Saturday afternoon I asked for an honorable dismissal from that body, which was granted me by a unanimous vote. The dismissal also had a recommendation attached to it, recommending me to any christian body to whom I might present it. Thus ended my connection with the Evangelical Association, March 10th, 1877. I had now been in the itinerancy eighteen years and six months. Though I had traveled but seventeen years and six months, having located for one year to care for father, after mother's death. Thus I gave the itinerancy a fair trial, and had considerable experience in the work, and workings of the church.

They are an aggressive church and have doubled their membership in these years. But many changes have taken place and comparatively few,

who were in the active ministry when I entered conference are there now. Some are on the retired list, and a number have passed over to the promised land. I had become widely known in the church and had many ties, acquaintances and friends in it, which must all be, to some extent at least, severed in leaving, and while I shall ever have a warm feeling for that church and her ministers, as far as I was acquainted with them, yet I made the change considerately conscientiously, and prayerfully, and I have never regretted it for a moment up to the present time. My reasons for making the change are various, and have already been hinted at, but may be summed up briefly as follows:

First. The Lutheran church, was the church of my fathers, the church in which I was baptized and brought up, and which I should never have left. I had a brother in her ministry and it had always been father's *ardent* desire that I should be a member of the church to which he belonged. On the records of the Lutheran church were found the names of most of my relatives living, and in her cemeteries sleep most of those who have died. So I was but going back home, and to my friends in uniting with her. It was also frequently remarked, by outsiders and others, that I was more of a Lutheran in doctrine, and preached more like a Lutheran than like an Evangelical preacher.

Second. I was tired of the itinerancy, and believed in a settled ministry. I put it to a Presid-

ing Elder in this way, while visiting him at his home, two years before I made the change. I said, Brother S——, am I, as a husband and father, responsible for the comfort and welfare of my family? He said, "Certainly you are." I then said, Is it right for me to place the comfort and wellfare of myself and family, entirely into the hands of another man, who may, or may not be interested in it, as I would be myself? He said, "No, certainly not." I then said, that is what I do when I become an itinerant preacher. He replied, "No, you do not." I said, *certainly* I do. Every spring at the Annual Conference the question is asked, "Who are the preachers that are willing to travel this year, according to the directions of the conference, and our discipline, and what is their number." (See Discipline.) Now, if I desire a circuit, I must rise to my feet, signifying that I am one, and in doing so I place myself and family entirely into the hands of the stationing committee; that is, into the hands of the Presiding Elder, and he can send me just where he pleases, whether it is where I want to go or not, or whether it is where the people want me or not; and yet preacher and people must submit, and neither have any redress. Then too, an Elder may be partial, and keep his friend on good circuits all the time, and another on poor circuits all the time, though I have had no reason for complaint on that score, having fared about as others do, yet I know it has been done.

True, the Elders and Bishop form the stationing committee, but each elder has largely the say as to his own district. His reply was, "Yes, Presiding Elder *timber* is getting pretty scarce in our conference." I said, it is not the "*timber*"—the *men* —I find fault with, but the principle. All the reply he made was, "O, you are getting all ferhuddled." I believe it should be a mutual contract between pastor and people, as to whom they serve, who shall serve them and how long. According to my way of thinking, and it may be *only* my way of thinking, there is too much power placed into the hands of the Presiding Elders. They have the power to send preachers when and where they please, without consulting preacher or people, and as committee on boundaries to divide and cut up circuits to suit themselves, and the people have no voice or power in either case. The itinerancy has its advantages, it is true. (1.) All the ministers are sure of a field of labor, hence they have no "unemployed ministers." (2.) Every charge is provided with a minister, hence frequent and prolonged vacancies, which occur so frequently in our church, to the injury of charge, and congregations, are unknown among them. (3. While their ministers generally do not receive large salaries, yet they provide for their worn-out preachers, and prechers' widows, and orphans, even better than the Lutheran church does. But with all its advantages, its disadvantages

are such, that I preferred a settled ministry, and therefore left.

Third. A third reason for leaving was that the laity have no representation or voice in anything that is done in the church, and I think, that the laity, who must furnish all the means for carrying on the work of the church, should have a voice in the church, and some say, as to the management of the affairs of the church. Again,

Fourth. The parity of the ministry. I think these various ranks and offices as Bishops, Presiding Elders, Elders and Deacons, are only calculated to excite pride, selfishness, envy, jealousy, and office-seeking, and engender strife and contention, and I think we see the effects of it to-day, in the most terrible strife, contention and divisions now existing in that church. I say, let every one stand on his own footing, and not be Rev. So-and-so, simply because of his office.

These are the principle reasons for my leaving the Evangelical Association and uniting with the Lutheran Church, her form of government suiting me best. I also differed, as already stated, with them on the doctrine of *entire* Sanctification, which ran very high in the church at that time. Also on Baptism, I believed as a church we should adopt what we believed to be the most Scriptural mode, and practice that mode only, and not try to cater to the notions of every one, on so important a subject, as they do. I speak on these subjects *only* as

a matter of *personal* preference and faith, and not in a condemnatory spirit. Having the different christian denominations, with different modes and forms of government, it is the right of every one to choose the one which suits him best, and they may assign their reasons for their preference, and I have simply done so here. I would wish a God-speed to the Church of Jesus Christ, in all her branches. "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity," expresses my sentiments exactly. And as we differ in our views and feelings on these *non*-essentials, I think it is well that we have different churches, and consequently, a choice in these things.

During conference I was appointed to preach in the Mulberry Street M. E. Church on Sabbath evening, and did so.

Having obtained my dismissal I returned home on Monday in Jersey Shore. It was an exceedingly cold, snowy day. On that day, March 12th, 1877, my brother, Jacob F. Dietterich, died very suddenly in Fair Haven, Carrol county, Illinois, aged fifty-six years. Jacob was the largest, heaviest and apparently the most healthy of my five brothers, never having been sick a day in his life, to my knowledge. On the day of his death, he took a sled load of wheat to town, ten miles distant, and after weighing the grain he stepped on the scales, and he weighed just two hundred pounds, which was his standing weight. He re-

turned home about the middle of the afternoon and ate a hearty meal with the family. In the evening himself and son started to do the feeding, and as they passed the stove they stopped to warm themselves, it being very cold, and while standing there he exclaimed, "I feel"—and fell to the floor dead, before he could finish the sentence. The cause of his death was pronounced "heart disease." O, how uncertain is life. "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow."

I now rented another house in Jersey Shore and moved into it, so as to vacate the parsonage for my successor on the circuit. I then sent my dismissal to the Rev. W. H. Gotwald, President of the Susquehanna Synod, with my application to become a member of the same. He replied, that he had no jurisdiction in the case, that coming from another church, I could only be admitted by the synod which would meet in June, that he would make mention of my case in his report to Synod, and recommend my reception. In the meantime I was at liberty to preach for any of the brethren, or to supply vacant charges up to the meeting of synod. During this time I preached several times in the Nipenose charge, and supplied the Muncy Creek charge regularly, every two weeks with preaching, both charges being vacant at the time. The joint council on the Muncy Creek charge sent a recommendation to Synod for me, signed by every member. In the latter part

of March I attended the "West Branch" Conference of the Susquehanna Synod in company with Rev. A. W. Lentz, president of conference at the time. It met in the brick church, in the Muncy Valley charge I preached before that body by request of conference. I also filled the pulpit of Brother Gotwald Sabbath morning and evening, in Milton, and assisted Brother Lentz at his communion in the Pine Creek congregation. But now it is time for the meeting of Synod, and I must go.

CHAPTER XXII.

ADMITTED AS A MEMBER OF THE SUSQUEHANNA SYNOD EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH. SEVERE SICKNESS. DARK AND TRYING DAYS.

I attended the Susquehanna Synod for the first time, which met in Bloomsburg, Columbia county, June 21st, 1877. At this Synod my credentials were handed in for the action of that body. The president appointed the following committee, Rev. Geo. Parsons, Rev. J. McCron, D. D., and Rev. A. J. Flickinger, to whom my case was referred, which was committee No. 9. Saturday afternoon, June 23rd, 1877, Committee No. 9 submitted the following report, which was adopted:

Mr. President, The documents placed in the hands of your committee are several letters and papers having reference to the application of Rev. H. A. Dietterich, of the Evangelical Association, for reception into the ministry of the Lutheran Church. Your committee met this brother for examination. During this examination we learned that Brother Dietterich is in hearty sympathy with the doctrines and government of our church. He favors catechization, believes in a

more settled and permanent ministry, denies absolute perfection, but believes in a gradual, and constant growth in grace, and the divine life. This brother comes to us with an honorable dismissal from the Evangelical Association by which he was licensed in the year 1858, and ordained in 1863. He is also highly recommended by ministers of our own and other synods. In view of all these facts in the case, and as our examination was entirely satisfactory, we therefore cheerfully offer the following:

Resolved, That Rev. H. A. Dietterich, who comes to us honorably dismissed from the Evangelical Association, be now received as a member of the Susquehanna Synod.

Respectfully submitted,

GEO. PARSONS,
J. MCCRON, D. D.,
J. A. FLICKINGER,
} Committee.

See minutes of Susquehanna Synod for 1877, pages 23 and 24. But some might wonder why so long from licensure to ordination? I would just say, that the Evangelicals, like the Methodists have two ordinations. After preaching two years on probation, I was ordained deacon in Glen Rock, York county, and after preaching two years more I received my final ordination as Elder, in York, York county, Pa., March, 1863. This is the invariable rule of that church. Thus I became a Lutheran minister, June 23rd, 1877, after being in

the itinerancy of the Evangelical Association eighteen years and six months.

On Sabbath the different pulpits in Bloomsburg were supplied by the members of synod, and I preached in the Reformed church by appointment of the Committee on Public Worship. After synod I returned home to Jersey Shore and was now ready to take a charge. Muncy Creek charge being vacant, appointments were made for me in the early part of July, when elections were to be announced for me as pastor. On Saturday morning I left home with my horse and buggy, accompanied by my brother-in-law, Geo. W. Evans, to meet my appointments on Muncy Creek. But before we arrived in Williamsport, where we stopped for dinner, I began to feel unwell. After dinner we proceeded to Hughesville. On the way I was taken with dysentery in a severe form. Arrived in Hughesville, I consulted Doctor Hill. He examined me, gave me some medicine and advised me to go home as soon as I could. Acting on his advice we drove to Muncy in all haste, when I took the buss to Muncy station, and then the train for Jersey Shore. Arrived at home I took my bed and sent for our family physician. My dysentery ran into remittent fever. After two weeks I was again able to sit up, and walk out a little. But at the end of one week, August 1st, in the evening I took a chill while sitting in the room, which resulted in a mild form of typhoid fever, so

I was again obliged to take my bed and remain there six weeks more, making eight weeks in bed out of nine. During my last attack of fever my throat got sore, and when I recovered slowly from the fever, I had inflammation of the throat and larynx, and lost my voice, as a result of the fever, and it was with great difficulty that I took any food or drink, at times scarcely being able to swallow at all. I was a complete wreck physically, and my recovery was very slow, and considered doubtful. For six months, I was confined to the house most of the time, and unable even to conduct family worship, for eight months, not being able to speak above a whisper most of the time. I never expected to be able to preach another sermon. Muncy Creek charge wrote to me repeatedly, to know how soon I would be able to visit them. I, as often replied, that I never expected to preach again, and told them they should secure another man and not wait for me, and I recommended another man to them, but all in vain. They waited for me until April, when we moved to Columbia county. They then gave up all hope of me and secured a pastor. These were dark days and months. A large family to maintain, no income, not much ahead financially, and but little prospects of ever getting better. My condition indicated that I might linger in a disabled condition and then die.

Then, too, trouble often does not come single-

handed. So it was in my case. Of the little means I had saved, I that summer lost five hundred dollars by the financial failure of him, to whom I had lent it. Then in November, three of our children had the diptheria in a severe form and one of them, Tillie, for some time it was thought would not live, but she did finally recover, but feels the effects of it to this day, and always will. On Thanksgiving day our doctor, accompanied by his wife, attended a Thanksgiving dinner at the house of a friend, and on their way home she came in with the Doctor to see our sick children. As a result, she took diptheria and died from it in a short time. While I was in bed with the fever, a neighboring little girl attempted to kindle the fire, by pouring coal oil into the stove on the coals; the consequence was, the oil took fire, exploded the can and set her clothes on fire; she ran out into the street all in a blaze screaming. We heard her screams in our house. She was so severely burned that she died in a few hours. She died saying, "Papa *you* done so! Papa you done so!" She had seen her father use the oil in starting the fire, so she tried it, and how tragic, how sad the result. Parents should be very careful in the use of so dangerous an article, especially in the presence of small children. I never used it, nor allowed it to be used in my family to my knowledge. The house also took fire, but was saved. I was greatly alarmed, being in bed, and unable to get up, fearing that our

house would also take fire, as the two buildings were not far apart, and a strong wind, coming direct from that one, prevailed at the time. If the one had burned, it had been almost impossible to save the other.

But amid all the darkness, there was also some light. In the first place, I had the promise of the Blessed Father, "I will *never* leave thee, nor forsake thee." Also of the blessed Christ, "Lo, I am with you *alway*, even unto the end of the world." Then, too, I had a kind and loving wife, and we had two sons about grown to manhood, the eldest was teaching school in Nipenose Valley, and being a very affectionate and kind hearted son, I knew he would not let us suffer, if it lay in his power to prevent it. Then, too, Brother Lentz was my constant visitor, and deep sympathizer, and the friends were very kind to us. Through the influence of Brother Lentz, the friends of Jersey Shore and Pine Creek Lutheran churches made us a donation, which came very good and was most highly appreciated hy us, and especially cheering under the circumstances. Being confined to the house all winter, and my eyes and head being too weak to read or study much, I took to knitting stockings for a passtime, and knit several pair in that way. Being unable to do anything, and having no income, and rents being very high in Jersey Shore, I now rented a farm house in Columbia County, my old home. The property

was once owned and occupied by father, and I was partly raised there. It joined the old homestead. We moved the first of April, 1878, bidding farewell to Jersey Shore and friends, and here I expected to linger for awhile, and then die, and be burried by the side of my parents in the Lutheran burying ground. But God in mercy ordered otherwise, and spared me yet for years to my family and the ministry, for which his name be praised.

The first year we lived in Jersey Shore I assisted at the dedication of the Odd Fellows Hall, in the town, and also delivered a lecture for the order, in the M. E. church, in Saladasbury, celebrating the anniversary of the Saladasburg Lodge. The lodge turned out in full regalia. Rev. Henry Wilson, pastor of the M. E. church, was in the pulpit with me.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MOVE TO COLUMBIA COUNTY. HEALTH IMPROVEING SLOWLY. FIRST SERMON FOR ONE YEAR. HARD TIMES. ETC.

We moved to Columbia county, April 1st, 1878, and after we got settled down again and spring set in, the weather became more spring-like, so I was able to be out most of the time; my health began to improve again, slowly; my throat and voice also got better, slowly.

June 16, I attended preaching in the Ebenezer Evangelical Church, at 2:30 P. M., Rev. W. W. Roads, pastor. He invited me into the pulpit, and then insisted on me preaching for him. I stated that I feared I would be unable to get through with it, but he insisted that I should try it, and if not able to finish, I should sit down and he would take my place. I finally consented to try it, and did so. I announced as my text, John xii. 21, "Sir, we would see Jesus." God blessed me and the word and we had a good meeting. This was my first attempt at preaching for one year. In the evening Brother Roads preached in Evansville, and stated to the congregation, that he had the "exceeding great pleasure of stating that Brother Dietterich is again able to preach. He filled the pulpit for me

this afternoon, and got along well." From this time I preached occasionally and assisted Brother M. V. Shadow, Lutheran pastor, at his communion. I also assisted at his installation as pastor of the Briar Creek charge. I delivered the charge to the pastor, and W. H. Gotwald, of Milton, president of synod, delivered the charge to the people, and performed the liturgical services. A Methodist minister was also present and took part in the services.

In consequence of the crisis of 1877 and '78 money and work were very scarce and times very dull. I was able to do but very little, and there appeared to be but very little for the boys to do. Eugene taught summer school for ten dollars per month, and boarded with the scholars, rather than do nothing, while Elmer worked around by the day as he could get work, at different places. I also did some little jobs, so as to earn what I could toward maintaining the family. In the winter Eugene taught the "Nob" school, where I got all the schooling I ever had, and where I superintended the Sabbath-school the first summer after my conversion, up to the time I commenced to preach. He boarded at home, and our children now attended the same school. Here, November 16th, 1878, we had a little daughter born to us, and she received the name Bertha May, but we always called her "Birdie."

Synod met in Hazleton, Pa., June 13th, but

being unable to attend on account of my health, I sent in my reason by letter and asked them to excuse me for non-attendance, when the following action was taken :

REPORT OF COMMITTEE NO. 12.

MR. PRESIDENT, Committee No. 12 would respectfully report, that the document placed in their hands is a letter from Rev. H. A. Dietterich, of Whitmire, stating his reason of absence from Synod, which is ill health. We recommend that he be excused, and that we as a Synod sympathize with him in his affliction, and pray that he may soon be restored to health.

A. B. MILLER,
H. N. WHITMAN,
PHILIP SCHOCH. } Committee.

See minutes of Synod, page 22.

In the fall, at the request of Brother Shadow and the friends, I took charge of the Orangeville congregation, and supplied them with preaching every two weeks, and held a meeting of two weeks in the winter. This congregation at that time was not in connection with any charge.

During the winter our second son, Elmer E., was converted at a meeting conducted by Brother Shadow, in the church where I first came out as a seeker of religion, and he united with the Evangelical Association, as I had done.

Being yet unable to enter the active work of the ministry, and work being scarce for the boys,

I now purchased a small farm in Fishing Creek Valley, Columbia county, to which we moved in the spring. Two years have now passed, and I am yet in a disabled condition. Able to do but little work and could preach but occasionally, something must be done, so the boys could maintain the family, if I could not. Hence the purchase of the farm. O how I *long* for the active ministry, but I cannot. "O Lord, how long?" O Lord, *why* is it? "Even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." O give me grace to submit patiently, "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and "These light afflictions shall work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Even so. Amen.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TWO YEARS ON THE FARM. HEALTH IMPROVING SLOWLY. CONTINUE TO PREACH OCCASIONALLY. ENTER THE ACTIVE MINISTRY AGAIN. ETC.

April 1st, 1879, we moved to the farm. I was now able to potter around a little, fix up fences, etc., and Eugene did the farming. Elmer helped on the farm, and hired out as he could get work. I continued to preach at Orangeville and took up an appointment near home at the "Mount Zion Church," and supplied both with preaching every two weeks. Some times my health, throat and voice would be pretty good. At other times I would be worse and unable to do anything. Eugene being of age I gave him fifty dollars for the summer, and he then taught our school in the winter, and boarded at home, so as to still take charge of things there.

Elmer during the winter assisted Rev. W. W. Roads as junior preacher on the Columbia circuit. In the spring he attended their conference in Berwick, where he received license as a preacher, March, 1880, but not being appointed to a field of labor he again returned home.

I attended our Synod, which met in Shamokin, June 15th. I also attended conference in Mifflinville, Columbia county, and preached before that body, Rev. J. A. Adams, president.

Our son Eugene had felt called to the ministry, but had resisted the call up to this time, partly because of my disability, making it necessary for him to assist me in caring for the family, and I think partly because of his being disinclined to the work of the ministry, and the want of means to prepare himself for it. He finished seeding, all but the potato patch one day at noon, and said he did not feel well, so went to bed. I took the team and finished the seeding, and when I came in, in the evening, I found him very sick and he'd had a severe time of it that afternoon. At one time he thought he would not live. When I came in, he called me to his bedside and told me all about it, but said, he would now get well, as he had promised the Lord, if he would spare his life, he would prepare for the ministry, and he said, "I know God will spare me, for I know he wants me to preach, but I did not want to do it. But now I have promised him and I will." He finally got well after a severe spell of sickness. I got along with the fall work as best I could, until he got well. The neighbors were very kind to us.

Being called to Orangeville, six miles distant, to marry a couple, I went and remained over night.

We had a very pleasant time. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride. Next morning I started for home, and on my way I stopped to pay a farmer for five bushels of seed wheat I had gotten from him. When I asked him how much I owed him, he said, "Oh nothing. I present that to you." It was quite unexpected to me, so I thanked him kindly for it and proceeded on my way home, and when I arrived in sight of my farm I saw with astonishment that one whole field of corn was on shock, where not a stalk was cut when I left. Arrived at home my wife told me that the neighbors had taken advantage of my absence and came together, all unexpectedly that evening, and cut it. O how thoughtful! How kind, and how cheering! God bless them for it.

One year rolled round, and being yet unable to take a charge, I was obliged to remain on the farm another year, and so hired Elmer for the summer, the same as I had Eugene the summer before.

Up a ravine in the woods, some distance from the house, I had a secluded spot, to which I would repair almost every Sabbath for prayer and communion with God. It was a sacred spot to me, and God often met me there. Here I promised God, if he would restore me to health, and to the active work of the ministry, I would give one tenth of my income for benevolence, and I have done so to this day, keeping a careful account and settling annually.

I continued to serve those two congregations as before, and the friends from Orangeville made us a very liberal donation all unexpectedly. They were accompanied by Rev. A. Houtz, the Reformed pastor, and his lady. They brought their dinners with them, and when ready to sit down to the table, they had so arranged that Rev. Houtz and myself should occupy the head of the table, accompanied by our wives. Soon after beginning to eat, a lady passed the biscuits around and laid one by my plate. The room was full, and all eyes were turned to me to see me eat my biscuit. When I took it up I noticed that it had been cut into and pinned together with small wooden pins. I opened it, and to my great surprise it had been hollowed out, and now contained seven dollars in money. All took a hearty laugh at my expense, but I had the money. I then told them that I was *very* fond of that variety of biscuit, but had not found them very plenty. And, indeed, I have never seen one of them since.

Synod appointed a committee to re-district the charges on the North Branch, of which committee I was a member, and Mifflinville was detached from the Briar Creek charge, and Orangeville added. This was done in the fall. Rev. Shadow now resigned the Briar Creek charge, and accepted a call to Mifflinville, and my health being somewhat improved, I accepted Briar Creek as a supply, and began to serve it, January 1st, 1881.

Eugene attended Synod with me in Muncy, Pa., in June, and made arrangements to enter school at Selin's Grove in the fall, and thus begin to prepare himself for the great work to which God had undoubtedly called him.

My health still improving, I now accepted a call to the Briar Creek charge, made sale, rented the farm, and we moved to Martzville, April 1st, 1881. Thus ended my disability, and after four *dark* years of disability—years which appear lost to me, I was able to enter the active work again, though by no means well yet. Why this disability, I do not know. Some said it was because I had left the Evangelical Association. But I never felt so. Others with whom I was personally acquainted, who were younger in years and in the ministry than myself, remained *in* the church—and yet had become disabled, and one dear brother had died. And I felt that if I was disabled, because I had left, then this one died, and the other one was disabled, because they did not leave. I think the argument should hold good in both cases, if it is good in my case. But I never felt condemned for my course, nor did I feel that there was anything in the above assertion, as made by some. It was, no doubt, for some wise purpose on the part of my Heavenly Father, that this was permitted, or brought upon me, though not understood by myself. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," Jno. xiii. 7, and in the last

great day it will be made plain to me, why it was best that it should be so.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,—
And works, His sovereign will.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take
The clouds, you so much dread—
Are full of mercy, and will break
In blessings—on your head."

These lines are exactly expressive of my feelings. I am thankful to be able to enter upon the great work again, and may I be more faithful in the future, than in the past. O God, give success, give ability, and give faithfulness. Amen.

CHAPTER XXV.

A PREACHER AGAIN. PASTOR OF BRIAR CREEK CHARGE. DEATH OF OUR LITTLE DAUGHTER. AGAIN DISABLED.

Briar Creek charge was a laborious field, located in Columbia county, and mostly not far from the river. This was the place of my nativity. I preached at Martzville. Centre, Orangeville and Hidley's churches. At Martzville we had a very pleasant home. Having moved on to a charge and entered the active work of the ministry again, though by no means well, yet things began to look more cheerful, and encouraging for us. But we had only got nicely fixed when a cloud, O, so dark —dark, came over us again. Our dear little Birdie, so bright, so smart, so cheerful, and so dear to us, took sick with scarlet fever. She was very sick, but finally got better, when it ran into dropsy and after five weeks she died suddenly, while I was at synod. Saturday I received a telegram from my eldest son, Eugene, as follows: "Come at once, Birdie is worse." I asked to be excused from further attendance at synod, and started for home. O how I prayed all the way from Northumberland to Berwick, as the cars rushed along, that if it was God's *will*, she might be spared to us, and restored

to health, again. But when I stepped from the train at Berwick a neighbor met me and said, "I have sad news for you, your little girl is dead." *Dear* little Birdie, I will never forget how I stood on the pavement and wept for you. How can it be, all my prayers have been in vain. "Even so, Father, so it seemed good in thy sight." She was gone. I had been appointed to preach the preparatory sermon that afternoon before the synod. The synod took the following action :

"Rev. H. A. Dietterich having been apprised by telegram of the dangerous illness of his child, was excused from further attendance upon the sessions of Synod. Rev. Criley, of Lewisburg, on account of serious illness in his family, was also excused from further attendance at this session. Dr. Wolf was kindly invited to unite with Synod in beseeching the Throne of Grace, for the restoration to perfect health of the children of both brothers, Criley and Dietterich."

See minutes, pages 16, 17, 18.

But in *vain*. My Birdie was gone. O I thought it could *not* be. I at once telegraphed for Brother E. A. Sharretts to come home and officiate at her funeral on Monday, and we buried her by my parents in the Lutheran grave yard at the Centre church. I have since kneeled by her grave side, accompanied by my son Eugene, and there with uncovered heads, we in solemn prayer renewed our covenants with God.

I copy the following obituary from the *Lutheran Observer* which I had written myself and sent in :

From the *Lutheran Observer*, June 24th, 1881.

DIETTERICH.—Died, in Martzville, Pa., June 4th, Bertha May, daughter of Rev. H. A. and T. E. Dietterich, aged two years, six months and nineteen days. Birdie was unusually bright for one of her age. Five weeks ago she took scarlet fever, from which she partially recovered, when dropsy set in, causing her death. She was cheerful and playful, to the day before her death. Thursday morning, she occupied her little chair by her father's side at family worship, as usual. In the afternoon, the father left for Synod, thinking of no danger. Saturday morning he received a telegram, "Come at once, Birdie, is worse," but before he reached home, life had fled. Another cradle is empty. Another little chair is vacant at family worship.

"Dearest Birdie thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal."

The following is on her tomb-stone :

"Farewell, dearest Bertha, thy spirit hath fled,
Forever with Jesus to be,
To rest on the bosom of him, who hath said,—
'Let the little ones come unto me.'"

O how we missed her. Only those who have had a similar experience, know what it is, to part

with a child, just at that age, when they are most interesting, yet God knows best, and much as we felt our loss, we felt that it was her gain, and that we *now* had a jewel in Heaven, and we hope to meet her again. Before she died she told her mother, "I don't want my doll babies any more," and to the last she plead "Mamma sing—mamma sing." Thus she died, while mamma sang for her with bleeding heart and weeping eyes.

While here I preached the funeral sermon for Grandmother Martz, mother-in-law to Rev. E. A. Sharretts, who was present, and was at the time pastor of the Espy charge. Being near the river, and in a malarial district, I took malarial fever, and was again disabled through August and September.

In October I received a letter from Rev. A. W. Lentz, stating that he had resigned the White Deer charge, and he desired to know whether I thought that charge would be any better for me; that it consisted of two churches, three miles apart, and consequently I would not have the exposure I had on a large field, and could be at home every night, and thus avoid the change of beds in the winter, which was necessary where I was, and is so injurious to health; and that it was not in a malarial district. He also stated, that if I would come they would elect me, and give me a call without preaching visit sermons, as I had preached once in each church three years previous. I re-

plied, that if they elected me, and gave me a call without visiting them, I would not assume the responsibility of saying no, under the circumstances, as this charge was too laborious for me, required too much exposure, and was in a malarial district, while the other was not. Consequently they elected me, made me a call, and sent a committee over to see me. I accepted the call, and resigned the Briar Creek charge. Thus ended my labor on my first charge, because I was not sufficiently strong for the work on that laborious field.

During my sickness with the fever, the friends in Martzville made us a surprise "pound party" one evening. The charge had been very pleasant for us, being our old home, and we got along very pleasantly together. My resignation was reluctantly accepted, and *only* accepted at all, because of my physical condition, all believing the change would be for my good. So farewell to our native place once more, and perhaps for the last time. O, I would like to have remained near my old home all my remaining days, but it could not be, so goodby.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MOVE TO WHITE DEER. A GRAND RECEPTION. SILVER WEDDING. A PLEASANT CHARGE. ETC.

I resigned Briar Creek to take effect November 30th, and my work to begin on White Deer, December 1st, 1881.

At Orangeville I was exposed to the small-pox the last time I preached there, but it had just broke out, and the first victim died on Saturday before the small-pox had made their appearance on her body, hence it was not known, and she being a highly respected lady, many stopped in to see her on their way to church, as she lay a corpse. But before church was out the small-pox made their appearance, and it was pronounced such by the physicians, and caused quite an excitement.

I published my farewell sermon for two weeks, but the small-pox prevailed at the time, so that I could not preach. We shipped our goods by rail to Allenwood, and goods and family arrived in the parsonage about noon, December 1st, 1881. We found the house full of kind friends, who had come to make us welcome, and help fix up in the new home, and a very pleasant time was had. Here

we found a fine parsonage. It was a large, new house, built but three years, and stood near the "Stone Church." Also convenient to the school.

White Deer was a very convenient and pleasant charge. It consisted of two churches, three miles apart, good roads, and located in the beautiful White Deer valley, ten miles from the City of Williamsport, and convenient to the railroads. The people are generally well to do farmers, intelligent, social and kind. Indeed the most social people I have ever met. I had served in part of the valley as an Evangelical preacher, from 1862 to 1864, and therefore was not entirely a stranger here. Being most kindly received, I went to work on the new field, and soon became acquainted with the membership, and strongly attached to the people and place. And it is yet the most home like, to me, of any place on earth. At the Frame Church we had a Christmas entertainment, and I was made the recipient of seven dollars in cash. This congregation I found in good condition with an intelligent membership, a flourishing Sunday-school and excellent singing. At the Stone Church we had a larger congregation and membership. Also a larger sabbath school, but things were not in as good trim as at the other church at the time, and the choir had gone down entirely, hence the singing was not so good. But all went to work and things were soon in a better shape. Here a Christmas entertainment was also held, and among

the gifts distributed, was a fine set of glassware, consisting of six pieces for Mrs. D. During the winter I held a meeting at this church, which was well attended and resulted in nineteen accessions at my first communion in May. This was an old church and centrally located in the valley, and the greatest place for large congregations I ever served. It had been noted for bad order, but I had no trouble, and had excellent order. We reorganized the choir, and had most excellent singing, and by spring everything was in good working order again. I had no meeting at the Frame Church, but had five accessions at our spring communion, including a practicing physician and his wife, and he was our family physician as long as we lived here. During the winter I took a severe cold, which settled on my lungs and I was again under medical treatment.

April 4th was the twenty-fifth anniversary of our wedded life, which was found out by the friends, and they arranged to give us a surprise party in the evening, which was a success, though considerably spoiled by its being a very rainy evening. It was arranged to have at least one hundred present, and to be accompanied by the Elimsport cornet band, but because of the rain, the band did not come. The following report of the event is from the *Lutheran Observer*, as copied from the Williamsport paper.

The Williamsport, Pa., *Sun and Banner* of April 13th, gives the following account by a corre-

spondent of a pleasant occasion. "A lively time was had at the Lutheran parsonage in the White Deer charge, Lycoming county, Pa., on Tuesday evening, the 4th inst., the twenty fifth anniversary of the wedding of the pastor, Rev. H. A. Dietterich and lady. The pastor's children, one son at Selin's Grove, preparing for the ministry, another son in Berwick, and a married daughter at Coles Creek, Columbia county, were all invited to come to a neighboring house, whence they would be conveyed to the home of their parents in the evening, in company with friends. For some reason the son from Selin's Grove was the only one of the children who came. Unfortunately the evening was very dark and rainy, so that many friends, who intended coming, were unable to do so. Some forty or fifty assembled at the parsonage, and while some entertained the pastor and wife in the sitting room, busy preparations were going on in the parlor. Then the door was opened, and all but the pastor and wife were invited in. Soon they were escorted into the parlor, where to their surprise they saw it filled with friends, and in the centre a large table loaded with gifts, consisting of a silver castor, spoons and napkin-rings, glass and china ware, etc. W. E. Metzgar, M. D., made the presentation address. He congratulated them upon the blessings of the past, and hoped they might be continued in the future, and that they might be spared long to enjoy each other's society.

He then asked that these presents be accepted as a token of friendship. The reverend gentleman replied, stating that to himself and lady this was a complete surprise. That they had spent twenty-five years together, had seen many changes, had their ups and downs in life, had seen dark and bright seasons, yet the Lord had been good to them, and they both felt that their "honey moon" was not yet over, and hoped it might continue to the end of life. He assured them that their kindness was highly appreciated, and the gifts most tankfully received. Then all united in singing, 'Together let us sweetly live,' etc. The gifts were now examined, and when the Reverend saw among them a twenty-five pound sack full of sugar, he 'smiled a smile, all over his face,' and jocularly remarked, 'Now I can drink sugar in my coffee.' Supper was then had, which showed a grand display of beautiful cakes, etc. The evening was spent in social chat and music, with Mrs. Mowry at the organ. All passed off 'Merry as a marriage bell,' and the occasion will be long remembered, both by the family and friends."

Synod met in Montoursville, June 8th, 1882, at which time I reported for six months as follows: Accessions, twenty-four; collected for benevolence, $89.98.

CHAPTER XXVII.

VISIT TO COLUMBIA COUNTY. BIRTH OF LITTLE MAUDIE. SYNOD IN SELIN'S GROVE. REMARKABLE FUNERAL. SMALL-POX. ETC., ETC.

In August I visited Columbia county, accompanied by my son Eugene. On the trip I preached in the Asberry M. E. Church, and in the Evangelical Church in Berwick.

In the fall we put a new roof on the one side of the Stone Church. Also painted the outside of the Frame Church and purchased new stoves for it. At the joint council meeting, December 1st, it was resolved to increase my salary fifty dollars, and to make us a joint donation of the two congregations on New Years day, at which time I was to preach for them in the Stone Church at 10 A. M. The donation was a grand success and highly appreciated by us. The congregation here had purchased a valuable silver castor and made it my duty to present it to the organist, Sister Jarrett, all unknown to her. In front of the pulpit we had a communion table with a space in it, to keep the communion set. Here I concealed the castor, and just before dismissing the congregation I asked the organist to meet me in front of the pulpit, but she

hesitated. Her friends in the choir, who had a share in it, urged her to come. She finally did so, and we met at the table, when I addressed her as follows: "Dear sister, I have the pleasure of addressing you as our organist, in behalf of this congregation. We as a congregation feel the importance of good church music. We regard it as an important part of divine worship. No doubt, singing will be our chief employment in the glory world, to which we are hastening. One year ago we, as a congregation, were very deficient in this respect. But fortunately you came to our help, took hold of the organ, and calling to your assistance willing helpers, have furnished us with most excellent music for the past six months. Our hearts have often been made to *burn* within us, while listening to your sweet anthems and hymns of praise. And as a slight token of our appreciation of your valuable services, permit me in the name of this congregation to present you with this New Year's gift, a beautiful castor, (and placed it on the stand before her). As this castor is designed to occupy a central position on your table, may it ever be plentifully surrounded with rich viands, and yourself, with willing and able helpers in the choir. And when you partake of your food, you will remember that it will be unpalatable unless properly seasoned with the spices these bottles are calculated to contain. So are our services dull, unless properly flavored with good music. And

as this castor is bright and beautiful, so may your pathway through life be pleasant and prosperous. As it is untarnished, so may there never anything occur to mar the kindly feelings that exist between us and yourself, as congregation and organist. I ask you, again, to kindly accept this our free will offering, and may the Lord grant you a happy New Year, and you, assisted by the choir, continue to enliven our services with your happy songs."

She could only say "Thank you"—and I pronounced the benediction.

Here November 26th, 1882, our last child was born. It was a bright little girl and received the name *Olive Maud*, but we always called her *Maudie*. She was a bright and beautiful child, and we were so fond of her, as she appeared to resemble little Birdie so much, whose place she had apparently come to fill, for our hearts were yet so sad and lonely over her death. Yet she was permitted to stay with us but a short time, and then passed on before, to join her sister in the land of bliss, leaving us to follow on.

Synod met in Selin's Grove, Pa., May 30th, 1883, at which time I reported fifteen accessions and collected for benevolence, one hundred and six dollars and seventy-two cents, and local objects, not including salary, two hundred and twenty-four dollars, thus advancing all along the line. Peace and harmony prevailed and all things were pleas-

ant on the charge. At this synod I had the exceeding great pleasure of taking Brother D. A. Day, our missionary in Africa, by the hand once more, and we had a pleasant time together, talking over the past and the present. He again returned to Africa, where he still is doing a good work.

I preached a number of funeral sermons during the year, one of which was remarkable in that, that the brother buried was Philip Dietterich, and the preacher and five bearers were of the same name, all cousins. I shortly afterward preached the funeral sermon for his widowed mother. This was a remarkable family, in that one son and two daughters were deaf mutes. These were members of the Frame Church.

Here at my communions I had the deaf, the mute, the blind and the whole, all to surround the Lord's Table together, to commemorate the Saviours dying love. At my first communion I administered the communion to nine sick and aged persons at their homes, all of whom passed over to the goodly land in about one year's time.

My work had been very much interrupted, especially at the Stone Church, by the small-pox, which broke out in that neighborhood in January, 1883. We had several cases, two of whom died. The first one died the evening I was to begin my meeting there. Myself and family were very much exposed to it, but were spared. Churches, schools

and everything were closed for seven weeks, and consequently I could hold no meeting there, and the accessions reported were the result of a meeting in the Frame Church, held in the fall.

Here, in the fall, one Sabbath morning we burried Sister Milt. Berger, and in the afternoon we burried the twin children of Mr. Morehart in one coffin. Also the same fall I buried Grandmother Woltman, aged ninety-six years, and about the same time we burried a child of Brother Henry Decker, and one of Brother John Howser's, at the same hour, and I preached for them. All burried in a short time and in the same grave yard. Thus ended the Synodical year, an eventful one in some respects.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MOST SUCCESSFUL MEETING OF MY MINISTRY. SYNOD IN WILLIAMSPORT. A MOST PLEASANT AND PROSPEROUS YEAR. SORE AFFLICTION. SAD BEREAVEMENT. A WEDDING UNDER SOLEMN CIRCUMSTANCES. ETC.

In August myself and wife with little Maudie, visited our relatives in Columbia county, spending two weeks with them, and had a very pleasant time.

In the fall I held a meeting in the Frame Church which was quite successful and resulted in nineteen accessions at our communion in January, 1884. After the above meeting I had the most successful meeting of my ministry in the Stone Church, which continued six weeks, and resulted in sixty-five conversions and forty-eight accessions. This was the best meeting of my ministry up to that time. Here March 2nd, I held communion and admitted at one time forty-eight members, the largest number I ever admitted at one time, twenty-nine of whom were married people. Among the number was our son George, and three of our daughters, Laura, Sallie and Tillie. Also our son

Elmer E., by certificate from the Evangelical Association. O, I thought it the proudest day of my life. To God be all the glory, for—"Paul may plant and Apollos may water, but the increase must come from God."

Synod met in Williamsport, June 11th, 1884. At this synod I reported sixty-six accessions, and collected for benevolence one hundred and twenty-six dollars and fifteen cents. Local objects, not including salary, two hundred and twenty-nine dollars and thirty-five cents. Truly a great work.

I was appointed as alternate to preach on the subject of benevolence before Synod, F. P. Manhart, principal, and being present, he preached.

Here I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Rev. F. W. Conrad, D. D., editor of the *Lutheran Observer*. I had never met him before, but here we were both entertained by the same family. I also heard his lecture on "Luther and the Reformation."

This spring we recarpeted the Stone Church, and put up some additional buildings on the parsonage lot. In the fall by a public effort in both congregations, we secured the funds and paid the debt still resting on the parsonage, and thus freed the charge of all indebtedness. *Surely*, this was a most pleasant and prosperous year. I felt to thank God, and take courage.

But as St. Paul was "caught up to the third heaven, where he heard unspeakable words," saw

such sights, and experienced such ecstacy, that he "knew not whether in the body, or out of the body"—only to prepare him for the greater suffering for the Master—and as this glorious revelation was followed by "a thorn in the flesh," so my bright and successful year was followed by *dark* clouds, sore afflictions, and deep bereavement.

In February, 1884, my eldest daughter, whose husband was a blackshith, moved to our place, where he carried on his trade. In November their second son took diphtheria, and died on the nineteenth, aged a little over two years. The night of his death I went to their house and back again, three times. It was but a short distance, but the snow was falling quite fast all the time. The consequence was, I took a severe cold, which again aroused my throat trouble. I lost my voice, and from the day of his funeral I was confined to the house most of the time, until Spring, and unable to preach again, until Easter Sunday, April 5th, when our son Eugene preached for me in the Frame Church, and I preached in the home church with good success. The first five weeks of my sickness Maudie was my constant companion in the room, as I was not confined to bed. She did all in her power to cheer me, and make me comfortable. If I would lie down on the lounge to rest, or to sleep, she would place the little pillow from her doll cradle under my head, and cover me with the little quilt. Then when I arose, she would get

a little play dinner and call me—"Papa, dinna weddy, Papa, dinna weddy," and we would eat together and thus pass our time as pleasantly as she could make it, on her part.

At the end of five weeks, on Saturday evening, she and our little grandson romped and played together as jolly as ever, until nine o'clock, when he went home, and she to bed. When I went to bed she was asleep, but I noticed there was something wrong, and before morning she was very sick. The doctor called it membranous croup, but I always believed it to be croupal diphtheria, from which she suffered most severely, until Tuesday evening, at six o'clock, when she breathed her last. O how suddenly—how unexpectedly she was taken away from us. And O, how I, especially, missed her, and I shall never forget the last time we embraced each other, as her mother carried her on her arm, while she struggled for breath. No more will I hear her sweet little voice saying "Papa, dinna weddy." Mother was obliged to sing for her to the last, as she would plead "Mamma sing, Mamma sing." She sang for her until she thought her very heart would break, as she saw her child struggle for breath, and yet plead "Mamma sing, Mamma sing." But the end came and she went to join little Birdie, on the ever green shore, where by God's grace we hope to meet them again She died December 23rd, 1884, and was burried on

Christmas day. Rev. S. G. Shannon officiated at her funeral. I was unable to leave the house, but could see them as they bore her across the way, and laid her to rest by the side of little Archie, with whom she had played all summer, until his death in November. When Archie, our grandson, was burried she saw him in the coffin, with a bunch of flowers in his hand, which she admired and talked about so much and on Saturday, when she took sick in the evening, she said to a neighbor who came in, "Archie has posies; he's gone to live with the angels, and I am going to live with them too." We looked at her with astonishment. But now she has gone as she said.

The following appeared in the *Lutheran Observer* of Jan. 16th, 1885:

"DIETTERICH.—Olive Maud, little daughter of Rev. H. A. and Mrs. Dietterich, pastor at Maple Hill, Lycoming county, Pa., died, December 23rd, 1884, aged two years and twenty-seven days. Christmas was a day of sadness and tears at the Maple Hill parsonage. Two little feet now still; two little hands folded on a lifeless breast; two little eyes, once sparkling bright, now closed forever; one little voice, that brought so much amusement, forever silent—all enclosed in a beautiful white casket, marked with a beautiful silver plate, "Our Darling"—was the cause of the tears, and the gathering of a large congregation to sympathize with brother Dietterich and his family.

Three days before little Maud was well and joyous. She died with that disease so fatal to children, membranous croup. Rev. Dietterich has been sorely afflicted for six weeks, and was unable to attend the funeral. We laid Olive in the snow-bound earth, in the quiet little cemetery at Maple Hill, to sleep till the Master calls."—*S. G. Shannon.*

The Sunday-school at Stone Church had arranged to have an entertainment on Christmas Eve, but because of Maudies serious illness, postponed it to New Year's night. On Christmas Eve. our family were all at home, and Maudie lay in the parlor in the cold embrace of death.

The council and a number of neighbors were in to comfort and assist us, and we were sitting in the kitchen, talking over our afflictions, and arranging for the funeral next day, when a rap was heard at the front door. Eugene opened it, and to his great surprise, here stood a young couple who had come to be married. He invited them in, and gave them seats, and then came and asked me if I could marry them? I said I could, and started for the room, when my wife came to me and said, "You would not marry them when Maudie is lying a corpse, would you?" I replied, I did not think of that, but it is a religious ceremony, and I think there would be no harm in it, but you ask the friends what they think about it, and then report to me, and I will go and speak

to them. When I came in they inquired why the church was not lit up, stating that they had come to attend the entertainment, and when I told them that it had been postponed, because of the circumstances in my family, they said they knew nothing of the sickness and death of our child, as they had come some distance, and both appeared to be completely unnerved, and did not fully recover while there. My wife and the friends soon came in, and said I should marry them, as they could see no wrong in it, and I did so. This is something I presume, but few ministers have done under such circumstances, and a something that has seldom been done.

Being confined to the house all winter, I took to knitting fancy mittens for a passtime, and knit several pair of them. A niece from Columbia county, being to visit us, I told her, if she would buy the yarn, I would knit a pair for her mother. She did so, and I knit them and sent them to her by mail with the following inclosed :

Aunt Rebecca, here's your mittens,
Snug as a pair of kittens.
Dora bought the yarn, the little elf,
I knit them all myself.
Hope they are not too large nor too small,
But just right, and that is all.

After April 5th, I was again able for the work, and my throat has never made me much trouble since. The winter, having been a dark,

gloomy and sad one to us, because of our sad bereavement in the death of our dear little Maudie, and my prolonged affliction and disability, the children and friends resolved to make us one bright spot, and cheer mother, by making her a surprise party on her birtyday, Feb. 17th. I was let into the secret, as my nerves were yet too weak to endure the shock of having them come on to me unexpectedly. All things were arranged to have them meet at our daughters, near by, and then come over in a body. In the evening, as all of us were sitting quietly in the room, and mother was reading, suddenly a rap was heard at the door. We told her to open the door and she did so, and to her utter astonishment some seventy persons came marching in two by two, loaded with eatables, and presents of various kinds. It made her quite nervous for some time. The presents were numerous and valuable. A grand supper was served, and a very pleasant time was had. O how such visits tend to cheer the heart, refresh the soul and drive away the gloom that had all winter hung over our family. God bless these kind visitors. It was her forty-fourth birthday.

The following letter from our eldest son, who was then at Pennsylvania College, was received that evening. Also a pair of large handsome towels with her initials worked on them. At my request the letter was publicly read by Mr. Shaffer, and made a deep impression upon all present. It

is so good and so comforting, coming from a son to his parents, that I think it should be preserved, and is worthy a place here, while we carefully preserve the letter as long as we live.

"PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE,

GETTYSBURG, PA., *Feb.* 16*th*, 1885.

My Dear Mother:—

Tomorrow is your birthday. To-day ends another year of your life. They say there is going to be a little gathering in honor of the event. I wish I could attend it. How much pleasure it would give me. If my purse had been as full of money as my heart is full of love for my parents, you would have received the grandest present you ever saw. I knew not what to get. But I knew you would not measure the value of the gift by the amount of money it cost. I bought the towels and Miss Leittle kindly offered to work the initials on them, an offer I very gladly accepted. All I am, or ever hope to be, I owe under God, to my parents. When we look back over our lives, how plainly we see the hand of Providence, mercifully sparing you, and raising you up, when all hope had been given up, adding many years to your life, that you might bless your children, and hand in hand with father, lead them in the way of truth. (He here refers to the time of mother's severe sickness in Elliottsburg when she was given up to die, having made all the arrangements for her funeral, and

bade farewell to the family, taking each by the hand as she did so.) How thankful we, your children ought to be, and I hope are, that we have such kind, good, loving parents. How we should love you both for what you have been to us. I hope and pray God, that he may spare you many years, give many and happier birthdays to you, to the joy of your children, and the comfort of father. May you live to see your children all grow up Godly men and women, useful in the church, honored by all who know them, and a comfort to your declining years. If we follow the example you set us, and the advice you give us, our living in the world will not be in vain. May God richly bless you both, grant that the afternoon of your lives may be long and pleasant as an afternoon in midsummer, finally give you a glorious sunset and a happy entrance into the Everlasting Rest, prepared for his people. May you see many sheaves gathered where you have sown, and have many stars in the crown of your rejoicing.

Your loving son

EUGENE."

Noble words from a son to his parents. Worthy to be written in letters of gold, God bless him, and make him a blessing. A son with such love to his parents, will certainly be blessed of God. O that all our children may be blessed of God, and as he says, "grow up Godly men and

women, useful in the church, honored by all who know them," then, indeed, will they be a "comfort to us in our declining years." God grant it. Amen.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SYNOD IN BLOOMSBURG. HARVEST HOME. ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN. REPAIRS ON THE FRAME CHURCH. CALL TO ROSSVILLE CHARGE, YORK CO.

Synod met in Bloomsburg, June 10th, 1885, at which my report was not so cheering, having lost the entire winter's work. I reported accessions four, collected for benevolence $163.87, including $84.96 collected by Rev. W. H. Diven for Missionary Institute, Selin's Grove.

On Saturday, during Synod, I went home to marry a couple, and when I returned in the evening my wife accompanied me. On Sabbath I had the honor of preaching the Synodical Communion Sermon before that body. After the adjournment of Synod, we spent a few days visiting friends in Berwick and Briar Creek, and I preached one evening in the Evansville Evangelical church, D. P. Cline, pastor. This was the home of my wife's parents, and in this church we had both been converted, and here I received my first license in February, 1859.

This year and the following year we held what I termed a union harvest home, basket picnic, to

which all the ministers and churches in the valley were invited. They were held at my suggestion. All brought their dinners with them. We had seats arranged in the grove with a stand or pulpit, decorated with the various grains and fruits of the season. In the forenoon a sermon was preached, and in the afternoon a children's meeting was held, at which we had appropriate singing and addresses to the children by the various ministers present. A general good time was had, enjoyed by old and young, and it tended to promote sociability among the different churches.

In the winter I held a successful meeting in the Frame Church, resulting in fifteen conversions and thirteen accessions. At the Stone Church we had but five accessions. One of the young men converted at the Frame Church, and whom I admitted to membership, was kicked by a horse and killed in hay-making. I preached his funeral sermon, and thought, what a blessing that he had become converted, and had not, like so many put it off until next year, and so death overtaken him thus stddenly, and he unprepared.

This fall, 1886, in connection with my other work, I organized a congregation at Montgomery Station, and thus started our work there, where we now have a fine church and congregation.

This spring, 1886, the family and friends thought they would surprise me on my birthday, which occurs, April 21st, and they did it effectually.

Busy preparations were going on for some time, unknown to me, and birthday was never mentioned in my presence, even in my family. After dinner myself and wife went to spend the afternoon with a family of members, and to baptize their child. Another family of members were to be present also, and have their child baptized. As we left home I thought, no one thinks of this being my birthday. At the supper table, when I had finished my supper, I shoved back from the table, and as I did so remarked, this is my last supper in my forty-eighth year. My wife said, "You should not have told them that," and all appeared to be quite surprised that this was my birthday, and the good sister of the house, being a very jolly woman, took after me to pull my ears, and chased me entirely out of the house, and all had considerable sport over it. I was purposely detained until a little late before we started home. When we arrived in sight of the house, I remarked to my wife, the girls must be going to bed already, for I see light upstairs. Arrived a little closer, I said, I wonder what is going on, the whole house is lit up, and yet I did not take the hint until she replied, "I guess you are sold to the dutch." I then understood it. Arrived home, about ninety persons were there awaiting our arrival, and supper was ready. I then learned that it had been purposely arranged by my wife and the family we visited, that we should come out there on that particular day, and I now

understood why they had supper so late. It was to keep us there, until all things should be ready for us at home. It was to me, indeed, a complete surprise. We had a nice time, and presents amounting to some fifty dollars were brought, besides the supper.

I will now let a correspondent tell the rest, as he was present and made the presentation speech, and he did it well, being an old friend of mine for some twenty years. I copy his report from the county paper.

"A PLEASANT BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.

One of those pleasant events, which seem to break up the monotony of life, took place at the Stone Church, near Maple Hill, in White Deer valley, last Wednesday evening. The pastor, Rev. H. A. Dietterich, being forty-eight years of age on that day, his family and friends concluded to surprise him. The affair was gotten up chiefly by his wife and children. Accordingly it was arranged for him to go visiting on that day, and on coming home about eight o'clock in the evening, what was his surprise to find the parsonage in charge of about ninety of his friends and neighbors. The minister acknwleged "sold," and gracefully and cheerfully accepted the situation. Many handsome presents had been bought, among which was a very fine arm-chair, presented by his children and a few friends. A pair of gold spectacles, a gift

from his children. But the most curious and attractive article, was a hair watch guard, made by Miss Lizzie Hulsizer. This was truly a wonderful piece of workmanship, and goes to show the degree of perfection to which the young lady has attained in that direction. The seal, hook and other ornaments were furnished by the young men of the neighborhood. Many other beautiful and useful presents were given. When the party had all assembled in the parlor, Rev. Dietterich was brought in, when Mr. Wm. Richart of New Columbia, made a short presentation speech, to which the pastor replied in eloquent and impressive language. A bountiful supper was served, the table fairly groaning under its load of cakes and other good things. After supper excellent music was furnished by the young people with Mrs. Mowry at the organ. After a general chat and good time the crowd began to disperse at near midnight, feeling that it had been time pleasantly and profitably spent. SCHYZZYCHKZX."

April 24th, 1886.

Synod met in Hughesville, June 13th, 1887. In the fall we repaired and refitted the Frame Church. Indeed made a *new* church of it, and it was reopened, January 2nd, 1887—at which time I was assisted by Rev. J. A. Wirt, President of Synod, and Rev. S. G. Shannon of Sunbury, at which time the indebtedness was all provided for.

This winter I held no meetings, the roads and

weather being bad most of the time, and my health was not so good.

In January I received a very pressing invitation to visit the Rossville charge, York county, Pa., with the view of becoming their pastor. After due consideration, I consented to visit them, and did so in February. After preaching in the different congregations, I returned home on Tuesday evening, and on Thursday evening about seventy-five of the Stone Church congregation, made us a surprise donation, and a very pleasant time was had. This charge, besides these special donations, and birthday parties, made us a joint donation of the two congregations every year about New Year's day. They were the most liberal in that way of any people I ever served. Such gatherings I think are calculated to cultivate sociability among the people, and while we appreciated the gifts very highly, and they came *very* good to us, I appreciated the spirit manifested even more than the gifts, if possible. O how cheering! That same evening I received a call to become pastor of the Rossville charge, stating that I had been unanimosly elected, and that it was the ardent wish of all, that I should accept it, and become their pastor. I now hardly knew what to do, but finally accepted it for the following reasons:

First. I had been here now over five years, and I thought perhaps, it would be as well for the charge to have a change.

Second. On account of my health. My physician told me it would be better for me to go to the southern part of the state, as the changes in the weather were not so extreme there. And

Third. I felt that perhaps the Lord had a work for me to do on the Rossville charge, as all appeared over anxious that I should become their pastor, as I was well known in that county, having spent two years on part of the same territory, as Evangelical preacher, namely, from the spring of 1870 to 1872. I finally wrote to the council, accepting the call, my work to begin, April 1st, 1887.

The following Sabbath I resigned the White Deer charge, my work to end with March. After some protest, my resignation was accepted, to take effect at the time specified. I now began to make arrangements to move, made public sale of horse, buggy, sleigh, cow and most of our household furniture.

I preached my farewell sermons in both churches on the last Sabbath in March, to large and deeply affected congregations, at which time I gave the following summing up of my work on the charge :

I preached six hundred and fifty-nine sermons, attended eigty-eight funerals, and married forty-one couples ; I baptized fifty-nine infants, and admitted to church membership : By baptism twenty-eight, by confirmation fifty-four, by certificate

twenty-one, and by restoration twenty-five, making a total of one hundred and twenty-eight. When I came here I found a membership of one hundred and seventy-five. I now leave with two hundred and twenty, a net gain of forty-five. The Sabbath-schools numbered two hundred and fourteen, now two hundred and eighty-five, a net gain of seventy-one. We raised for benevolence $681.05, for parsonage debt, church repairs and local expenses, not including salary, $1313.27. Thus a good work has been accomplished, and I leave the charge in much better condition, than I found it. May God bless and prosper his work more abundantly on this charge in the future, than in the past, is my prayer. Amen.

Myself and family were very strongly attached to this people. They treated us very kindly and made us many valuable presents. They are very sociable, and while we, no doubt, had our enemies on the charge, yet we felt that we left behind us many very warm friends, and shall ever remember them with the fondest recollection, and with gratitude. White Deer is the most home like to me, of any spot on earth. We have many ties there, and there I desire to be burried, when my work is done. God bless that dear people, and may we meet again on the "ever green shore," there to talk over the past and recount God's mercies together forever. Amen.

The next meeting of Synod was in Watsontown, and I had been appointed to preach the preparitory sermon, but moving out of the synodical district, I could not attend its meeting.

CHAPTER XXX.

FAREWELL WHITE DEER. HAIL ROSSVILLE. AFFLICTED WITH TYPHOID FEVER. SUCCESS. ETC.

On Saturday morning, April 2nd, 1887, I bade farewell to White Deer, having spent the night with our eldest daughter in Allenwood, and took the train for the new field. I arrived in Dillsburg about three o'clock, where one of the brethren, the Hon. Charles Williams, met me, and conveyed me to his house, where I was entertained over night. Sabbath morning he conveyed me to the Filey's Church, and in the afternoon to Mount Zion Church, and I preached my introductory sermons in these two churches, the one at 10-30, and the other at 2-30, to large congregations.

Having shipped our goods before I left, my wife remained, and spent the Sabbath with our two married daughters in Allenwood, and our children had gone to Columbia county on a visit. On Wednesday I returned to Harrisburg, where I met my family, and we remained over night with Mr. Shutter, my brother-in-law. Thursday morning we left by rail for Dillsburg, where we were met by friends and conveyed to Rossville, arriving at the parsonage about noon.

We found our goods there and a number of friends, with dinner ready, awaiting our arrival. Rossville is a small town, seven miles from railroad, located on the "Old York" road, leading from Carlisle, Cumberland County, to York city, York county. Fixed up in our new home, I purchased an excellent horse on Saturday for two hundred dollars cash, and on Sabbath preached my introductory sermons at Rossville and the Rohler's Churches, and thus began my work on the new field.

Rossville charge was a laborious field, consisting of four churches, two of which were quite distant, making a drive of twenty three miles, from the time I left home, until I arrived there again. Then, too, the roads are very hilly and rough. But this was one object in my accepting it. Being a chronic dyspeptic, I thought I needed more out door exercise, and less study. But I soon found that the exposure to bad roads and bad weather necessary here, was more injurious to me, than the study, with the care I could take of myself on a smaller field, so it did not prove to be a benefit, but rather an injury to me.

May 2nd, accompanied by my delegate, I drove to conference for the first time in the West Penn'a. Synod, which met in Glenville, in the lower end of the county. It was in a very good country church, but decidedly "dutch." The family by whom we were entertained, were young

farmers, and very kind, but they ate, drank, slept, thought and talked "dutch," and could understand but little English. When we got to the church, here they also wanted everything in German, and it was all too "dutch" for me, so we remained two nights and one day, and then started home in the morning. We came by way of York city, and my delegate having been Director of the York county Alms House, located in the city, stopped there for dinner, and I was shown through these buildings, which are very fine indeed, and the inmates are well cared for. We arrived home about five o'clock, and I found my wife very sick. She took sick the day I left for Conference, and her condition had become so alarming, that they telegraphed for me, but having left before the message was delivered at the church, it failed to reach me, and when I arrived at home she had improved some, and in due time was well again.

We had District Sunday-school Conventions in three of my churches this year. Rossville, Filey's, and Rohler's. The first two were well attended, interesting, and a grand success. The last was not so well attended, and was a failure.

In the fall and winter before leaving White Deer charge, I had married several couples, and the next summer, for some cause, the one couple parted. Soon after their separation we received two letters from friends on the charge, and among other things they said, "You did not tie that knot

right, for they have parted already." So I must make some reply, and get out of it as best I could. I picked up the Almanac and looked at the sign in which they were married. It was in the decrease, and consequently dark of the moon. The little moon pointed down, and the sign was in the Lion. I thought, good enough, here is a chance for me. So I wrote to them, that I was sorry the couple had separated, but the fault was not mine. It is because of the *sign* in which they were married. Being in the dark of the moon, would prevent them from seeing each other's good qualities. Being in the decrease of the moon, would cause their affections for each other to decrease. The little moon pointing down would naturally draw their affections from their hearts to their feet. And the sign being in the Lion, which is the King of beasts, would spring between them and shake his shaggy mane at them, and no man could tie a knot to hold against such odds. I hope this explanation will be satisfactory. They took a hearty laugh over it, and replied that it was satisfactory. I am not much of a believer in signs, but this would serve my purpose in this case.

In August, the Evangelics held a camp-meeting but a few rods from the parsonage. I attended it all through, except on Sunday, and preached once for them. It was a great treat for me, to meet my old brethren in the ministry, some of whom I had been associated with for eighteen

years in the itinerancy. But the camp was not a success. I think the day for camp-meetings is past, and they have become so degenerated, that they do more harm than good. I am very sure it was the case here. Money making by Sunday traffic, appeared to be the object, rather than the accomplishment of good. Hence everything was sold on Sabbath, by consent of the committee, except strong drink. Photograph wagons were taking pictures within a few rods of the ground on Sabbath, and no effort was made on their part to prevent it. God cannot be pleased with such Sabbath desecration, and hence the meeting was worse than a failure, and should be so, where such things are allowed.

I give a sample of one picture taken at this camp on Sabbath. It was that of four young men, two of them were playing cards, the one had a bottle and a glass, and was taking a drink, while the fourth stood with a revolver pointed at him. In six weeks after this was taken, two of them were dead, and they died as they lived, after a few days with typhoid fever. O what a picture for a mother to find in the pocket of a deceased son! No wonder she was most wild over his death. And this was continued until I had the esquire notified, and he ordered them away, so they left.

The crops in this country were a failure. The wheat especially, and none of the grain or fruit

crops were full, but the most complete failure I ever saw. September 8th, our daughter Sallie took her bed with typhoid fever, and was there for six weeks. She had a severe attack of it, and at one time her recovery was considered doubtful. But by the first week in October she was convalescent. She had so far recovered, though yet in bed, that I left for Synod, which met in Newville, Cumberland county, Oct. 12th, 1887. When I returned from Synod, I found my wife sick with the same fever, though in a milder form. Two weeks after she took her bed, Sallie was able to be up again. My wife was in bed four weeks with it, and before she was up, our son Willie took it in a mild form. These were trying times, as it was almost impossible to get help. All were afraid of the fever. I finally succeeded in securing a very good girl, Miss Jennie Krall, but now she took sick and must go home, and at the same time Tillie, our youngest daughter, took it in a very severe form, and was in bed nine weeks. For some time her recovery was dispaired of. Shortly after she took sick, I took it also, and lost five weeks, but had it in a mild form Thus we all had the fever, and for four months and a half, there was one in bed all the time, and part of the time two. But by God's blessing all finally got well. The fever was epidemic in this country this fall, never known to be so before. Our physician had one hundred and six cases, but few deaths. During

our affliction, I married four couples in our house, whom my wife did not see married, though at home.

During the fever in our family, I held a meeting in the Rossville church, which resulted in twenty-five conversions, including our hired girl, and was a very good meeting. The best they had for a number of years. I had engaged to deliver a lecture on Oddfellowship in Literary Hall, Newville, Cumberland county, December 6th, 1887, in the evening. On Sabbath, one week previous, I preached in Mount Zion church, and announced a protracted meeting to begin with a prayer meeting, December 4th, and promised to return to the meeting from Newville on the 7th. When the time came to go to Newville, I was not well, yet having promised, I went. All the lodges in the valley were invited to be present, and excursion tickets were sold at every station from Harrisburg to Chambersburg. Chambersburg and Carlisle lodges were present in a body, and delegations from Mechanicsburg, New Kingston, Mount Holly and Shippensburg were present. In the evening a grand parade was had, when all marched into the Hall, and it was densely packed, and many outside unable to gain admittance.

Rev A. W. Lentz, and an M. E. minister were on the stand with me. The singing was done by a select choir of twenty-five singers. A grand

time was had, and after the lecture a free supper was served to all members of the Order present.

The next day I returned home, and was laid up with the fever, and so did not get to the Mount Zion meeting for five weeks, which was yet in progress, and I continued it one week more, making six weeks in all. It was a grand meeting. Whole families of parents and children were converted, ranging from fourteen to seventy-six years of age. Sixty-five were converted in all. A grand success, and conducted by the friends alone, without preaching, except the last week, when I was present. We see here what the membership may do, if but willing to work. I closed the meeting and then held a meeting in the Filey's Church of three weeks. The meeting was good, resulting in three conversions and valuable accessions. I then began in the Rohler's Church, but being late in the spring, the weather and bad roads were so much against us, that we continued it but a short time and closed with but little accomplished.

On the evening of March 2nd, I received a letter from Mr. J. Calvin Harmon, stating that his mother had died, the funeral to take place on the 4th, at 10 A. M., and it was her request that I should preach her funeral sermon, and they desired to have her wishes gratified, if possible, and I should come without fail. I left the next morning for the funeral by rail. Sister Harmon was the

wife of Benjamin Harmon, and members of the church on the White Deer charge, which I had served over five years, and had left less than one year ago. She had been very kind to us. The funeral was on Sabbath, and largely attended, thus affording me the pleasure of seeing many of my old friends and acquaintances. I was assisted by the pastor, Rev. Stroup. Rev. Rentz was also present. Sister Harmon was a charter member of the first "Grange" organized in the state, and her Grange was present in a body. The funeral took place in the Lutheran Church in Black Hole valley, Lycoming county, Pa. The next week I stopped to see my daughters in Allenwood and Watsontown, and then returned home. Thus closed my first year on the Rossville charge, April 1st, 1888.

While we had our severe affliction in the fall, yet all had recovered, and the friends from Zion and Rohler's made us liberal donations, and Rossville also remembered us kindly. We had also met with good success, having had ninety-two conversions on the charge, greatly increased our benevolence, and upon the whole we could "thank God and take courage.

All our children were to visit us during the year, except one son. This year, in June, our eldest son, J. Eugene, entered the active ministry by accepting a call to the Friesburg charge in New Jersey. O I am so glad to see one of my sons in the work, before I am disabled, and another on the

way. May they be men of God, and be able to carry forward the work of the Master more successfully than I have done.

"When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave."

Amen.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SECOND YEAR AT ROSSVILLE. DEATH OF MY ONLY SURVIVING SISTER. FAILING HEALTH. ETC.

My second year at Rossville began, April 1st, 1888, and at my spring communions, I admitted to church membership in the different congregations, forty-seven new members, thus greatly increasing the membership and giving a new impetus to the work on the entire charge.

This spring our son Elmer spent one week with us, just before the commencement exercises at Selin's Grove. He was with me over the Sabbath of our communion in the Rohler's church. I had preparatory services on Saturday afternoon, and he was present. He then preached for me in the evening. On Sabbath morning I had my communion, after which we drove twelve miles over a very hilly road to a funeral at two o'clock, near the Filey's Church. The services were held in the church, and it was one of the largest funerals I think I ever attended, there being over six hundred people present. It was an elderly man that was buried. At one time he was very active in the church, an official, a leader of the prayer meeting, a lively exhorter, and almost a preacher, but

he had fallen from grace, and died a drinking man. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." When I inquired why so many were at the funeral, the reply was, "They came to hear what the preacher would say about him," and they did hear it. When I came to speak of the dead, I said, it is useless for me to say anything of the dead, as you knew him much better than I did. We leave him in the hands of the Lord, knowing that he will do what is right. He was the *worst* man I ever *saw*, if he had *no* good qualities. And he was the *best* man I ever saw, if he had no *failings*. Therefore bury his *faults* with his body, and copy what was good in him.

After the funeral we returned to Rossville and he preached for me there in the evening. Thus we drove twenty-four miles, held communion, attended the funeral and held the evening services. A big days work. His preaching was very much appreciated by myself and the people.

A few weeks previous I had a very large funeral in the Mount Zion Church. It was the funeral of Mr. Henry Sprenkle, a young man who had been converted at the meeting there but a few months previous. He died very happy. Just before his death, he called his parents, brothers and sisters to his bedside, and talked to them, and made all the arrangements for his funeral. He selected his burying place, his bearers, the hymns to be sung at his funeral, the scripture lesson to be

read, and me to preach the funeral sermon, selecting my own text. He then divided his personal effects, among them, presenting his watch to his father, and a gold ring to his mother, bade them goodby and died. Four hundred and fifty persons looked upon his face for the last time, as he lay in his coffin, covered with floral decorations, as it stood at the altar in the church, where but a few months previous, he had kneeled as a penitent, and then arose as a sinner, saved by grace, and happy in redeeming love. O what a blessing that he had sought the Lord, and thus prepared for an early death. None doubted his salvation, but if his death had occured a few months sooner, it had been otherwise. "O there is *danger* and *death* in delay."

May 14th, I attended Conference in New Freedom, Rev. E. Miller, D. D. pastor, at which time I read an essay on "Luther's work and experience at the Wartburg," by appointment of the committee on programme, which was highly complimented and may appear in this book.

In July our eldest son, Eugene, spent a Sabbath with us and preached for me in the Mount Zion and Filey Churches to the great satisfaction of all, and I was greatly pleased to have the privilege of hearing both of our sons preach for the first time, and I was fully satisfied that by God's blessing, both would make "able ministers of the New Testament." O what a consolation to a

father. I almost felt to exclaim, "Now Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." But the one has not yet completed his studies, and may need some assistance from me, so it may be best that I should remain a little longer. As the Lord will, so may it be.

This spring I was sent for, to visit three elderly men, who were sick. All three had requested me to preach their funeral sermons. Two were not members of church, the other was a member of the Reformed church, and was prepared to die. One made preparation during his sickness, the other did not. All were afflicted with different deseases, yet it so happened that all three lay a corpse at one time, two to be buried at the same hour, and distant apart, so I could attend but one of them. I was sent for to preach three funeral sermons at one hour, and could preach but one of them, and preached for two of the three referred to, as the third one was buried the day after the first two. The one I missed was the one who had made no preparation for death. I was sent for five funerals that one week, and could preach but for three of them, as three were at one hour, and at different places.

This fall we repaired and improved the Rossville Church, which was very much needed. We made almost a new church of it, at a cost of five hundred dollars, all of which was provided for on the day of reopening, at which time I officiated

alone. We also painted the parsonage. I also dedicated a new Union Church in Fishing Creek valley, York county, assisted by two other brethren, one of the Evangelical Association, and the other of the U. B. Church.

September 3rd, I went to Columbia county, to see my only remaining sister, Mrs. James Kocher, who was lying at the point of death at the time. I arrived there at eight o'clock in the evening, and found her unconscious. She remained in that condition until four in the morning, when she breathed her last. I then went to visit my brother-in-law up Fishing Creek valley, intending to return to the funeral, but took sick, and was unable to attend the funeral at all. She had been a most active and worthy member of the Baptist Church for many years, and lived and died a most excellent christian lady. Her eldest son is a minister in the Baptist Church. Thus the last of my sisters is gone, and but three of our family are now living.

After I had recovered sufficiently, I returned home, resolved never to go so far from home again, unless in case of necessity, and I never have. September 26th completed my thirty years in the ministry, at which time I preached anniversary sermons in each of my churches to large and deeply interested congregations from the text in 1 Cor. xv. 10—"By the grace of God I am what I am," having announced it previously.

This fall I preached the funeral sermon for a

young man, Mr. Comfort, who was accidently killed by a falling tree, while assisting his father in cutting timber near Rossville.

October 10th, 1888, I attended our Synod, which met in New Oxford, Adams county, at which time I reported forty-seven accessions.

In the fall we had a very successful meeting in the Rohler's Church, resulting in a number of conversions, and important accessions to the church.

But now my health began to fail, and I became so feeble, that I was unable to hold meetings in the other churches, and frequently unable, even to fill my regular appointments.

On New Year's day the Mount Zion and Filey's congregations made us a liberal donation. After a most excellent dinner, which they had brought with them, we had a prayer and experience meeting together, and God's power was wonderfully manifested in our midst. All felt that it was "good to be there," and it was a time long to be remembered. Rossville also visited us one evening loaded with gifts, accompanied by the Rossville Cornet Band, which furnished most excellent music for the occasion. The following account of which appeared in a York paper, written by myself:

PASTOR DIETTERICH SURPRISED.

ROSSVILLE, *Feb.* 19th, 1889.

If a stranger had stood on the square in Ross-

ville on the evening of the 15th, and seen the "hurrying to and fro in hot haste," especially among the ladies, and had seen the ladies and gentlemen flocking together from every direction, until quite a crowd had assembled, they might have inquired with astonishment, "What meaneth all this commotion?" But about half-past seven the order to "fall in" was given, when all marched down Church street to the parsonage, when a halt was called

Meanwhile the parson and family were quietly seated in their sitting room, the parson busily engaged in reading and the different members of his family were variously employed, when suddenly a rap was heard at the door. Miss Sallie stepped to the door to see who was there, when about forty ladies and gentlemen marched in two by two, all armed with packages. The parson and his lady seeing that resistance would be useless against such odds, quietly submitted to the overpowering numbers, who took peaceable possession and proceded to the kitchen, where they unloaded and, being rid of their burdens, proceded to have a pleasant evening. Soon another rap was heard at the door and when it was opened, here stood the Rossville Cornet Band, Prof. D. W. Smyser at the head. They were invited in and given a room where they furnished excellent music for the eveniny. The evening was spent in social chat, playing innocent games by the young, and music by the band.

Some fifty in all were present, and when they left for their homes, at a seasonable hour, all left their packages behind and the pastor and family found themselves much richer in groceries, feed, etc., than before. Before separating the pastor expressed thanks of himself and family to all for their friendly visit, inviting them back again, when all united in singing, after which the reverend gentleman offered prayer. These were all from the Rossville congregation.

Some forty friends from the Filey's and Mount Zions congregations made the pastor a liberal donation visit on New Year's day also.

The pastor says such visits are very cheering to a minister, and while the gifts are highly appreciated, the kindly feeling manifested is above all cheering to the pastor and helps to disperse many a dark cloud that gathers over his head in doing the work of the Master. May the good Lord bless and abundantly reward all the participants in these friendly visits. A.

My health continued to decline, and I felt that I could not endure the exposure necessary on so large a field, and told the friends so. In April we arranged to go to Williamsport, Pa., to consult Dr. Koser, a celebrated specialist, and place myself under his treatment, as he had treated me very successfully some years before. Just then I received an invitation to visit the Salona charge, with the

view of becoming their pastor, stating that they had announced preaching for me, April 28th, and hoped that I would be able to be with them at that time. I thought this providential and hoped that I might be able to serve them, there being but two churches, and not far apart, and on the way I could consult the doctor and get his advise. So we postponed our visit to the doctor one week, and I wrote to Salona that it would be impossible for me to preach for them on the 28th, but would do so on the 5th of May. I was unable to speak above a whisper at the time, and had been so at times most of the winter.

On Sabbath, March 3rd, I was obliged to drive home nine miles through an immence rain to marry a couple, according to previous promice. Monday and Tuesday it rained most powerfully all the time. Wednesday and Thursday I had a funeral each day, and each one made me some twenty miles drive, and when I got home Thursday evening I was obliged to send for the doctor. Friday evening I was lying on the lounge, and Sallie and Tillie were in the room with me, my wife had gone to Selin's Grove to see our son Elmer, who was dangerously ill at the time.

About seven o'clock the doctor came in to see me, and while he was sitting at the stove warming himself, we had an earth quake, the only one I ever felt. There were two distinct waves, accompanied by a rumbling noise, resembling distant

thunder. It caused the house and lounge, on which I was lying, to sway to and fro, and almost upset the parlor stove. The girls were very much alarmed, and the doctor became quite excited, and springing to his feet, exclaimed, "My God, what was that." I was perfectly calm, and replied it was an earth quake. He then said, "Where is Mrs. Dietterich, perhaps she left something fall upstairs." I said, no, it is an earth quake, for she is in Selin's Grove and there is no one in the house, but what are here in the room. He then ran out of the house to see whether others had heard it, and he found every one excited over it. He then came in and administered to me hurridly and went off up town, where he stopped in the store and found all excited. He then told them how it had excited him, and said he had made use of language in the presence of the preacher, for which he was very sorry, having reference to the expression above referred to.

May 1st, accompanied by my wife, we went to Williamsport and consulted the doctor, and he examined and treated me, and said I should go to Salona and preach for them, and on my return I should stop, and he would perform an operation on me, and I would never have any more trouble with my throat. I went to Salona and was unanimously elected. I then returned to the doctor and he performed an operation in my head, by sawing several bones out of it, through the nostrils, also de-

stroyed a catarral conjestion by electrical cauterisings through the nostril. That is, burning it out with an iron heated to a white heat, and I have never had any trouble with my throat since. On Wednesday I received a call to Salona, and on the doctor's advice, accepted it, my work to begin July 1st, 1889. I then returned home and resigned the Rossville charge, to take effect June 16th.

It was with deep regret that my resignation was accepted, but all knew that it was best for both myself and the charge, as they saw I could not endure the exposure necessary on that charge, and therefore accepted it. I never labored among a people where my labors were apparently more appreciated than here, but it was impossible for me to serve them longer, and so I finished my work on the charge, June 16th

Though my work was very much interrupted the first fall by the fever, and the second winter by my feeble health, yet a good work had been accomplished. The first year we had ninety-two conversions, and I admitted to membership fifty-nine persons. While on the charge I married twenty couples, attended thirty-three funerals, and was sent for ten, I could not attend, and preached three hundred and thirty-seven sermons in all. In addition to this we repaired the Rossville Church, at a cost of five hundred dollars, which was all provided for at the re-opening, at which time I officiated alone. We also painted the par-

sonage, and increased our benevolence from forty-seven dollars and fifty cents, reported by my predecessor, his last year, to one hundred and thirty dollars and twenty-one cents, my last year. Surely a good work had been accomplished, for which the Lord be praised.

One evening during our meeting in the Mount Zion Church, the weather was very inclement, in consequence of which the church was not quite full, and I noticed a young man about the middle of the church, lying stretched out at full length in an empty pew, during almost the entire service. After preaching we labored awhile with the penitents at the altar, and he was yet lying there. I then had the penitents arise and be seated, and I proceeded to give them such instructions and encouragement as I thought they needed. This done, I looked out over the congregation and remarked, we all differ in our views of things. In our likes and dislikes, and the old saying, "Many men of many minds," is a very true one. When my wife and myself took up house-keeping for instance, cord beds were in general use, and hence we used them—but in after years the slat bed became quite general, yet I never liked them. They are too hard for me to lie on, so we stuck to the cord bed until we moved to Rossville, when I purchased a new bed with spiral springs and wool mattress, and this suits me best of all, it is so soft and nice; but there I see a young man who appears to enjoy

lying on the soft side of a pine board, and has lain there all evening—arise and be dismissed, and I pronounced the benediction. The young man crawled up very much ashamed, and ever afterwards could sit up during service, but he did not hear the last about the spring bed for some time to come.

But now I must go, as my time is up. Farewell, Rossville. God bless you, and revive and prosper his work more abundantly among you in the future than in the past. Amen.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MOVE TO SALONA. A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE FLOOD THERE. ETC.

June 18th, 1889, we shipped our goods to Salona by rail, and my family took the train. Willie, our youngest son, and myself drove up with my horse and buggy, and had considerable difficulty to get there. The bridges, and in many places the very road bed had been swept away by the terrible flood of June 1st., the most terrible flood ever known in the state. We were obliged in some instances to take by and round-about roads, and to ford streams, in one instance so deep, that the water came into the buggy-box, which frightened my son very much, but we got through safely. We all spent a few days with our sons-in-law, Mr. J. D. Golders, in Allenwood, Union county, and Mr. W. E. Steckels, in Dewart, Northumberland county. We then visited our old home on the White Deer charge, where we spent several days, and I preached in the home church on Sabbath. Thursday, June 27th, we all arrived in Salona about noon, accompanied by our daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Steckel, who went along to see the place, and to help us in fixing up again in the new home.

But oh, the change in the place. The havoc and destruction caused by the flood is seen everywhere. Settled in the new home, I wrote the following report, July 11th, which appeared in the *Observer* of July 19th.

THE FLOOD AT SALONA, PA.

REV. F. W. CONRAD, D. D.

Dear Brother: Will you please give us a little space in the *Observer*, that we may furnish your many readers with a brief account of the flood in Salona, Clinton county, and how our church fared in this place. I preached my visit sermons here on the 5th of May. It was my first visit to Salona, and I found the town in a flourishing condition, with beautiful homes, a fine parsonage and good congregation. Being unanimously elected, I accepted a call to become their pastor, my work to begin on June 30th. The friends kindly went to work and made the garden and planted the lot so as to have all in an encouraging condition when we should arrive on the field, and the prospects were very cheering. But before the time for moving came I received two communications from Salona, stating that they had been visited by the flood and that I would not find the parsonage or the town as I had seen it when there before. But that they would try to have things as pleasant as possible for us by the time we would arrive.

We arrived in Salona Thursday noon, June 27th. After a most excellent dinner at Brother Benjamin Krape's, we were conveyed to the parsonage. At six o'clock the friends gave us a reception with a sumptuous supper, and a very pleasant time was had.

But the change in the town, parsonage and church far exceeded my utmost apprehensions, and must be seen to be realized. It cannot be described. Salona, I think, is second *only* to Johnstown in loss of life and property, according to population and wealth—in destruction of property at least. Especially is this destruction remarkable when we remember that there is no stream at all flowing through our end of town. There is what is termed the "Dry Run," which flows part of the year, but has been dry ever since and even before the flood.

A few rods below the parsonage quite a stream arises and flows through Salona and empties into the Fishing Creek below town. Fishing Creek is quite a large stream, and did much damage at Mackeyville, Yankey Town, and Mill Hall. What gave rise to the flood in Salona was three immense water spouts on the mountain—one several miles distant near the "East end" of the valley, and two at the Gap, two miles distant, where the road leads to Loganville and into Sugar Valley. And all this water rushed through Salona between midnight and daylight Saturday morning.

Near the "Gap" is a small collection of houses called "Flat Rock." In the "Gap" stood a house occupied by two families. The one family consisted of parents and three children. The other family had but one child. A young lady was also stopping with them at the time. Both husbands were from home, being up the river in the lumber woods. Friday night about midnight these families were awakened by the noise occasioned by the water and drift rushing against the house. They arose, dressed themselves, and seeing no way of escape, took the Bible, read a chapter, knelt together and offered prayer. After worship, all sat themselves upon a bed and awaited results. Soon the house was thrown partly over, the walls gave way, and the bed being on castors, rushed out into the raging waters, with its seven occupants, and all were drowned but the young lady, who was carried some distance and landed on a pile of drift, where she remained until morning, and finally made her escape to a neighboring house, cold, bruised, sore, and almost nude, her clothes being torn from her by the drift through which she was hurried by the rushing stream before she landed, as above referred to. The body of one of the children has not yet been found.

This mighty rush of water reached Salona -about one o'clock in the morning, carrying every thing before it—houses, barns, outbuildings, fences, and in many places the very soil; and where be-

fore had been beautiful yards and fine gardens, nothing but heaps of stones were left. One house, occupied by Brother Whiting and wife, members of our church, was carried away, and both were drowned. Their four children made their escape a few minutes before, intending to return for their parents; but the rise in the water was so rapid that this was impossible. Brother Whiting was a consumptive, and unable to do much himself by way of escape. A few rods further down the stream, another house, occupied by three elderly persons, was also swept away, and all were drowned. One, quite an old lady, was only found on the 9th inst. A few rods below this house stood another house occupied by Mr. David Dunkel and wife, young people. It was entirely demolished and carried away. Mr. and Mrs. Dunkel clung to the roof, and were carried over two dams to Mill Hall, two miles distant, and made their escape. Many other houses were so damaged as to be worthless, and must be pulled down and rebuilt.

DAMAGE TO OUR CHURCH.

Our church, which is a large brick structure, saved the parsonage and three houses between the parsonage and church by dividing the stream. But the church, which needed repairs before (and arrangements were being made to repair it), needs it much more now. The water was four feet deep

in the basement, depositing a large quantity of mud in it—ruined the Sunday-school organ entirely, destroyed a number of Bibles, broke the windows, carried off the blinds, all the fence, some of the shade trees, and tore out one corner of the brick wall.

All the out buildings (except the stable), some fruit trees, fence and the soil, were entirely swept from the parsonage lot. The cellar was filled with mud, the cistern spoiled, and the well rendered worthless until cleaned. The mud and water were also in the kitchen. The friends had fixed the lot, cleaned the house and built part of the fence, and had things in good shape as possible when we came. But it will require much labor and expense yet to make it as it was, and our congregation has lost heavily and will be unable to make the necessary repairs on the church and parsonage unless needed help comes from elsewhere. Our Sunday-school is *very* much in need of an organ. Will not the kind friends come to our help? The friends at St. Paul, some of them lost heavily also, as they live along Fishing Creek, where much damage was done. And some at Mackeyville, where eight persons were drowned.

Money by the *thousands* flows into the larger towns and cities for the relief of the flood sufferers, but the smaller places are almost forgotten or passed by, and do not receive the aid they should. We claim that according to our population and

wealth, our loss of life and property is heavier than either that of Lock Haven or Williamsport, and any one visiting us and viewing the ruins will be convinced of the correctness of this statement. Yet thousands of dollars flow into those cities, while the smaller places are passed by in many cases. These things ought not so to be. While it is right to help these larger places, the smaller ones should be remembered also. We have received some aid, but not what is needed.

We hope our Church at large will remember our congregation in this our time of need. But though flooded, we are not discouraged. "In the name of our God we have set up our banners," and we expect to succeed. The members are at work and appear to be of good cheer. The Sunday-schools and preaching are well attended, and by hearty co-operation, earnest effort and self-denial, we shall labor on, leaving results with the Lord.

Any assistance that may come to us for church repairs or for getting an organ for our Sunday-school would be thankfully received and abundantly rewarded by the Lord.

Contributions should be sent to William Bartges, Cedar Springs; or to George Krape, Salona, Clinton county, Pa.

H. A. DIETTERICH, Pastor.

July 11th, 1889.

The water spouts, or cloud bursts, which caused the flood here, were wonderful indeed. Thousands of people have visited our valley to see the slides and washouts. There is one at the East end of the valley, four miles from Salona, which is worthy of note. It was caused by a water spout, which struck near the top of the mountain. It looks as though it had poured out of a round vessel. The washout is oval shaped at the top, twenty feet wide and ten feet deep, and as it poured down the mountain side one mile, it uprooted and carried with it, or threw out to the sides, great trees and immense rocks, and widened out toward the mountain base to thirty or more rods, and washed in some places twenty or more feet deep. Judging from the drift, lodged on the first trees left standing near the foot of the mountain, the water must have been twenty feet high, and the trees are bespattered with mud and sand, from thirty to forty feet high. Its force and power must have been wonderful, indeed, as oak and pine trees, two or more feet in diameter, and rocks, weighing perhaps a ton or more, were lifted up and piled along the sides or deposited in masses below. It appeared to act something like a snow plough, throwing the trees, rocks and ground in immense banks along the sides of the washout from the top to the base of the mountain. And what appears the most striking, perhaps, is the fact that the dead leaves on the ground, one foot from

either side, or the top of the slide, are undisturbed, not even washed away. I have been over it from one end to the other several times, and looked at it with astonishment and wonder. This will remain as a mark of the great flood of 1889, perhaps until time shall be no more. The public road leading through a cut in the mountains from Salona, Nittany valley, to Loganton in Sugar valley was so destroyed, that in many places it was impossible to trace the old road bed. In some places trees, three feet in diameter, were torn up and drifted on it with other debris, and in some places it was washed out twenty to thirty feet deep.

At one place a water spout caused the end of the mountain to slide down into the road. Rocks, stones, ground and trees were drifted from the end of the mountain and lodged on the road, thirty feet high, and two hundred feet wide. It cost our township over three thousand dollars to open this road alone. Here five houses were destroyed, and six persons were drowned. The body of one has never been found. There is a small stream flows through this cut in the mountain, but when it enters the valley two miles from Salona, it sinks and flows under ground, until about forty or fifty rods below the parsonage, where it again comes to the surface, and there is a large mill and mill pond right there, hence there is no flowing stream through that end of town, only when the stream becomes too much swollen for the water to flow

in the channel under ground, which is seldom the case. Yet right here all the water from these cloud bursts rushed through about one o'clock in the morning, sweeping houses and barns before it, and in many places all the soil, ruining yards, gardens and parts of fields. Acres and acres are rendered entirely worthless, and great damage was done, much of which can never be repaired. Eleven persons were drowned along this stream, and nine just across the ridge, two miles from Salona, making twenty persons in all, in our township, the bodies of two of whom have never been found, and some wonderful experiences were had, and remarkable escapes were made.

I will close on this subject by giving the remarkable experience and escape of Brother D. B. Krape, as he related it to myself and family. Brother Krape had been for many years the leader of the choir in our church, and superintendent of the infant department in our Sabbath-school, but is now living in Williamsport, because of his being flooded out in Salona. Brother Krape was a man of 49 years of age at the time. He is a man of powerful physique and great strength. He lived up town, some distance above the church, where he had a grand home, a fine, large, new house and barn. His barn was 64 feet long, including the shed, and had been built but one year, and was a grand structure. He also had large shops, doing a large business in the manifacture of buggies, etc.,

and was also in the undertaking business on a large scale. He and his family, consisting of his wife, a son and a daughter, were aroused at 1 o'clock Saturday morning by his father, who lived a little farther up town, on the opposite side of the street, shouting a warning to them from across the way, being unable to get to the house because of the rise in the stream. The family arose and dressed, and Mr. Krape, quite naturally, walked out to the barn to look after the stock, and in doing so, found but very little water on the way, but the stable being a little wet, he tied his horse and cows on the threshing floor. He then started for the house, but the rise in the water had been so rapid, that when he stepped out of the barn, it took him off of his feet and swept him into the wagon shed. From the wagon shed, he made his way back into the barn without much difficulty, but in a short time the rapidly rising water necessitated him to climb upon the straw mow, and he sat down there, but soon he felt the water coming through the straw and he then sought refuge on top of the granary. Here he could hear the rapidly rising water and drift beat against the barn and he said, "I looked up and I said, Lord, if my work is done, it is all right, but I will keep perfectly calm, and make the best of it." He had been there probably near a half hour, when the barn, though a handsome, new and well constructed building, began to float off. His frightened wife and family, who did

not know whether the absent one was alive or dead, heard the timbers of the barn groan and crack. After floating about a rod, the barn went to pieces, but Mr. Krape was not harmed in the least, in the demolition that ensued. The granary remained intact, and he perched thereon, sailed down through the garden lots, passing through the parsonage garden, between the house and stable, the fences all having been already taken away by the rushing waters. When perhaps forty rods below the parsonage, as he entered the head of the mill pond, the moving mass went under a large elm tree, when he was brushed off of his place by a large limb, which hit him on the lips and knocked his mouth out of shape, and it was sore for some time afterwards. Brushed from the granary, he sank far, far down in the deep water, then he rose, but his head struck against heavy timbers and he sank again. Again his ascent was obstructed, and he sank a third time. But he kept his nerve, and when he came up the third time he was on the surface of the water. The obstruction had passed over him. At this juncture it was dark as pitch and raining powerfully, and in striking around for something to support himself, his hand came in contact with a small piece of scantling, as he supposed it to be, the brace out of a building, by means of which he managed to keep his head above water as he was passing through the mill pond, until he felt a board strike his hip. He

reached back and slid the board underneath him; he had now reached the breast of the mill dam, and it being already washed out, the current took the board and the man, and shot them like a cannon ball into an open door of a neighbor's house, Alex. Whiting's, which was rapidly filling up with water. The force of the current threw the board and man through the doorway and against a stairway with such force of contact, as to pitch him forward heavily. In some manner his head got close to the steps, and his chin was merely above the water, while the drift rushing in rapidly behind pinioned him fast, so that he was wedged in front and back, and hemmed in by the stairway walls, and the waves would frequently pass over his head. With his neck held close down to the stairs he shouted for help. Mr. Whiting, who was in delicate health, being a consumptive, answered, "I cannot help you." But in this almost hopeless position Mr. Krape did not despair. He waited. Suddenly there was a rushing noise, and the walls on either side of the stairway bulged out, thus permitting him to get a grip on either side of the steps. He now raised himself up, and was soon in the room of Mr. Whiting and wife, who were dressed, and anxiously listening to the storm without.

They had four children, two sons, about grown to manhood, and two daughters, who were but chunks of girls. The boys each took a sister

and made their escape a few minutes before Krape's arrival, intending to return for their parents, but the rise in the water was so rapid, that this was impossible, and it was with great difficulty that they reached the shore. The one daughter came very near being drowned. Mr. Krape was here perhaps fifteen minutes, during which time he related to Whiting how he had got there. Mr. Whiting then asked, "What do you think of the situation." "I think we are doomed," he replied. "Well, if we have to die, we might as well die together," said Whiting. He was perfectly calm, but his poor wife shrieked in a frenzy that Brother Krape will not forget to his dying day, about her children, whom she did not know to be safe. Whiting then led his wife across the room. They lay on the bed together, embraced each other, and shook hands, and said "goodby" to Krape, who started for the window. The house was rather an old, yet a good log building, rough cast, or plastered on the outside, but now a log washed out on the lower side and the house dropped so much on that side. Soon another went, and now the joice in the upper floor pulled out of the wall and the floor dropped down and fell on that man and his wife, but missed Krape, as he was in the window. He heard a gurgling sound come from the bed, and Whiting and his wife were drowned. There was but a gasp, a brief struggle, and all was over. The house now went to pieces, and from the win-

dow Krape managed to climb upon the roof and was again hurried down the rapid stream. In a short time he saw a light streaming across the flood. Following its rays with his eyes he observed that it came from a lamp set in the window of a house occupied by Mr. Leonard Hartman. Krape raised his voice and sent it across the water in a loud halloa. His cry was answered, but Hartman could not aid him, because there were six feet of water in his house, and it was impossible for him to get out. The fugitive now saw by the light of the lamp, two large apple trees coming down the stream, and in another moment they struck the roof on which he was riding, and knocked it to pieces, but he now sprang on to the roof of a standing building, but did not know where he was. The rain did not lessen all that black night. It made him cold, and with his hands he wrenched loose several shingles, made an aperture in the roof and dropped inside the structure. Here he had a chance to breathe and vomit a large quantity of water which he had swallowed during the occurence of the events recorded above. In a few moments he returned to the roof, when the building was crushed to pieces, and carried down the stream, throwing Krape out into the deep again, but he grabbed around for something with which to keep himself above water, when he caught hold of a lath with a row of shingles on it; with this he kept himself up for some distance,

when a small front porch passed and he got on to that, which he said he found to be the best thing to ride on he had yet got hold of. He went but a short distance, when the creek made a short curve and the current threw him and the porch across the Fishing Creek upon a pile of drift, on which he spent the remainder of the night. At daylight his neighbors came to the rescue, and by the aid of ropes he was safely removed and taken to the house of a neighbor. The distance traveled by him was about one mile, and he was out from 1 to 5 o'clock. All complained of the water being so cold and Mr. Krape was almost frozen. He said he sat all in a heap on the pile of drift, so as to keep warm as possible, and while sitting thus, something licked him across the mouth and frightened him so, that he yelled out, and when it became daylight he saw that it was Mr. Whiting's dog, who had landed on the same pile of drift with himself. When the friends got Mr. Krape into the house he was almost frozen, and they gave him stimulants and heated up the stove, so as to get him warmed up, and when the reaction took place he was unconscious for two hours. His clothes were all torn to pieces and his body sorely bruised by the drift through which he had passed. Having recovered consciousness, he became very anxious about the family and feared they had met a worse fate than himself. Brother David Diven now went across the ridge to see after them. He

saw the house standing, but could not get to it, or hear any thing from the family, because the house stood on the opposite side of the stream, which was yet very high and rapid. Brother Diven returned and told him the house was yet standing, and he supposed the family was all right. But Brother Krape could not rest, and so Brother Diven hitched up and took him across the ridge to a neighbor's house. On the way he said to Brother Diven, "Now tell me the worst, I believe my family are all drowned and you are only trying to let me down easy." But Diven assured him the house was standing, and he thought the family were all safe. After being at this house a short time, still being unable to rest, he said, "Take me over to the parsonage (which was empty at the time) and I will sit on the front porch, and let one go up the ridge, opposite my house and call to the family and tell them to come down through the field until I can see them." And they did so. Brother Krape said, "I sat on the front porch at the parsonage and waited and watched for some time with great anxiety, and fearing the worst, but finally I saw my son come down through the field alone, and my heart sank within me. I thought, he is all that is left, but wait awhile. Soon I saw my wife and daughter coming, and I saw all were saved," and as he said this he could say no more, as his feelings overcame him and he burst out in a flood of tears. It was yet some time before they

could get together, being on opposite sides of the stream, which was very high, but he was finally restored to his family. They had been driven to the second story of the house, but all were saved, but he had nothing left but his house and family. His barn, large buggy and undertaker's shop, with all their contents were lost, and all the fence and soil were swept from his lot, and deep gulches were washed out all around his house. His was surely a wonderful experience and a miraculous escape.

The reader will naturally suppose that Mr. Krape was a great waterman and an expert swimmer and hence his escape, but on the contrary he assured me that he never could swim at all, hence it was entirely owing to his presence of mind, great powers of endurance and God's blessing, that he was saved from death in the raging flood.

Many other alarming experiences were had, and narrow escapes were made, while twenty were drowned in our township, the bodies of two persons have never been found. The following is a list of the names and ages of all drowned in the county, which shows that whole families from the aged to the little babe on its mother's breast were swept away. Thirty persons in all.

DEATHS IN CLINTON CO.

The following are the names of those who were drowned by the flood in this county, together with their respective ages :

Robert Armstrong, 58; Mrs. Jane Armstrong, 56; Mrs. Jane Barner, 29; John Barner, 10; Harry Barner, 2; Dessie Barner, infant, Mrs. Clara Cole, 26; Myrtle Cole, 1; William Confer, 28; Mrs. Rosanna Confer, 26; Calvin Confer, 5; Sarah Confer, 3; Jennie Confer, infant; William Emerheiser, 50; Mrs. William Emerheiser, 50, James Guilford, 38; John Harter, 70; Allen Kashner, 4; William Kashner, infant; Andrew J. Rhine, 55; Mrs. Rachel Rhine, 47; Alice J. Rhine, 15, Charles Rhine, 7; Mrs. Mary C. Seyler, 36; Wilbur J. Seyler, 9; Lewis C. Seyler, 7; Franklin M. Seyler, 5; Mrs. Daniel Snyder, 74; Alexander Whiting, 45; and Mrs. Alexander Whiting, 44 years.

Much more might be written on the flood in Salona and Nittany valley, but I will let this suffice for here.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MY WORK ON THE SALONA CHARGE. EXPIRATION OF THIRTY-THREE YEARS IN THE MINISTRY.

Settled down in our new home, we went to work in the name of the Lord to repair the church and parsonage, and notwithstanding the membership had lost heavily by the flood, all took hold of the work with a will. I started out with a subscription and met with good success. Sister Emma B Stork, of Philadelphia, sent us a check for two hundred dollars in answer to my appeal in the *Observer*, and we received aid to the amount of $255 in all, in answer to it, which was very much needed and most thankfully received, and by fall we had things in good shape again After the reopening of the church, I wrote the following report of our work, which appeared in the *Lutheran Observer*, and I insert it here.

THE SALONA CHARGE, PA.

REV. F. W. CONRAD, D. D.

Dear Brother: A few lines from the Salona charge may be of interest to your many readers. Salona, so severely flooded last June, is tryhard to rally to her former self, and has made some

progress in that direction. But some of the damages can never be fully repaired. Where channels from ten to thirty or more feet wide, and some places ten feet deep, are washed out through garden lots, and the stone and ground from these lots is deposited on other lots to a depth of several feet, as is the case with most of the lots in Salona—they are beyond repairs; and houses with no lots, but simply the foundation on which they stand, are not very valuable. And this is the case with many here.

Among the repairs in Salona are the Lutheran church and parsonage. All the outbuildings have been replaced on the parsonage lot, but the fence is not yet all put up. The church has been thoroughly renovated and repaired, which was absolutely necessary after the flood. The Sunday-school repaired their own room (the basement). They were obliged to tear all the floor up and shovel the mud out which the flood deposited there. The room was painted and papered, and furnished with chairs instead of seats. A new organ was purchased in place of the one destroyed by the flood. The entire cost was $201.70. The congregation put up a new spire on the church, painted the building inside and out, painted the main audience room, put a metal ceiling in it, got new lights, and papered the windows in imitation of stained glass, at a cost of $843,86. The ladies furnished the church with a new pulpit, pulpit

chairs and carpet, at a cost of $142. The entire cost of repairs was $1,187.63. We received donations from various sources to the amount of $255.76.

The church was re-opened December 22nd. I was assisted by my son, Elmer E. Dietterich, of Selin's Grove, who preached for me on Saturday evening. The day was unfavorable, consequently the congregation was not large. The services were interesting, and the amount needed, $345, to cover cost of repairs, was secured and five dollars more. There still remains, however, an indebtedness of $30 (an old account) on the congregation. But we felt that all had done well under the circumstances, "thanked God and took courage."

We had an interesting Christmas entertainment in the church on Christmas Eve for the Sunday-school. We then began a protracted mee ing, and continued it ten nights. On the tenth night three were happily converted to God. At this juncture I was taken with la grippe, and for several weeks was unable to perform pulpit service. Subsequently the meetings were resumed, and were attended with good results.

"St. Paul" congregation is still moving forward and accomplishing a good work. We had an interesting communion here one week ago yesterday. They are now arranging to put up a new fence around the cemetery and church lot. The Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society

of that congregation had a musical convention in the church, which began December 30th and closed the eve of January 4th with a grand concert. The receipts were over one hundred dollars. A good work is being done on the charge, and our prayer is that God may bless and revive his work abundantly here and everywhere.

H. A. DIETTERICH.

Salona, Pa, February 3rd, 1890.

Salona was now a very pleasant and desirable charge. It is located in the beautiful Nittany valley, which is rich and fertile, convenient to railroads, and but six miles from the city of Lock Haven. It consists of two good, substantial, brick churches, with spire and bells, located four miles apart. Both have basements for Sabbath-schools and prayer meetings. There is a good membership and an interesting Sunday-school in each church, and a very active Woman's Missionary Society in each congregation. The Salona Society, besides its regular work, furnished a new pulpit, pulpit chairs and carpet for the church at a cost of $142. St. Pauls W. H. & F. M. Society that winter raised over one hundred dollars for home work, besides their regular mission work, and educating a student in India.

July 24th, 1889, we had a grand wedding in the St. Paul Church. The contracting parties being Rev. Charles G. Heckert, one of the profes-

sors in Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, and Miss Ada R. Royer, Organist in the church. This was a grand affair. The church was well filled, and after the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Royer, near the church. The evening being very pleasant, a lawn supper was served and a general good time was had. The Salona Cornet Band was present, and enlivened the occasion with most excellent music.

September 26th, 1889, I attended the meeting of Synod in Loysville, Perry county, accompanied by my wife and delegate. My wife being a delegate to the Convention of the Woman's Missionary Society, which met in Newport. So we attended both conventions together, and had the pleasure of meeting many of our old friends again. Saturday evening I preached in the Elliottsburg Evangelical Church, where we had lived and I was pastor from seventy-three to seventy six.

During Synod we, in company with several of brethren, were nobly entertained by Father Williard, at the Orphans' Home.

My health was good, and everything looked bright and promising on the charge. After the reopening of the Salona Church, I continued the meeting and up to the tenth night the meeting was good and growing in interest, with ten seekers at the altar, three of whom were that evening happily converted to God, and the meeting promised

to be a grand success. I went home from church in good spirits, but that night I was taken with a severe attack of "la grippe," and was disabled for several weeks. After recovering sufficiently, I resumed the work again, and the meeting finally closed with twenty-two conversions and a number of accessions, including our youngest son. But I never fully recovered from "la grippe," even to this day, and I guess I never will.

I continued my work on the charge as best I could, and in August they gave me a vacation, which was spent by myself and wife in visiting our old home and relatives in Columbia county, hoping that I would fully recover my health again. We had a pleasant time, but I returned unimproved in health.

September 22nd, my wife being delegate to the Convention of the Woman's Missionary Society, which met in Lock Haven, I accompanied her and we attended it together. I then proceeded to Synod, which met in Philipsburg, Sept. 24th, 1890. Here on Saturday afternoon I preached the preparatory sermon before that body, and was highly complimented on my sermon by the brethren. I was comparatively a stranger in the Synod. There were but three brethren present who had ever heard me preach, and two of them had only heard me preach once. But standing fourth from the top, as to age in the ministry, I prepared my sermon expressly for the preachers, and preached it

to them for our good, and a most deep solemnity and spiritual feeling pervaded the entire services. The sermon may appear in the appendix of this book.

In November I also preached a Thanksgiving sermon on Thanksgiving evening, before our Conference in Mazeppa, Union county. On my way home from Synod I visited our son, Rev. E. E. Dietterich, pastor on the Mill Creek charge, Huntingdon county, Pa.

During the winter I held a short meeting in each of my churches, but being in feeble health, I did not continue them long and had but two conversions. We had an interesting Christmas entertainment in the Salona Church each year, and our Conference met in this church, May 12th, 1891. We had a full attendance and a very interesting and profitable session.

I continued to decline in health, and by July and August was so weak that I could scarcely walk, and staggered as I passed down the aisle to the pulpit. On the advice of my physician, I, on the last Sabbath in August, tendered my resignation as pastor, to take effect November 1st, with the view of taking a rest to recuperate my health, if possible. When the joint council met to take action on my resignation, they very kindly offered me a vacation, with the hope that I might recover sufficiently to serve them again. I thanked them for their kind offer, but told them I feared a month

would not be sufficient, and even if I did get better, I would be unable to endure the exposure of winter which would then be at hand. Some then suggested that we remain in the parsonage until spring, and they would do without preaching, and I might be able to serve them by that time I again objected, telling them, if I was unable to work myself, I did not wish to stand in the way of the work, and that their charge would suffer loss to be without a pastor so long, and therefore I insisted on their accepting it as tendered, which was finally done. I served the charge two years and four months, and was very sorry to leave it, but my failing health made it absolutely necessary.

I was on the charge over two of my birthdays, and it appeared a little strange I was from home over both of them. The first one, April 21st, 1890, I preached a funeral sermon on the White Deer charge, our old home, for Mrs. Heilman Dietterich, it being her request before her death that I should preach her funeral sermon. She died very happy. She was lying on her bed about ten o'clock in the forenoon, when she opened her eyes and looking up, her eyes fixed, she said to Sister Miller, who was by her side, "Where am I?" Sister Miller said, "Why here in your room in your bed." She replied, "But it don't appear so to me. I see the blue sky all over me—yes, I see Heaven open—yes, I see the angels—yes, I see Jesus Christ. O, how sweet the name of Jesus

sounds in a believer's ears. It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds and drives away his fears. Yes, even the fears of death, I am dying now, and I have no fears at all," and she took her flight to glory. On my next birthday, April 21st, 1891, I preached a funeral sermon in Loganton, Sugar valley, for an old and highly respected citizen. Where will I be on my birthday, 1892? Perhaps on the "Evergreen Shore." Even so my Father, thy will be done.

September 26th completed my thirty-three years in the ministry, at which time I preached anniversary sermons in each of my churches, and gave the following report of my work on the charge. We repaired the Salona Church at a cost of $1,200, besides the repairs on the parsonage. Number of conversions 24, accessions 44. I baptized 36 infants, married 13 couples and preached 29 funeral sermons. Total number of sermons preached on the charge up to date, 298, and I trust they have not been in vain. Three sermons more in each church, and my work here is done. May God direct you in securing another man, who may be more successful than I have been, and may he revive his work more abundantly in your midst, is my most fervent prayer in your behalf. Amen.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONCLUSION OF THE BOOK.

September 26th, 1891, was the thirty-third anniversary of my ministry, twenty-eight of which I was in the active work, having lost one year after mother's death, when I farmed for father, and cared for him until his death. Also four years during my sickness in Jersey Shore in 1877, and my disability which followed. During these years I married one hundred and sixty-eight couples, and preached three hundred and forty-six funeral sermons. Total number of sermons preached, five thousand one hundred and ninety-two. I have no memorandum of the number of conversions or accessions, except my first year in Leesburg, Cumberland county, one hundred conversions; first year in Lewisberry, York county, sixty-five; Elliottsburg, Perry county, first year sixty-three, second year sixty-five, third year forty-five, a total of one hundred and seventy-three for the three years, the first two of which I had a colleague; Jersey Shore, my last year in the itinerancy, sixty-nine, here I also had a colleague. Number of accessions on White Deer charge, one hundred and twenty-eight; Rossville one hundred conversions, and forty-eight accessions; Salona twenty-four

conversions and forty-four accessions. As to further success, Wyoming Mission was made self-supporting the Spring I left; Leesburg circuit became a two handed circuit at the end of my first year, and Lewisberry during my second year. As to churches, we rebuilt the Leesburg Church at a cost of three thousand dollars, all of which was provided for at the re-opening in my first year, and had the money subscribed and the work begun on a new church in Mifflin township the second year, which was completed the following summer; on Lewisberry we built a new church each year; New Kingston, Cumberland county, rebuilt the Kutz Church; Perry repaired the Millford Church quite extensively; Jersey Shore built two fine new churches; White Deer repaired the Frame Church, making almost a new one of it; recarpeted the Stone Church, put a new roof on half of it, and paid the parsonage debt; Rossville repaired the Rossville Church quite extensively, and painted the parsonage; Salona repaired the church and parsonage. The church alone cost twelve hundred dollars. Also put a new fence around the St. Paul Church and Cemetery lot. I attended the Central Penna. Synod three times while on the Salona charge, and the reports in the minutes of Synod show the aggregate for three years as follows:

For benevolence, $781.91; for local objects, $4,323.77, and a grand total for all objects for the

two years and four months I was there, $5,105.68. Thus a good work has been done in church building and church repairs. As to spiritual sons in the ministry, of these there are a goodly number, but how many, I do not know. But chief among them in the Lutheran church are Rev. David A. Day, Missionary in Africa, Rev. E. D. Weigel, of Altoona, president of Allegheny Synod, and our son, Rev. J. Eugene, now in the city of Bridgeton, New Jersey. He was converted at my meeting in 1876. In the Evangelical Association are Rev. G. W. Curren, B. F. Anthony (now deceased), and J. M. King, for whom I obtained license, though he was not converted at my meeting, yet he always said I was a father to him, and that he would never have preached, if it had not been for me. Thus, when I look back over these thirty-three years and consider how deeply I was fallen when grace first found me and how wonderfully that grace has led me, the unfavorable circumstances under which I started out, my want of training for the work, and yet the sermons I have been enabled to preach, the churches built and repaired, the souls converted, and the spiritual sons in the ministry, and two of my own sons in the great work, I feel like crying out with St. Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am," and have been enabled to do what I have done. He does not say, "By my finished education, being brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, a distinguished Jewish

Rabbi at Jerusalem, and made master of the Jewish Law; not by any extraordinary talents of my own, but "By the grace of God I am what I am." Thus surely, I am a wonder of grace. "O to grace, how great a debtor," hence the title of this book, "A wonder of grace." I think the power of divine grace, is more fully seen in the good work I have been enabled to accomplish, notwithstanding my lack of preparation—than if I had been intellectually trained for the work. Yet, with that training, I might, no doubt, have accomplished much more. The want of education was always my greatest discouragement in my work, and I always advised all who intend to preach the gospel, to educate themselves for the work.

Thirty-three years in the ministry, and yet in the active work! Can it be? Yet so it is. O what changes have taken place in these years. Our country has passed through the terrible civil war, and slavery has been abolished. In the church, great progress has also been made. The Evangelical Association has doubled her membership in these years. Other branches of the christian church, including our own beloved Lutheran Zion, have made similar progress. No, christianity is not on the decline, but moving gloriously forward, and is destined to fill the whole earth. O Lord, hasten the day.

But how many during these years have finished their work, and passed over on the other

side. Many of my ministerial brethren, many of my spiritual children, most of my old neighbors, many of my own loved ones, including my father and mother, all my sisters and three brothers, my wife's parents, one brother and one sister, and three of our own dear little ones. And I spared yet! Yes, but I see I am not what I was then, and will not have thirty-three more years to preach. I find my locks are silvered over, my eyes are not as brilliant as then, and now need the aid of glasses. Memory is not so retentive. For twenty-five years I did not need the scratch of a pen in my Bible while preaching, but now I need the whole written sermon before me, not to read it, but to serve the memory, as a staff does the body, or my glasses aid my eyes. My limbs are not so nimble as then. In short, I am getting old. But I thank God that he has spared me so long, and worked so wonderfully in me, through me and by me. I would like to preach for years yet, but if he sees fit otherwise, I ask but for grace to submit to his will cheerfully. My health is such that I am obliged to retire from the active work and settle down in Montgomery, Lycoming county, with the view of recuperating, if possible. But if my work is done, may the gospel I have loved so well, and preached so long, using it to comfort others, comfort and sustain me down the steps of time, and light up for me the "valley of the shadow of death." I know Jesus will not "leave me nor for-

sake me," and when I shall close my eyes on earthly friends and things, I hope to open them on the brighter scenes on the evergreen shore, and on the blood washed millions, including many of my own loved ones, and many in whose salvation I was instrumental. But above all on him "who loved me and gave himself for me." There I shall behold his glory. "Yes, see his face and never, never sin. There from the fountains of his grace, drink endless pleasures in." And O, that my family may be undivided in the great gathering day, and in the heavenly world. Lord Jesus, save us all, and bless this book to the good of all who may read it. Amen.

H. A. DIETTERICH,
Montgomery, Lycoming Co., Pa.,
January, 1892.

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TO

A WONDER OF GRACE OR THIRTY-THREE YEARS IN THE MINISTRY.

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"LUTHER'S WORK AND EXPERIENCE AT THE WARTBURG."

Read Before the York Co. Conference at New Freedom, May 14th, 1888.

Mr. President and Brethren :—

I could but wish that this subject had fallen into the hands of one whose head is older and wiser in Lutheran Lore than mine. Yet I feel that the subject will not suffer loss, when I consider the most worthy and able Brother who is to follow me. For by mutual consent we have agreed to change the order of things, so that the greater light may follow the smaller one, and I am simply to open the subject, "Luther's work and experience at the Wartburg." I think we may truly apply Luther's observation of Melancthon to Luther himself, and say, "He is a miracle in the estimation of all who know him. He is the most dreaded enemy of Satan and the school-men, for he knows all their foolishness, and he knows Christ as the Rock." This truly was Luther's character. God generally works by human instrumentalities, and raises up special men for a special work. Thus he raised up Moses to deliver his children

out of Egyptian bondage, and Joshua to conduct them into the land of Canaan. Then the Prophets to lead and instruct them in the Prophetic age.

And under the New Dispensation, his son Jesus Christ, who chose the disciples to carry forward his work. And when he wished one for the defence of the Gospel, and to carry it to the Gentiles, he arrests the learned Saul of Tarsus, on his way to Damascus, by causing a great light to fall upon him and bring him to the acceptance of the Gospel he had opposed, and he became a most able defender of the same.

And now in the 16th century, when he would deliver his people from the ignorance, superstition and oppression of Popery, and bring them to the light and liberty of the Gospel, and to Justification by Faith. He raises up the great Luther, and qualifies him for the work. The temporal and ecclesiastical power of the Pope must be met and overthrown. But who can, or will undertake this great work? It must be accomplished by God himself, but it must also be accomplished by human instrumentality, and under God, Luther is the man.

Gradually he begins the great work of Reformation. And by his mighty faith in his God, his teaching, preaching, and his pen, and the bold step of drawing up his 95 Theses, on the 31st day of October, 1517, nailing them up at the Palace Chapel at Wittenberg, and offering to publicly dis-

cuss them with every one who should not acknowledge their truth, a mighty awakening took place, and Luther's influence and power was soon felt far and wide.

The rapidity with which his work spread, and his influence and power were felt, may be seen on the one hand by the thousands of his friends from all classes, who gathered around him and embraced his teachings; and on the other hand, by the alarm and rage of his enemies, including the Pope himself, who first sited him to appear at Rome, to be treated as a heretic, and finally issued his edict against him, by which every one was forbidden to read his writings, and Luther himself must recant within sixty days, all he had written and taught, or himself and his adherents would not only be excommunicated from the christian church, but also be subjected to the danger of outlawry, when any one who should find them might with impunity, murder them. Surely Luther, under God, was a power. He appealed to the Pope, but in vain, for he says, "When I expected a blessing, thunder and lightning were fulminated against me."

"His work went on and his influence and power continued to spread in spite of his enemies, who hunted him down like a wild beast. Threats, bribery, base and small means were used to turn Luther aside or destroy him, but all in vain. The emissaries, commissioned to make overtures to

him, had been obliged to depart from him with this confession, "The German brute disregards both money and dignities."

But after he had uttered those noble words before the Diet at Worms, "Except I can be convinced by clear and conclusive reasoning, or by proofs taken from the Holy Scriptures, I neither can nor will recant, because it is neither safe nor advisable to do anything which is against my conscience. Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise, so help me God. Amen."

It was then they became furious and thirsted for his blood, and a decree was issued by Emperor Charles V, forbidding "any one to harbor or to give him meat or drink, or by word or act, public or private, to aid or abet them." "We further authorize you to seize, or cause him to be seized wherever he may be found, and to bring him before us without delay, or hold him in durance, until you shall be informed how to deal with him, and have received the reward of your co-operation in this holy work. And as to his adherents, you are enjoined to seize upon them, putting them down and confiscating their property."

His writings were to be burned and utterly destroyed. But it is in vain to fight against God. So the enemies of Luther and the Reformation found it.

Luther's life was now in iminent danger. The Emperor would not, however, go back on his

promise to Luther, of a safe conduct back to the place from whence he had come. It was now that some of Luther's friends, headed by the Elector of Saxony, devised a plan by which Luther should be hid away from his enemies, and thus save his life.

Luther had been informed of their designs, and it appears, consented to it. On his journey home from Worms, Luther everywhere met with a friendly reception, and it was evident, that one half of Germany was already inclining to his side.

After having visited his friends and relatives in his native district, while riding along in company with his brother James and a friend, just as they were entering the forest, "Suddenly a noise was heard, and in a moment five masked men on horseback, armed from head to foot, fell upon them. Three of them seized Luther, forced him to alight, threw a knight's cloak over his shoulders, set him on an extra horse they had with them, and in a moment the party and their prisoner disappeared in the thick gloom of the forest."

After riding hither and thither to hide their tracks, and night having set in, they escorted him to the Castle of Wartburg.

It was an isolated castle, surrounded on all sides but one, by the black forest.

Here they delivered up their prisoner, giving strict orders to the superintendent of the castle, to "treat this stranger well."

Here Luther became a prisoner. And it was

necessary to keep Luther's retreat to the castle a profound secret, and here he was known only as the Knight George.

The news spread rapidly, that Luther was carried off. His enemies rejoiced. Truth had been placed under interdict by the German Diet, and its defender was no longer on the stage of events, and even the fate that had overtaken him was unknown. His enemies were confident that the Reformation was lost.

The cry of grief resounded throughout Germany. Luther has fallen into the hands of his enemies. All appeared lost. But God reigns, and the blow which seemed to bring to nothing the cause of the Gospel, will but serve to rescue its undaunted servant, and diffuse far and wide the radiance of faith."

But who can imagine, much less describe the experience of Luther himself at Wartburg? What thoughts would throng his mind! What hopes and fears would arise within! "Strange captivity," he exclaimed, "A prisoner by consent, and yet against my will." "Pray for me," he wrote to a friend, "I want nothing but your prayers. Don't disturb me by what is said or thought of me in the world. At last I am quiet." The quiet and rest he there experienced were certainly very much needed after the exciting and trying scenes at the Diet of Worms. But history tells us this tranquility did not last long. "But seated on the walls of

the Wartburg, he passed whole days lost in meditation." "At times the church rose before his vision and spread out all her wretchedness before him." At other times, lifting his eyes to heaven, he would say, "Canst thou have made all men in vain." Then letting go his confidence, he would add dejectedly, "Alas, there is no one in this closing day of wrath, to stand as a wall before the Lord and save his people." Then the thought would present itself to his mind, that he would be charged with deserting the field of battle, and this he could not endure. "Rather," exclaimed he, "would I be stretched on burning coals, than stagnate here half dead." Then regretting, that yielding to his friends' entreaties, he had withdrawn himself from the world, he exclaimed, "Ah, nothing on earth do I more desire, than to face my cruel enemies."

But he also experienced pleasant and more cheerful thoughts. His state of mind was not all storm and tempest, but his agitated spirit realized at times, a large degree of calmness and comfort in his God. He felt confident of the Divine protection and the thoughts of Melancthon consoled him in his grief. He once wrote to him, "If I perish the gospel will lose nothing, you will succeed me, as Elisha succeeded Elijah, with a double portion of my spirit."

Then, too, he had confidence in the success of the Reformation. He said, "Only let our enemies

take up our affair and try to stifle it in their arms, and it will grow by their pressure and come forth more formidable than ever." Thus did he comfort and console himself at the Wartburg.

His experience at the Wartburg was perhaps to serve him a similar purpose to the thorn in the flesh of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. "There," says one, "his soul gathered up itself to God. There it was again tempered by adversity. His suffering and his humiliation obliged him to walk, at least for a time, with the humble, and the principles of the christian life, thence forward, developed themselves in his soul with fresh energy and freedom, that he might be the better qualified for his great work.

Hence, see with what power he came forth from his prison, and like magic, settled the confusion which called for his presence at Wittenberg. It was as with a superhnman power, that he restored peace and harmony again.

But his work. Luther was not idle in his "Patmos," as he called it, but here he used his pen with mighty power. "With his pen," says one, "Luther put forth such writings as were adapted to build up the church, and controvesial tracts, which disturbed his opponents in their fancied security." For nearly a whole year, he by turns instructed, exhorted, rebuked and thundered from his mountain height, and his astonished adversaries might well inquire, whether, indeed, there

was not something supernatural in so prodigious an activity.

In addition to his other writings at the Wartburg, he began the translation of the New Testament into the German language. This was his great work at the Wartburg "I intend to translate the New Testament into our mother tongue, as our people desire." "O would that this book alone were in all languages, before the eyes, in the ears, and in the hearts of all," was his language.

Luther was ordained to present his nation with the written word, which had been so long hidden from them. As John was banished to the isle of Patmos, that he might write the book of Revelations, by which the canon of the Scriptures should be completed, so Luther was shut up in the Wartburg, that he should there translate the Divine word. The great work which would have been difficult for him to undertake amid the varied occupations at Wittenberg, was to set the new edefice, which he had erected on the Solid Rock, and call christians back again to the pure and unadulterated fountain of Redemption and Salvation. The wants of the church loudly called for this, and Luther's deep experience had eminently fitted him for this work. Hence he resolved to meet this call. He was a captive, enclosed within lofty walls, but what of that, they would but shut out the noise and confusion which might otherwise distract his thoughts, and here he could devote his

hours to render the word of God into the language of his nation. Soon shall we see that word descending with him from the Wartburg, circulating among the families of Germany, and enriching them with spiritual treasures, that had hitherto been shut up within the hearts of but a few pious persons.

This was Luther's work at the Wartburg. And how much do we, as a people, owe to Luther and the Reformation, and, indeed, to his work in the Wartburg, by which the Divine Word was again placed into the hands of the people.

The doctrines and principles taught by Luther, and instilled into the hearts of the people, were brought to our country and contributed largely to the formation of our own free and happy Republic. To Luther's principles and teachings, under the blessing of God, we owe our civil and religious liberty, an open Bible, freedom of thought, free schools, freedom of conscience, and a free press.

One has said, "No man is what he would have been if Martin Luther had not been born, and if no man, then no country." And Luther's experience and work at the Wartburg contributed largely to this noble end.

Let us then cherish and carefully guard these blessings and privileges, and hand them down to succeeding generations, unimpaired. Amen.

"MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

Read Before the York Co. Conference at Wrightsville, November 12th, 1888.

These are the words of the Child Jesus, now but twelve years old. From verse 41 to 52, we have the only history of our blessed Saviour's youth, from his infancy to the time of his showing to Israel, when about thirty years of age. The circumstances which gave rise to these words are familiar to you all. He had gone up with his parents to attend the Feast of the Passover at Jerusalem. "When they had fulfilled the days of the Feast, as they returned, the Child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem, and Joseph and his mother knew not of it," but supposed him to be in the company, until they had gone a day's journey. This might easily occur. In attending these feasts, they traveled in large companies for their greater security against the attacks of robbers. They carried necessaries along with them, including tents for their lodging at night. And Dr. Clark says, "Some have supposed the men and women marched in seperate companies on these occasions, and that children kept company sometimes with the men and sometimes with the women. This

might lead to what otherwise seems to have been inexcusable carelessness in Joseph and Mary. Joseph, not seeing Jesus in the men's company, might suppose he was with his mother in the women's company. And Mary nôt seeing him with her might imagine he was with Joseph. But in the evening, when they were about to encamp, everyone would join the family to which they belonged.

As Jesus did not appear when it was growing late, his parents would find out their mistake, and would naturally seek him first where they supposed he would most probably be, namely, among his relatives and acquaintances. Not finding him there, they returned to Jerusalem, "and after three days they found him in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the Doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers." Ver. 46, 47.

And when his parents saw him they were amazed, and his mother said unto him, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us. Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." His answer was, "How is it that ye sought me. Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business." Joseph knew he had only the name of a father, and therefore, said nothing. And Jesus here recognizes only his Divine, Heavenly Father. Some would give us a different translation of these words,

and make them read, "Knew ye not that I must be in my Father's house." And so the revised New Testament has it. "It is to be remembered," says Dr. Doddridge, "that this is the first visit Christ had ever made to the temple since he was a child in his mother's arms, and it is no wonder that the delight he found there inclined him to prolong his stay." "Methinks," says another, "we are here let into the holy privacies of Nazareth for sure, what he says they should have known, he must have given them reason to know. His mother tells him of the sorrow with which his father and she had sought him. He speaks of no father, but one. As if he had said, although I owe respect to you, as my natural parents, yet my duty to my Heavenly Father must be preferred. I am about his work, promoting his glory, and propogating his truth." My Father has not been seeking me, I have been with him all this time. "The king hath brought me into his chambers, we will be glad and rejoice in thee." Sol. Song i. 4.

But our translation has it, "My Father's business." So it is given to me on the program, and so I prefer to have it.

"I must be about my Father's business, and therefore could not go home as soon as you might."

By business, I understand work, the work his Father had given him to do. His Father had great business to be performed, or work to be done in this part of his dominion. A violated law

to be fulfilled, an example of consumate perfection to be exhibited, a revelation of pure, unadulterated truth to be made, an atoning sacrifice to be offered, a hell to be conquered and a way opened into the kingdom of Heaven for all true believers. And this business or work could only be effected by Christ. "Milton supposed that when the scheme of human redemption was proposed among the superior spirits, 'all the heavenly choir stood mute,' and silence was in Heaven on man's behalf—patrons or intersessors, none appeared, much less that durst upon his own head draw the deadly forfeiture." But Christ undertook our ransome and came into the world to work the works of God, and to do his Father's business. Hence he says, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." John vi. 34. Again, "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day." John ix. 4. And of this same work he says, in praying to his Father shortly before his departure out of the world, "I have glorified thee on the earth, I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." John xvii. 4. "When his Father sent him into the world he gave him work to do. He did not come into the world to take state, but to do business. Whom God sends he employes, for he sends none to be idle." And the business Christ had to do was the business of him that sent him, appointed by him, and to be done for him. Hence it was his Father's business. "He

was a worker together with God." He here recognizes his responsibility to God, his Father, and his earnest desire to meet it fully and exactly in all its supreme demands.

In accomplishing his Father's business, the great work of redemption, Christ had to sustain and execute various offices.

First. He was a prophet or teacher, to make known the mind and will of his Father to the human race. This was partially done by Moses and the prophets. But the Mosaic dispensation was comparatively dark and obscure. It was only the general outline and shadow of the more glorious revelation of "grace and truth by Jesus Christ." The economy of salvation was never plainly unfolded. The perfections of the Diety were never clearly exhibited. Life and immortality were never fully brought to light till "He who was in the bosom of the Father declared them."

As a prophet or teacher he had been promised by the Father through the prophets. And as such he was expected and desired by the Jews. Moses had said, "The Lord, thy God, will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me, unto him ye shall hearken." Deut. xviii. 15. Isaiah had said, "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jessie, and a branch shall grow out of his roots, and the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him. The spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of council and

might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord." Isaiah xi. 1-2.

Again he says, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because the Lord hath annointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek. He hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." Isaiah lxi. 1-2.

When Jesus entered the synagogue at Nazareth, and there was delivered unto him the book of the Prophet Esaias, he read this passage, closed the book, sat down and said, "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your eyes." Luke iv. 16-21.

As a great prophet or teacher, the Jews expected him. Hence, when the priests and Levites came down from Jerusalem to ask John the Baptist whether he was the Christ, they said, "Art thou that Prophet." John i. 21. "And when Jesus had fed the five thousand with five loaves and two fishes the men said, 'This is of a truth that prophet.'" John vi. 14.

The woman of Samaria said, "I know that Messiah's cometh, which is called Christ. When he is come, he will tell us all things." Jesus saith unto her, "I that speak unto thee am he." John iv. 25-26.

Thus he was "about his Father's business," while asking and answering questions in the midst of the doctors in the temple, and all were aston-

ished at his understanding and answers. He taught the most sublime and most important doctrines, explained the Law and the Prophets more clearly, revealed the perfections of God, the plan of salvation, the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body and the future destiny of the righteous and the wicked. He declared God's nature and perfections, authority and government, opened the eternal councils of his will for the salvation of lost sinners, displayed the riches of his free and sovereign grace and proclaimed the wonders of his love. He declared the design of his incarnation, life, obedience, suffering and death, and cleared up the spiritual nature of his kingdom and insisted on repentance, faith, regeneration and holiness. He taught his disciples the great doctrines of mortification to this world, and heavenly mindedness, of self-denial, humility and christian contentment. And he delivered various prophecies of things to come, concerning his own death, resurrection, ascention, intercession and the outporing of the Holy Spirit. Also as to the publication and success of his gospel among the Gentiles, the infidelity and rejection of the Jews, and the destruction of Jerusalem, of his coming to raise the dead and to judge the world. To all this he added the doctrine of the Sacraments, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, as the ordinance of his kingdom, the seals of God's covenant, and the visible signs of descipleship to him.

In short, we learn from him what duties we owe to God, to our brethren, to our enemies and to all mankind.

The salvation of sinners is the will of God, and the instruction of them in order thereto, is his work. 1 Tim. ii. 4. And the Son enters upon this business or work with such earnestness, zeal and authority, that the officers sent to apprehend him, returned, saying, "Never man spake like this man," John vii. 46; and Nicodemus acknowledged, saying, "We know that thou art a teacher come from God." Thus, when the Child Jesus was astonishing all who heard him in the temple, he was about his "Father's business," and his soul longed already to enter more fully upon the great business or work given him to do by his Father.

But this was not all. In accomplishing his Father's business he must also sustain

Second. The office, and perform the duties of a priest, and make atonement for sin. We are rebels against God, have violated his laws, rejected his council, trampled on his authority, provoked his indignation, incurred his displeasure and exposed ourselves to endless misery. But his Father "has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but rather that all might be saved." Yet without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin, no reconciliation, and it is utterly impossible for the blood of bulls and goats to take away sin. Sin must be atoned for in the same nature in which it

was committed. Hence Christ had a body prepared, became bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and by shedding his precious blood, he made atonement for us. By one oblation of himself, once offered, he made a full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sins of all mankind. We are reconciled to God by the blood of the cross, and we are sanctified by the offering of his body, for he gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. Hence he says, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16. Paul in speaking of him to the Hebrews, says, "Wherefore when he cometh into the world he saith, sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not, but a body hast thou prepared me. In burnt offerings and sacrifices for sin thou hast no pleasure. Then said I, Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O God." Heb. x. 5-7.

To be about his Father's business and to do his will, Christ came into the world. And this was his delight. As a prophet, he seized every opportunity to fulfill his mission, preaching in houses, in synagogues, in the temple, in a ship and on a mountain. Sometimes he addressed vast multitudes, and sometimes a single individual.

As a priest, he was anxious to enter upon his

work. He said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straightened till it be accomplished." Luke xii. 50. Nothing could divert his attention, or turn him aside from the path of duty. He must finish his work or mercy cannot be exercised, man cannot be saved, and Satan's kingdom cannot be destroyed, neither the malice of his enemies nor the kindness of his friends could induce him to relinquish his undertaking. He must be about "his Father's business." And the spirit expressed in these words characterized his whole life, until he could exclaim on the cross in the face of his cruel murderers, and amid the triumphs of fallen spirits, "It is finished," bow his head and give up the ghost.

His great business as a prophet and teacher was preparatory to, and must precede the great sacrifice he must offer as a priest, to atone for our sins. And on this part of his business, he appeared now ready to enter. But he must wait for his time, and so went down "to Nazareth with his parents and was subject to them." But has not "my Father" given to every one a business to perform and work to do? And in the performing of which we are not mere machines, but moral agents.

The business, however, assigned us is of a very different nature from that which was committed to our blessed Lord. But let us not for a moment imagine that Christ did our work as well

as his own. He did the work of a Savior, but not the work of a sinner. He has assigned to all

First. The work of repentance. Christ is exalted to give repentance, but he will not, he cannot repent for us. This we must do for ourselves. It cannot be done by proxy.

Second. The work of faith, works of piety, of mercy and of self-denial are also assigned to all. This is the Father's business which he has assigned to all, and like the Child Jesus, we should be about "My Father's business."

But my brethren in the ministry, has not our Father assigned unto us special business, in that he has called us to the sacred office of the ministry? We are to be embassadors for Jesus. O let us imitate his example of earnestness, zeal, plainness of speech and perseverance. Let us so improve our time and employ our talents in our Father's business, that when we come to the close of life, we may be enabled to say, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Then shall we enter into the joy of our Lord, and join with the blood-washed millions in singing that one song, "To him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, be glory and dominion forever. Amen.

FUNERAL SERMON FOR GENERAL U. S. GRANT

Preached August 8th, 1885, for the Col. David L. Montgomery Post, No. 264, G. A. R., in the Presbyterian church at Montgomery Station, Lycoming Co., Pa.

TEXT.—Know ye not, that there is a prince, and a great man fallen this day in Israel. 2 Samuel iii. 38.

On entering your usually enterprising Borough today, and seeing the shops, mills and stores all closed, the buildings and streets draped in mourning, the flag at half-mast, the citizens in Sunday dress, the soldiers and sons of veterans in uniform, and in line, with the expression of sadness on every countenance, a stranger would be led to inquire, "What meaneth all this sadness and display?" An appropriate answer to this inquiry is found in the text, "Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day?"

The feelings of the American people to-day are similar to the feelings of David and his people at the time to which the text refers. And the circumstances are also somewhat alike. Abner, a great general, and a man high in the state, had fallen. Fallen by the hand of an assassin, similar to our late lamented Garfield, of whom we are reminded at this time.

But the hero whose death we mourn to-day, died peacefully on his bed, surrounded by his family and friends.

On the death of this great man, Abner, King David issued a proclamation, "That all the people, from the highest to the lowest, should rend their clothes, put on sack-cloth, and mourn before Abner." Verse 31. This rending of their clothes and putting on sack-cloth were the outward expressions of the greatest sorrow. And King David himself followed the bier as one of the chief mourners. And they buried Abner at Hebron, and the King lifted up his voice and wept at the grave of Abner. And all the people wept. And the King lamented over Abner, and all the people wept again over him. And the King said unto his servants, "Know ye not that a Prince and a great man is fallen this day in Israel?"

How similar our meeting at this time. To-day a Prince and a great man is laid into the silent tomb by a mourning people.

At his death, our Chief Magistrate issued a proclamation similar to that of David. It is so expressive and so touching that I can not refrain from reading it here.

"A PROCLAMATION.

"The President of the United States has just received the sad tidings of the death of that illustrious citizen and Ex-President of the United

States, General Ulyssis S. Grant, at Mount McGregor, New York, to which place he had lately been removed, in the endeavor to prolong his life. In making this announcement to the people of the United States, the President is impressed with the magnitude of the public loss of a great military leader, who was in the hour of victory magnanimous, amid disaster serene and self-sustained; who in every station, whether as a soldier or as a chief magistrate, twice called to power by his countrymen, trod unswervingly the pathway of duty, undeterred by doubts, single-minded and straight-forward. The entire country has witnessed the deep emotion his prolonged and patient struggle with painful disease, and has watched by his couch of suffering with tearful sympathy.

The destined end has come at last, and his spirit has returned to the Creator, who sent it forth. The great heart of the nation, that followed him living with love and pride, bows now in sorrow above him dead, tenderly mindful of his virtues, his great patriotic services, and of the loss occasioned by his death.

In testimony of respect to the memory of General Grant it is ordered that the Executive Mansion, and the several Departments at Washington be draped in mourning, for the period of thirty days, and that all public business shall on the day of the funeral be suspended, and the Secretaries of War and of the Navy will cause orders to be is-

sued for appropriate military and naval honor to be rendered on that occasion.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed."

We have met to observe this proclamatiou on this sad occasion. All the land is to-day in mourning; and the sadness extends to almost all the nations of the earth, because "A Prince and a great man is fallen."

But will the text apply to our fallen General and statesman? Was he "a Prince and a great man?" He certainly was both. I had almost said, all the world would bear me out in this assertion.

I. What is a prince? Webster says a prince is "The one of highest rank. A person possessing highest place and authority." This was the position occupied by General Grant: he held the highest rank in the Army of our Republic, being a Lieutenant-General, a position only held by Washington and Scott before him.

And for eight years he was President of the United States, the highest in office and authority in the gift of the people. Like Washington, when he had conquered the enemy, he was chosen to rule the country he had saved. Hence he who has fallen to-day was a prince.

II. But was he a great man? I answer unhesitatingly, yes. Though he may not have been en-

dowed with any extraordinary faculties or brilliant powers, yet he was possessed of those sterner, better qualities which make the man, and which made him great in whatever position he was placed.

III. Grant was not a perfect man. There never was but one perfect man in the world, and he was not allowed to live, but was crucified, when but about 33 years of age.

But while Grant had his failings, and no doubt made his mistakes as civil ruler, yet he was great on the field of battle, and great in the moment of victory. And being requested by the "Grand Army" to preach to-day, I shall not speak of Grant so much as a politician, or statesman, but as a noble general, raised up by God to lead the Armies of the Republic to lasting victory, and the Nation to abiding peace.

IV. Let us now look at his remarkable rise. He had graduated at West Point, and distinguished himself as Lieutenant Grant in the Mexican War. It is said, he participated in every battle of that war but one, the Battle of Beuna Vista, and was twice breveted for gallantry. In 1848 he married, and in 1854 he resigned his commission as captain, and retired to private life. The outbreak of the late war found him comparatively a poor friendless and obscure citizen, engaged in the leather business for the maintenance of himself and family; he was then 39 years of age, had a family of a wife and four children, and "lived in a little house on one of

Galena's many hills, in the State of Illinois."

Fort Sumpter fell on April 13, 1861. Two days later, President Lincoln issued his first call for troops, and in four days after, Captain Grant had a company of volunteers organized. On the 23d he took them to Springfield, and offered his service to his country in whatever capacity he could be useful. He did not seek or ask for position, only for service.

But his letter for some reason was not answered. After some weeks spent in Springfield, in organizing the Illinois troops, for which his education at West Point, and his experience in the Mexican war so well fitted him, he was appointed to the command of the 21st Regiment, Illinois volunteers

Thus we see he commenced his military career in the late war at the bottom of the ladder. But how rapidly he ascended it, step by step, until he reached the topmost round in the ladder of military fame. And in three years, namely, the spring of 1864, he assumed the command of all the United States troops, having gained the confidence of the government, and of the Armies. Was there nothing grand and noble in this? And who does not see in all this the hand of a Superintending Providence, calling from obscurity the man so eminently fitted for the great work of saving a nation?

V. But it has been said he was not a brilliant

general. I myself had thought he lacked that brilliancy, that daring, dashing boldness of a Hooker, a Sheridan, a Sherman, or a Stonewall Jackson. But when I read the account of Grant's march to Vicksburg, I find that in a little over two weeks, he marched more than 200 miles, defeated two armies in five battles, captured 27 heavy cannon and 61 pieces of field artillery, took over six thousand prisoners, and killed and wounded as many more. "He had," says Bradan, "forced the evacuation of Grand Gulf, seized the capital of the state, destroyed the railroad at Jackson for thirty miles, and invaded the principal strongholds of the Confederates on the Mississippi. I fail," says he, "to find a more brilliant record on the pages of History than this. It has been compared with the campaign of Napoleon at Ulm, and the first fifteen days of Napoleon in Italy, in 1796." Surely, "a great man has fallen to-day."

VI. But we remark again, that he possessed especially those qualifications which fitted him for the command of large armies. He was calm and self-possessed, never excited, but courageous, determined, and a great planner. General Sherman is reported to have said to a recent interviewer : "While I could map out a dozen plans for a campaign, every one of which Sheridan would swear he could fight out to victory, neither he nor I could tell which was the best one. But Grant, who simply sat and listened, and smoked,

while we had been talking over the maps, would, at the end of our talking, tell which was the best plan, and in a dozen or two words, the reason of his decision, and then it would be all so clear to us that he was right, that Sheridan and I would look at each other, and wonder why we had not seen the advantage of it ourselves."

His plans once fixed, he would go to work, coolly and deliberately, to carry them out, and nothing could turn him from his purpose. How characteristic of the man was that historic dispatch, "I purpose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." His firmness and perseverance, his determination not to be turned aside from an end, once determined on, and his bending all his energies to accomplish his purpose—these are the elements which made him great, and gave him success, when other men, perhaps with more brilliant parts and greater pretensions, failed.

He did fight it out on that line successfully, until he received the surrender of General Lee and his army at the Appomattox Court House, thus ending the war that had lasted four years, cost thousands of lives, and millions of dollars.

He stands forth as the hero of the day, endeared to the hearts of the American people, as no other man, perhaps, since Washington, as a bold and successful general and military leader.

VII. But let us now view him in victory. Here we see his sterner qualities are balanced by

gentleness, kindness, forgiveness and charity.

At Fort Donaldson, when a proposition to surrender was made by General Buckner, Grant's stern reply was—"Nothing but an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I purpose to move immediately upon your works." It was this gave him the name, "Unconditional Surrender Grant." But that was in the beginning of the war. Firmness and determination were then necessary. But now the end had come, and Grant knew it, and would not triumph over a fallen foe. His conditions of surrender were honorable to himself and the Nation, and yet, such as to gain for him and his country, the gratitude and goodwill of the foe. His magnanimous spirit would not permit him to ask Lee or his officers for their swords, or his men for their horses. "Go in peace," was the substance of his treatment of those who surrendered to him at Appomattox.

And this has done much to remove ill-feeling, and this is why the South today vies with the North in doing honor to the "great man fallen to-day."

VIII. It has often been said, "Grant had the soldiers, the money and the power," and that any man with ordinary capabilities could have succeeded with the same opportunities. This remark was at one time made to the General himself. The General slowly rolled his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other, and quietly replied, "I have

heard these criticisms before. There is only one answer I can make. General Lee surrendered to me. He did not surrender to any other Union General, though I believe there were several efforts made in that direction before I assumed command of the Army." I have heard similar remarks made myself, and I can not say, but, perhaps another might have done as well with far less loss of life. But they did not. Perhaps another might have conquered Lee and saved the Nation, if Grant had been killed, or had failed. But he was not killed, and he did not fail, and that is enough to satisfy me. And he stands as the hero of the day, honored and renowned by North and South, yea, by all civilized nations of the earth. And while our land is draped in mourning, and the people are met in almost every city, village and hamlet in the land, holding suitable memorial services in honor of the "great man fallen," across the waters in Westminster Abby, London, notable memorial services are being held under the dome of Westminster, and Canon Farrer is to deliver the address. It is to be attended by the Prince of Wales, and many persons high in rank in England. Surely "a great man is fallen to-day."

IX. But again, he is not only fallen as a great statesman and general, but also, I am glad to say, a Christian. In peace with God, as well as man. He did not neglect this important work.

Dr. Newman, his pastor, said some time ago of Grant, "He is a true Christian, and has a Christian's profound belief in prayer. He has religious services, consisting of reading the Scriptures, and prayer, morning and evening, and he takes delight in them. I call the General's a most delightful christian character." He was visited by one quite recently, and assured that "all the good people were praying for his recovery." Being unable to speak, even in a whisper, he wrote, "I am a great sufferer all the time, but the fact that all the good people are praying for my recovery is a compensation for much of it. All I can do is to pray, that the prayers of all these good people may be so far answered, as to have us all meet in another and better world." He died calmly, peacefully, trusting in his God, and has entered into rest.

X. "A great man has fallen." Never since the fall of Lincoln, has the Nation mourned as today. Never since, then has her grief been so great for not since then has death laid low one so near the hearts of the people.

Outside of his own family circle, there are none who mourn more than his comrades in arms. The battle-scarred veterans who followed him on many a long and tedious march, camped with him on the field, in the heat, the cold, and the storm; shared with him in many a bloody battle, and sprang to the deadly charge at his command, mourn for him as none else can.

Veterans, you mourn to-day the death of your head and leader. A man whose name will stand on the pages of history, with those of Washington and Lincoln. One after another your comrades in arms are falling. O, be firm; stand together! But above all, I entreat of you, be like your great leader, Christian Soldiers. O, be true Christians, that you may have a grand reunion with him on the evergreen shores.

XI. Finally :—Let us, while we mingle our tears with the tears of the Nation, forget the defects of this great man, and copy in our lives his good qualities.

We are glad he lived to see the great wish of his heart accomplished. When visited recently by General Buckner, who surrendered to him at Fort Donaldson, unable to speak, he wrote, "I have witnessed, since my sickness, just what I have wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections. I have always contended, that if there had been nobody left, but the soldiers, we should have had peace in a year." It is the politician, and not the soldier, who tries to stir up and keep alive the ill-feeling between North and South.

But will not the services of to-day tend to further the good feelings between the sections which Grant so earnestly longed for?" When men like Generals Sheridan and Sherman, of the North, join hands with Generals Johnson and Buckner, of

the South, over the coffined remains of Grant, and assist in bearing him to his last resting place, while veterans of both armies march in the procession to the same solemn strains, who may find fault.

All—all unite in doing honor to the man who subduced the foe, ruled the people of the States, and sailed around the world. A man of few words, but full of noble deeds. Men may erect monuments to his memory, but he himself, has erected the most lasting one, in the hearts and memories of a grateful people

But in our sadness, and eulogies of the man, let us not be unmindful of the God who raised him up for us, in our time of need, and blessed his efforts with success. Let us thank Him, love, trust and obey Him, that He may continue to bless us and our nation.

Let me now close with the last verse of a poem, written by N. P. Willis, on the death of President Harrison, which is even more applicable to the great soldier, whom this Nation now mourns. than it was to him, to whose memory it was subscribed :

"The stars on our banner
Grew suddenly dim;
Let us weep in our darkness,
But weep not for him;
Not for him, who departing,
Left millions in tears;
Not for him who has died
Full of honors and years;
Not for him who ascended
Fame's ladder so high,—
From the round at the top
He has stepped to the sky."

Amen.

After the sermon I read the following :

General Ulyssis S. Grant, the great American soldier, and President of the United States, from March 4, 1869, to March 4, 1877, was born at Point Pleasant. Clermont County, Ohio, April 27, 1822, and died July 23, 1865, at Mount McGregor, state of New York, aged 63 years, 2 months, and 26 days. He is buried to-day at Riverside Park, New York, by a mourning people, most highly honored by all.

PREPARATORY SERMON.

"But let a man examine himself." 1 Cor. xi. 28.

Dear Brethren, and fellow-laborers in the gospel of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ: We are here to-day to hold services preparatory to our annual Synodical Communion. Another year, with its toil, labor, difficulties, disagreements, and trials, has passed away. Also, its privileges, and pleasures, and more than thirty-five millions of our fellow beings. O, what a wonder that we are yet alive! But in the merciful Providence of God, our lives have been spared, and we are permitted to meet again in our annual Synodical Convention, permitted again to look each other in the face, take each other by the hand, extend friendly greeting, speak words of cheer, and report the results of our labors in the Lord, during the year just closed. We are here, also, to devise ways and means, in our judgment best calculated to promote the glory of our Divine Master, and the spread of his kingdom in the future. To some of us, the year just closed may be the last one. It appears to me that these *Synodical* meetings are not *ordinary* occasions. We meet not only as *Christian Brethren*, but as Christian *Ministers*, the representatives of Christ, and co-workers with him in a higher

sense even than the laity. The church looks to us, and *rightly*, too, as her leaders. We are at least supposed to possess greater religious knowledge and experience than the laity. And we occupy higher positions in the church than they do. And with increased knowledge, experience, and elevated position comes corresponding responsibility, greater reward. if faithful, and greater condemnation if unfaithful. We are here to report the results of our labor, to close our accounts for the year, and to transact business for the Lord. Our circumstances and surroundings, therefore, as well as the word of God, seem to call for reflection, meditation, self-examination, and prayer. To *us ministers*, as well as the laity, do the words of the text apply, "Let a man examine himself."

Again, the same Apostle says, "Examine yourselves, whether *ye* be in the faith, prove your own selves." II Cor. xiii. 5. Self examination is a duty of great importance, that should be faithfully and diligently attended to by us *ministers*, as well as the laity, and *every* member of the church. Let us, therefore, my brethren, stop for a few moments this afternoon and inquire :

I. As to our personal religious experience. We take it for granted that *every* minister of the gospel present has started right. That he has been "Born again"—"Born of the water and the Spirit," has been adopted into the Divine family, and has the love of God shed abroad in his heart. He has

"received the spirit, not of bondage unto fear, but of adoption, whereby he cries, Abba, Father," and has also been called of God to this sacred office. But let us also inquire, whether, while striving to save souls, and to lead the flock of Christ into green pastures, and by the side of still waters, have we *personally* enjoyed the life-giving *power* of the word we preached to others? Have our souls been feeding upon that bread, that *hidden* manna, which is from above, and drank deeper and deeper of the water of life. Have we, like the apostles—"forgetting the things that are behind, *pressed* toward the mark for the prize of our high calling of God, as it is in Christ Jesus?" Have we heeded his exhortation to the Hebrews, vi. 1, "Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrines of Christ, let us go on to perfection" and that of Peter. "But *grow* in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ?" Has our path been that of the just, "which is as a shining light, that shineth more and more, *even* unto the perfect day?" Have the Christian graces been thus developing in our hearts and lives? Is our experience in Christ Jesus richer, deeper, fuller and sweeter to-day than it was one year ago? And as we are one year older, and nearer the end of life's journey, are we one year better men? O, has there been a "hungering and thirsting after righteousness," and a constant reaching out after higher attainments in Christ Jesus? Or while anx-

ious for the salvation of others, have *we* been satisfied with *past* attainments, neglected *our* souls, and are we in danger of being "Castaways" in the end? How stands the account with us to-day, dear brethren? "Let a man examine himself."

II. Again, we might inquire, also, as to our ministry. Have we *faithfully* preached Christ? Christ in all his offices, as Prophet, Priest and King? Christ, *mighty* to save, *willing* to save, and as our only hope? Have we so preached Christ as to feed the sheep and lambs of the flock, and to awaken the sinner? "Not shunning to declare the whole council of God," placing life and good and death and evil before the people, warning them to flee the wrath to come, and to choose life and salvation? Have we been *earnestly* and *zealously* affected in a good cause? Have our sermons been *pure*, unadulterated, gushing from the fullness of our hearts, and *powerful* in the word of the Lord? Have we been bold in denouncing the evils of the day. Have we "cried aloud and spared not, lifted up the voice like a trumpet, and showed the people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins?" Have we obeyed the voice of the "Thus saith the Lord God, smite with thine hand and stamp with thy foot, and say, alas, for all the abominations of the house of Israel?" Isaiah viii. 1, and Ezek. vi. 2. Or have we been cold, formal, and indifferent, apologized for sin, justified the evil, and preached to *please*, rather than to

save? God says to us, "When I say unto the wicked—O, wicked man, thou shalt surely die if thou dost *not* speak to warn the wicked of his ways, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at *thine* hand. Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way, to turn from it, if he do not turn from it, he shall die in his iniquity, but *thou* has delivered thy soul." Ezek. xxxiii. 8-9. O, *brethren*, *fearful* is our responsibility, and have we *so* preached, as to be clear of the blood of our *fellow* man? "Let a man examine himself."

III. Again we might inquire as to our pastoral work in general. Have we faithfully administered the sacraments, the Holy Supper, and the ordinance of Baptism? Have we instructed the young, visited the sick, the poor, and the afflicted? In pastoral visitation, have we hunted up the membership, speaking words of cheer to the discouraged, "raised the fallen, cheered the faint, rebuked, reproved, and exhorted with all long-suffering and patience?" Have we been "Instant in season, out of season," gone out into the highways and hedges, compelling them to come in; or, have we sought our ease and neglected our work? "Let a man examine himself."

IV. But again. Have we been men of prayer and mighty faith? Of all christian men, the minister of the gospel should be a man of prayer. Prayer must fit us for our work, and prayer must bring our success.

"Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessing God designs to give,
Long as they live, should christian's pray,
For only while they pray they live."

So says the poet. We should pray in the study, around the family altar, in the prayer-meeting, in pastoral visitation, and in the public congregation. Yea, "always and everywhere lifting up holy hands without wrath or doubting." And our prayers should not be cold, formal and *dead*, but spiritual, *gushing* from the fullness of our sousl, for

"Prayer is the souls sincere desire,
Uttered, or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

Again,

"Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings *every* blessing from above."

"Restraining prayer we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the christian armor bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

O, have we been men of earnest, constant, spiritual, believing prayer? Our success will depend largely upon this, and it will be a powerful help to cheer our souls, and to bear us up in times of difficulties and trials, and in all dark seasons. See, for examples, Christ, Luther, and others; have we thus prayed? "Let a man examine himself."

V. Again, examine as to our deportment in the world. Has it "been such as becometh the gospel of Christ?" We are the "Light of the World," and "He hath appointed us to be ensamples to the flock," to be his representatives in the world. We must, therefore, *experience* in our own souls the power of the gospel we preach to others. Practice what we teach, and strive to walk in those ways ourselves, in which we direct others. Has our preaching, praying and all our efforts to do good, been backed up by a consistent example? Can we say, as did the apostle, "Follow *me*, as I follow Christ." Have we always manifested, in our tempers and dispositions, the spirit of Christ? This is a most important point. "Actions speak louder than words," and it matters but little how much or how well we preach, pray and labor, if our lives are not consistent, we can accomplish but little good. We are the representatives of Christ, and must be Christ-like. Be Christ-like in our tempers, dispositions and lives, so that those with whom we associate, may "see that we have been with Christ and learned of him." We must be men of prayer, of mighty faith, and of good report, then shall we indeed shine as the lights of the world. Is this our character? do we love our work, delight in it, and can we say with Paul, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world?" Gal. vi. 14. "Let a man examine himself."

VI. But, by way of conclusion, I remark :

I This examination should be made frequently. Every evening, when we lie down on that bed, where, before morning, we may breathe our last, but especially on this occasion, and at this time. At the close of another Synodical year, and on the eve of another Synodical communion, when we expect to surround the Lord's table, to commemorate his sufferings and death, as well as to renew our covenant with him, and with one another. To some of us, this may be the last time. We should, therefore, "examine ourselves," solemnly and prayerfully before God, asking him "to search our hearts and try our reigns, and see whether there is any evil way in us, and to guide us into the way everlasting." Our usefulness, our happiness, and our success depends upon this.

II. But again. No doubt, upon mature reflection and prayerful *self*-examination, we shall find defects in our christian character. See where we may have been remiss in duty, where we might have done *more* and *better* for the Master, where opportunities to do good have been left pass by unimproved, where we might have spoken a word or done a kind act for Jesus, and where our hearts and thoughts have wandered too far from God ; and such reflections as these should lead to repentance, humiliation, and earnest prayer. We should ask God to pass by our imperfections, heal our secret backslidings, pardon our sins, and blot out our transgressions, in his mercy.

III. Again, it should lead to renewed consecration of ourselves, and all we have, and are, to God, and his service. I have tried to place myself, my life, my health, my family, and all my interests, into his hands, and by his grace to assist me, and his spirit to direct me, I want to use the means, and leave results with the Lord, trusting fully in him. Dear Brethren, will you bear with me a few moments, in reference to myself. I am preaching under peculiar circumstances to-day. Fifty-two years ago, the twenty-first day of last April, I first saw the light of day. Thirty-two years ago, last February, I gave my heart to Jesus. Thirty-two years ago, yesterday, at half-past two o'clock, I preached my first sermon; hence, this is the first day, and the first sermon in the thirty-third year of my ministry. From that day, I continued in the active work, except one year after mother's death, when I retired to care for father, until his death, and four years, when I was disabled by the typhoid fever, and its effects, resulting in the loss of my voice, and partial disability for that length of time. In these years, I have preached over 5,000 sermons, and have been the means of leading many souls to Jesus. There are many in glory to-day through my instrumentality, by God's blessing, and many more are on their way thither. I have two natural sons, in the ministry of the Lutheran Church, one at Freesburg, New Jersey, and one down the river in Mill

Creek, and I have many spiritual sons in the ministry, but the exact number I can not tell. In 1866 I was appointed to the Bendersville Circuit, in Adams county, and moved to Bendersville. Among my various appointments was a small, old, dilapidated school house, known as the Cranberry school house. Just across the road stood a large brick Lutheran church. A short distance down the road stood a U. B. Church, and we had but three members here. I told them, there was no need of me preaching here, as they had two churches already, but I would preach until fall; then I would hold a series of meetings, and if I succeeded in effecting an organization, I would continue the appointment, if not, I would discontinue it. In December, 1866, twenty-four years ago, next December, I held a meeting there. We had a good meeting, and sixteen young persons were happily converted to God. But their parents mostly belonged to one or the other of these churches, and I think children should join the church of their parents, and I advised them to do so, and discontinued the appointment. Four years later, I was sent into the same neighborhood by the Presiding Elder to superintend a campmeeting for him. I preached my first sermon on Friday morning, and while preaching, I noticed two young men sitting side by side, listening very attentively. Their eyes fairly sparkled with delight, and inspired me in preaching. After the congregation was dismissed, they both came to

me, took me by the hand, and called me "Brother Dietterich." But I did not recognize them. "Why don't you know us; we both got religion at your meeting in the Cranberry school house." "Indeed, and are you still trying to serve the Lord!" "Yes, we are both preparing for the ministry."

Both are now in the ministry. I have several letters, carefully laid away, received from one of them, in which he thanks God for what I was enabled to do for him in the little old school house. And who is he! It is Rev. E. D. Weigel, pastor of the First Lutheran church in Altoona. I now hold in my hand a letter received from the other one, but last Monday, in which he says: "I, too, will never forget the little country school house. I remember the sermon you preached, and some of the outlines, but have forgotten the text. I had no thought of going to the altar, but God blessed the truth to my heart, and I took my stand for Jesus that night." And who is this one! It is Rev. David A. Day, our missionary in Africa. O, when I look back 24 years to the meeting in that little old dilapidated school house, and then look at the work Brother Day is doing in Africa, I see how *great* things may come from very small beginnings.

But I feel that I shall not preach 32 years more, nor five thousand sermons more, but thanking God for what I have been enabled to do by his blessing, and for the success granted in the past,

I would, on this, the first day, and the first sermon in the 33rd year of my ministry, reconsecrate myself, and all I have and am, to his service. O, let us heed the exhortation of the apostle, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

IV. Again, renewed consecration will lead to a richer experience, and a fuller enjoyment in Christ Jesus, and to greater success in our holy ministry. O, may God bless us with new desires to serve him more earnestly, zealously and fully. May he make us men after his own heart, "Workmen that need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Yea, may he baptize us anew with the Holy Ghost and with power, so that "If we live, we may live unto the Lord, and if we die, we may die unto the Lord, that whether we live or die, we may be the Lord's." O, dear brethren, the time is short, and men are dying in darkness all around us. "The hosts of sin are rallying their forces against the Lord and against his Anointed." Let us *awake*, *arise*, and go forth to the conflict. The press, with its Sunday paper and poisonous literature, is poisoning the minds of the young. The liquor traffic and liquor men are destroying the old and the young, soul and body, for time and eternity. Socialism, infidelity, skepticism and the various isms of the day would rob us of our Christian

Sabbath, take away the Bible out of our schools' and deprive us of all that is good. O, let not the gospel trumpet give an uncertain sound. Let us not sleep on the post of duty, but "Lift up the voice like a trumpet, cry aloud and spare not." "Smite with the hand, and stamp with the foot, and cease not, day or night, to show the people their sins," calling sin by its right name, and do what we can to uphold the right, put down the wrong, and save the souls of the children of men, for whom Christ died. And then, having *faithfully* preached Christ, and labored to "turn many to righteousness," when we have preached the last sermon, directed the last sinner to Christ, offered up the last prayer, shed the last tear, and met and parted for the last time in Synodical Convention, may we hear the honorable testimony, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Then shall we receive lily-white robes, palms of victory, and crowns of glory, enter through the gates into the city, and have a right to the tree of life, and "shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars, forever and ever." And to the "Father, Son and Holy Ghost", will we ascribe all the praise, world without end.

Amen.

Lesson, Titus ii chapter, and 1 Cor. ii. 23-31.
Hymns 197, 200, 458.

THE END.

INDEX TO THE APPENDIX.

I.

"Luther's work and experience at the Wartburg," read before the York Co. Conference, New Freedom, York Co., May 14, 1888. The subject was assigned to Rev. A. W. Lilly, D. D., and myself. By mutual consent, he and I agreed to reverse the order, and I should speak first and he followed me. Dr. Lilly thanked me publicly before the Conference for my paper Again, the next day, on the street in York, Dr. Miller, in whose church the Conference met, also thanked me for it. - 365

II.

"My Father's Business," read before the York Co. Conference, Nov. 12, 1888. The subject was assigned to Rev. Clymer and myself. I was highly complimented by the officers of Conference. Also, by Rev. B. F. Alleman, Rev. Sherts, of the Harrisburg Conference, and others. - - - - - 375

III.

Funeral sermon for General Grant,

preached August 8, 1885, for the Colonel D. L. Montgomery Post, No. 264, G. A. R., in the Presbyterian church at Montgomery Station, Lycoming Co., Pa. - - - - - - - 386

IV.

Preparatory Sermon, preached by appointment before the Central Penna. Synod, convened in Philipsburg, Pa., at the preparatory services, Sept. 27th, 1890, being the first day and the first sermon in the thirty-third year of my ministry. I stood forth from the top as to age in the ministry, and so preached to my brethren. But three of them had ever heard me preach before, and none knew my relation to Rev. Weigle and Day until now. - - - - - - 400

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